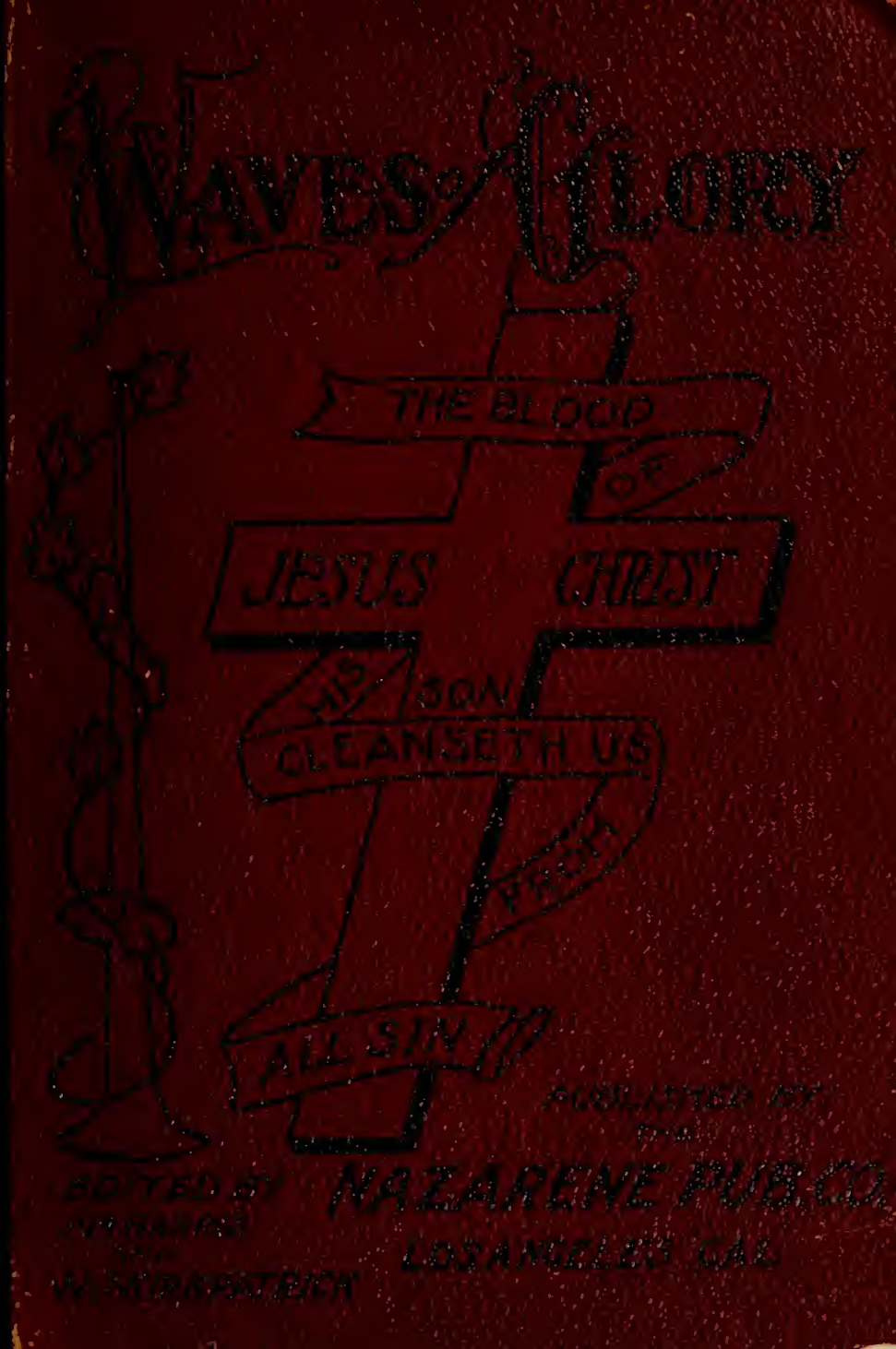
WAVES of GLORY
THE BLOOD
OF
JESUS CHRIST
HIS SON
CLEANSETH US
FREE
FROM
ALL SIN
PUBLISHED BY
THE
NAZARENE PUB. CO.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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5119

Benson

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49604

Waves of Glory

EDITORS:
J. M. HARRIS and W. J. KIRKPATRICK

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Nazarene Publishing Co.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
1905

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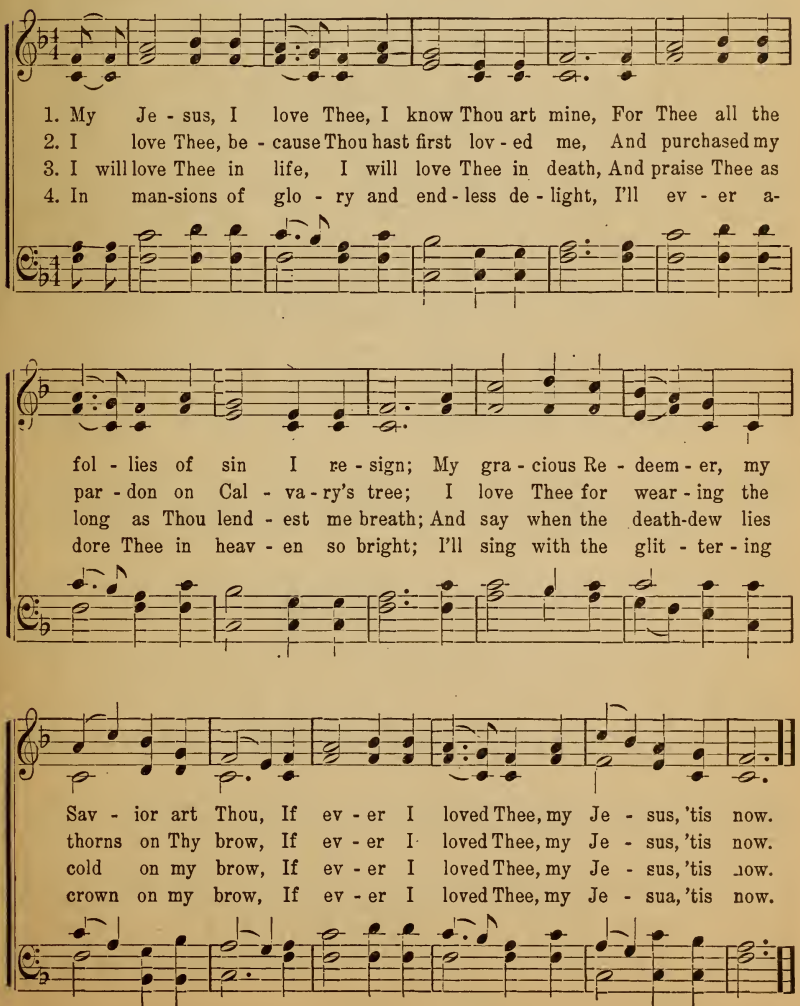
1905

WAVES OF GLORY.

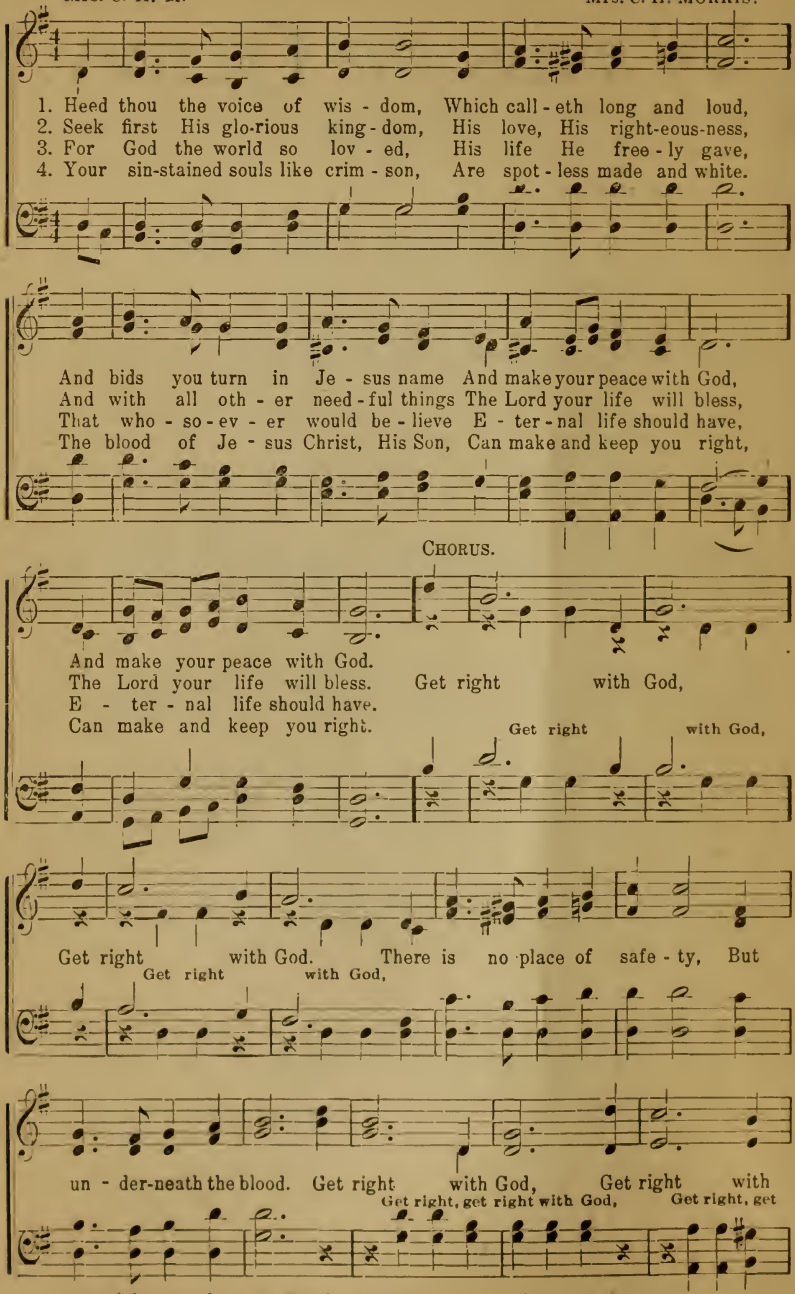
No. 1. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.



No. 2. Get Right With God.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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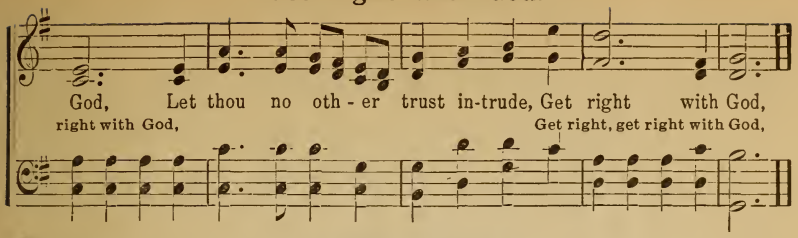
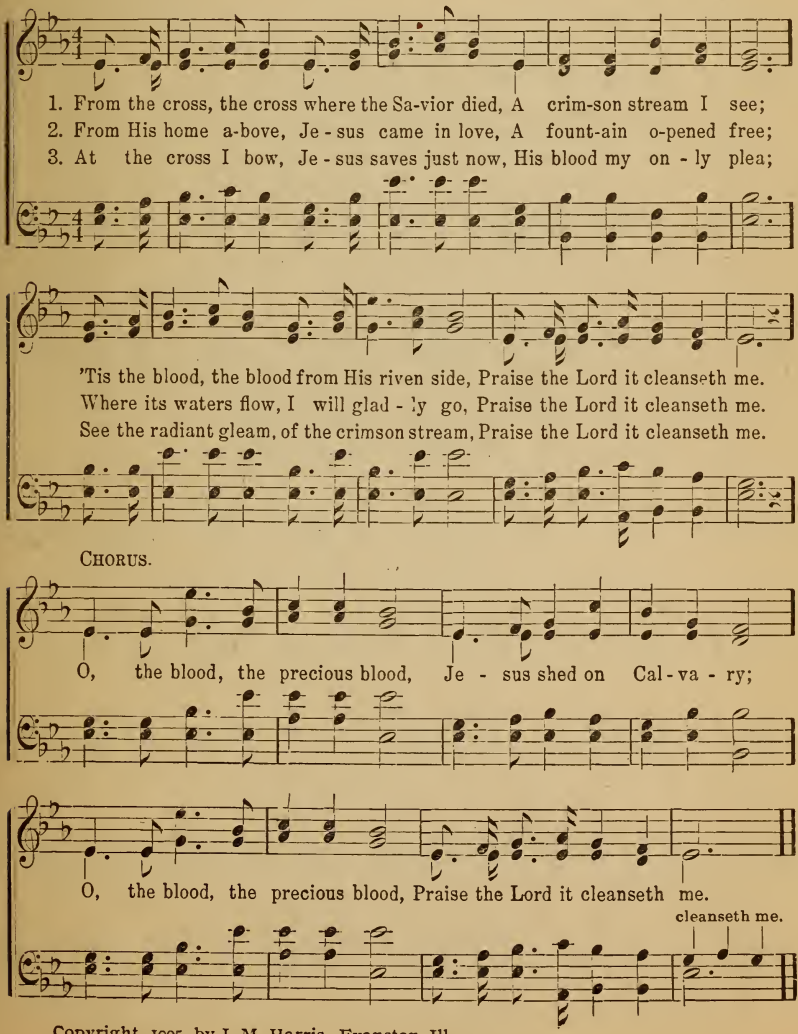
Get Right With God.



No. 3. O, The Blood.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.



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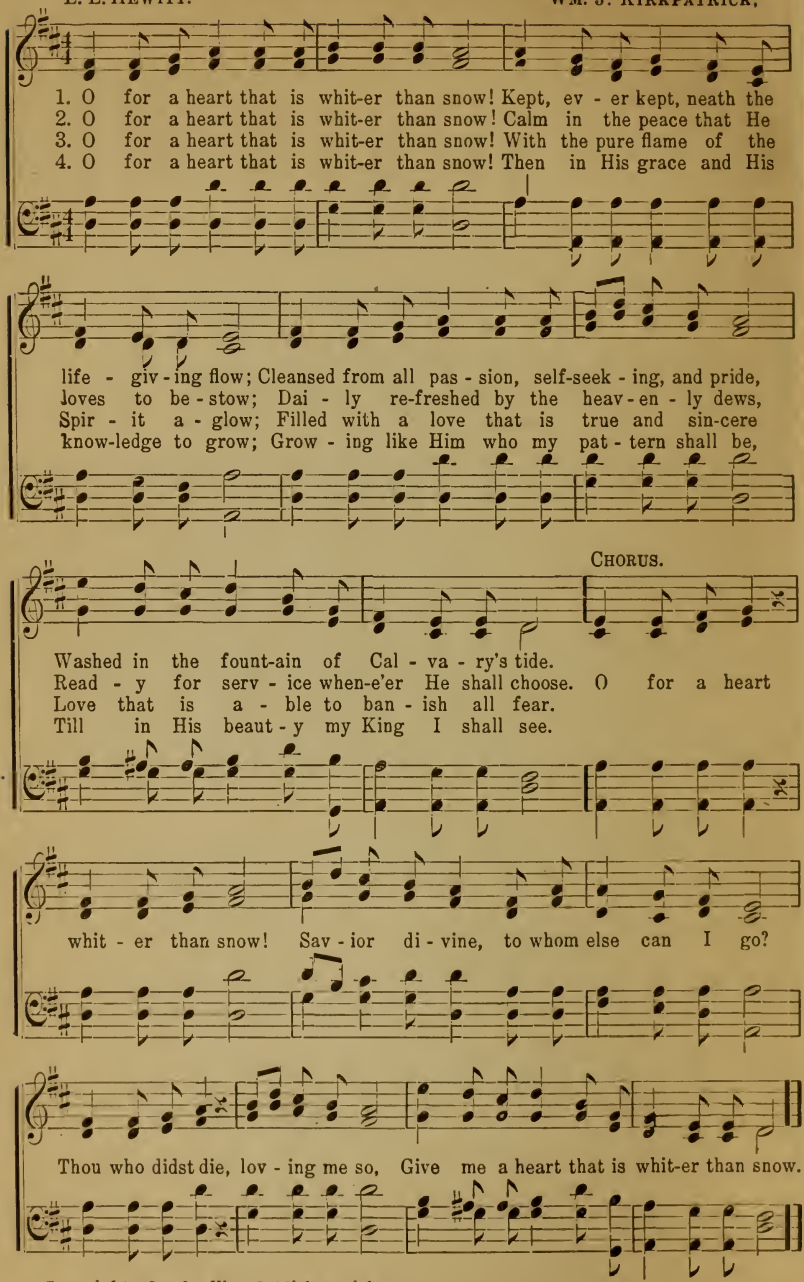
No. 4. O for a Heart Whiter than Snow.

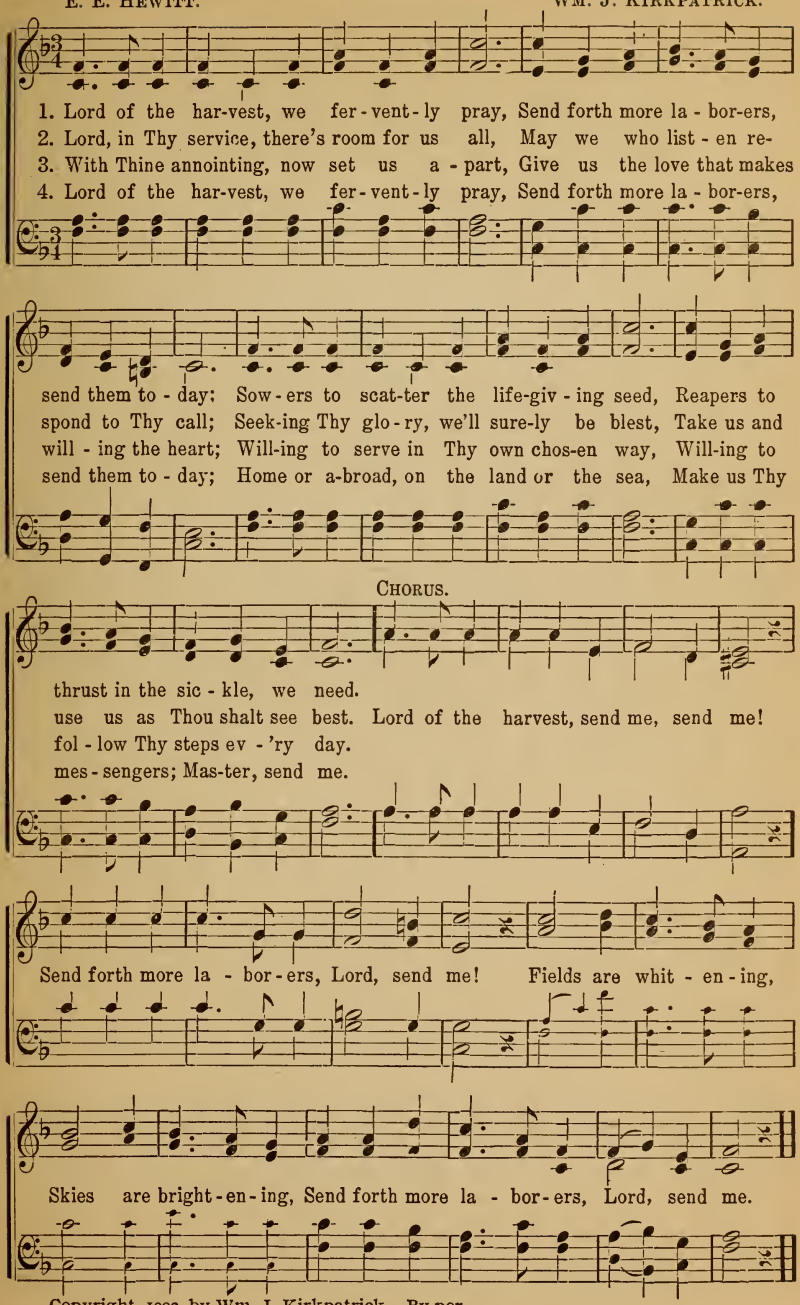
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 5. Lord of the Harvest.

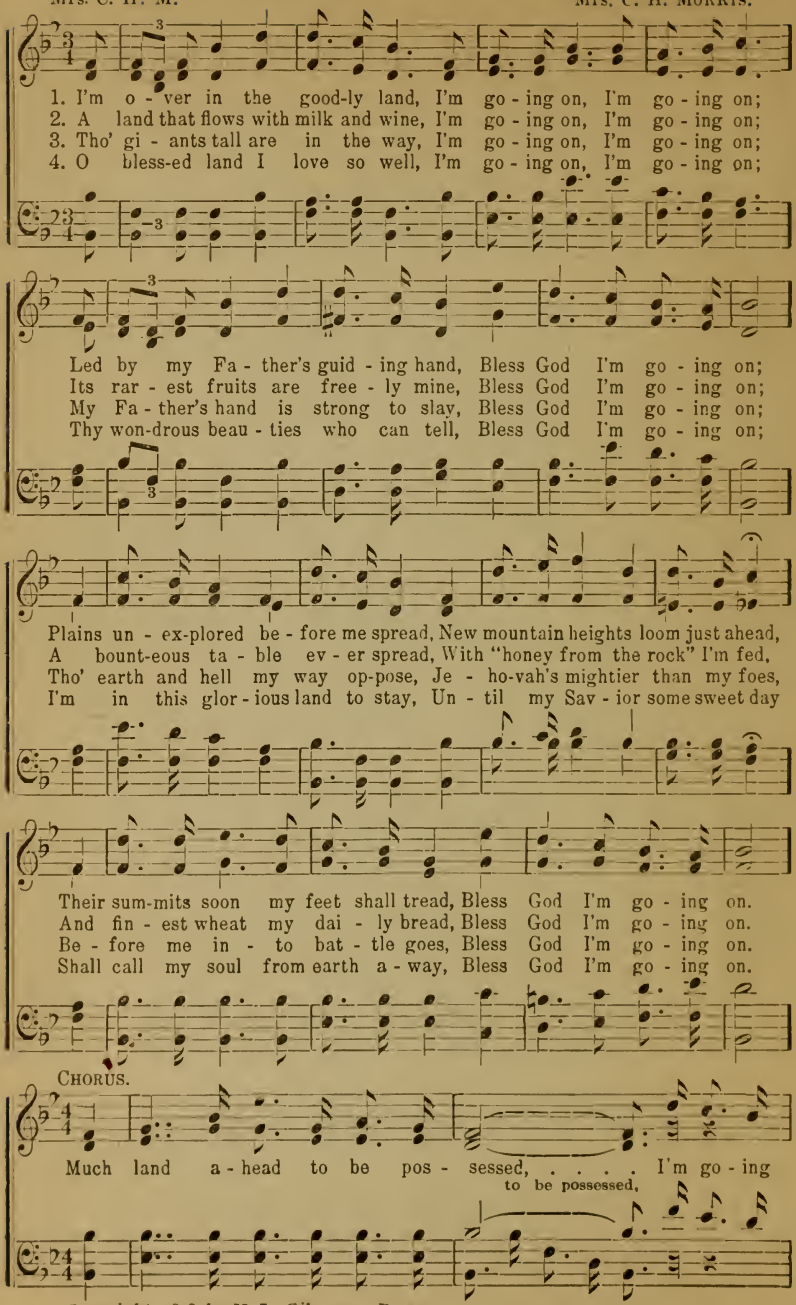
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

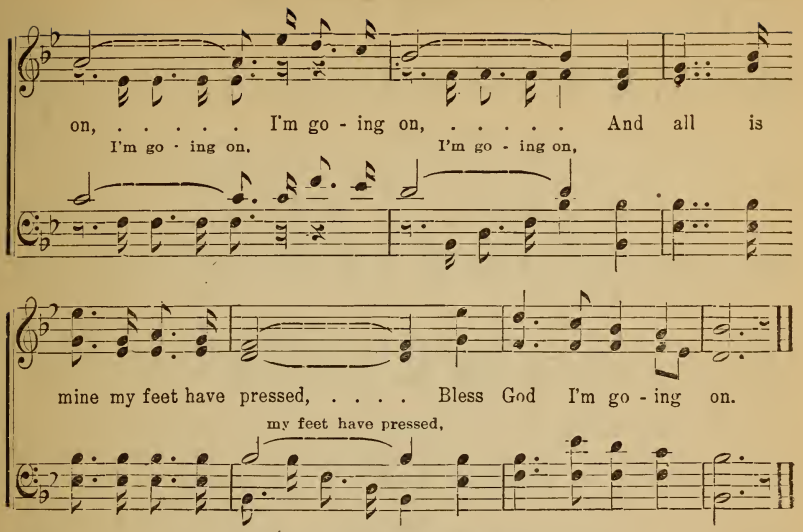
No. 6. I'm Going On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

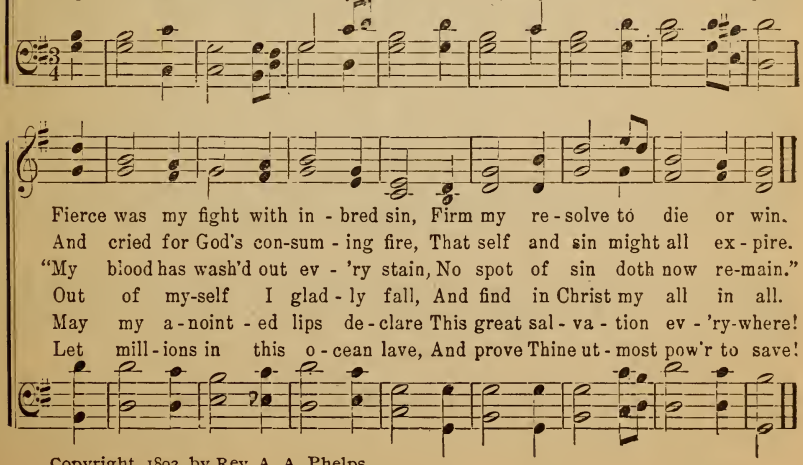
I'm Going On.



No. 7. Pentecostal Power.

A. A. P. Rev. A. A. Phelps.

1. Deep were the groans that heaved my breast, Bit-ter my sighs for per - fect rest;
2. With yearning heart and streaming eyes, I bro't my liv - ing sac - ri - fice;
3. Sweet as the sound of ser - aph's lay, I heard the voice of Je - sus say:
4. My prayer pre - vails! O joy di - vine! The Spir - it wit - ness - es with mine!
5. Oh, bless-ed pen - te - cost - al pow'r! I take Thee as my promised dower;
6. Bap - tize the church with ho - ly fire! Je - sus, Thy wit - ness - es in - spire!

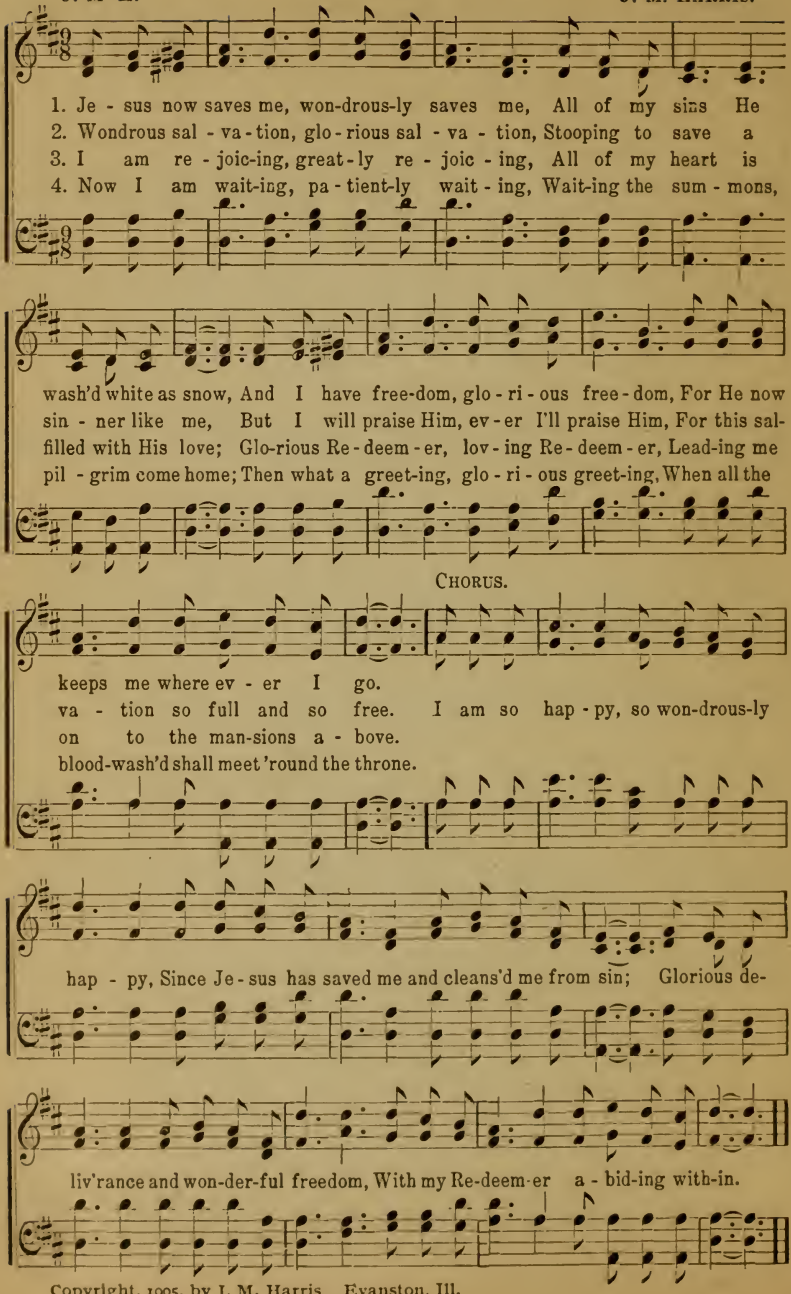


Fierce was my fight with in - bred sin, Firm my re - solve to die or win.
And cried for God's con-sum - ing fire, That self and sin might all ex - pire.
"My blood has wash'd out ev - 'ry stain, No spot of sin doth now re-main."
Out of my-self I glad - ly fall, And find in Christ my all in all.
May my a - noint - ed lips de - clare This great sal - va - tion ev - 'ry-where!
Let mill - ions in this o - cean lave, And prove Thine ut - most pow'r to save!

Copyright. 1892, by Rev. A. A. Phelps.

No. 8. Jesus Now Saves Me.

J. M H. J. M. HARRIS.



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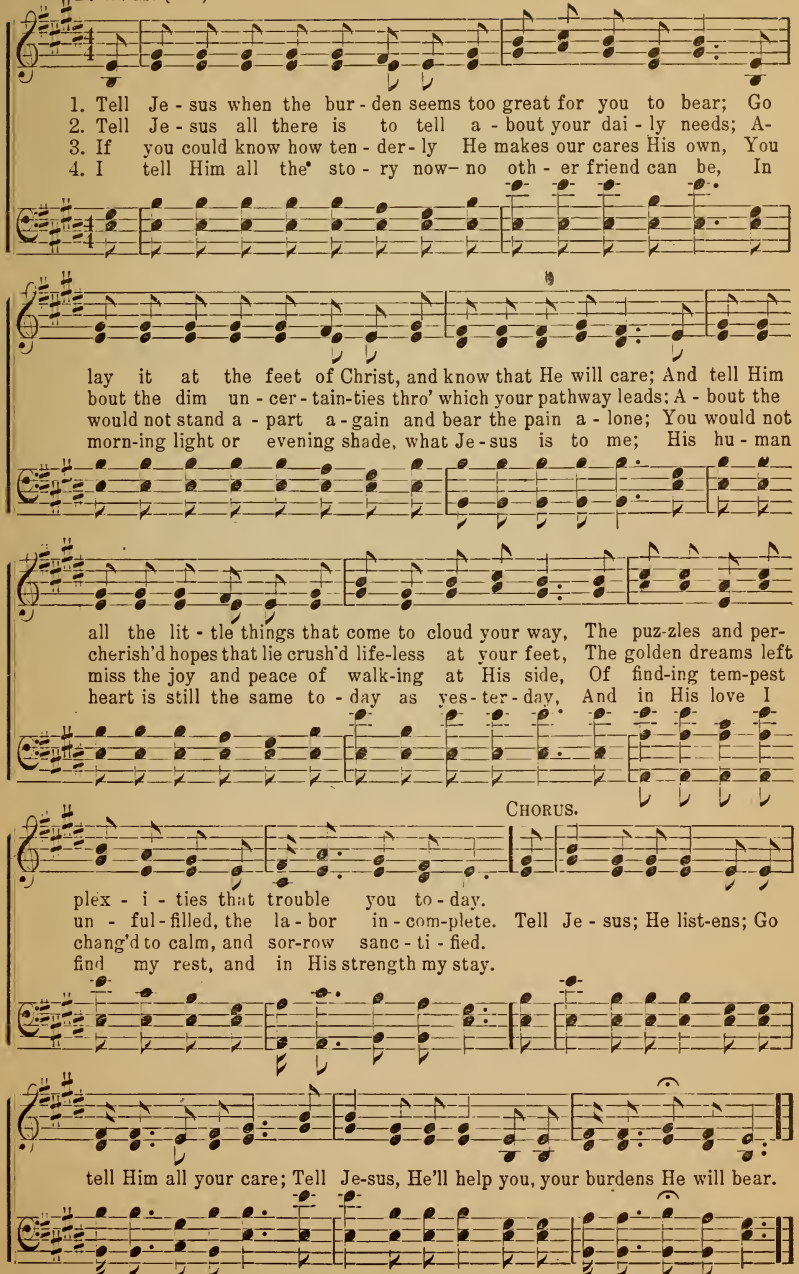
No. 9. Tell Jesus.

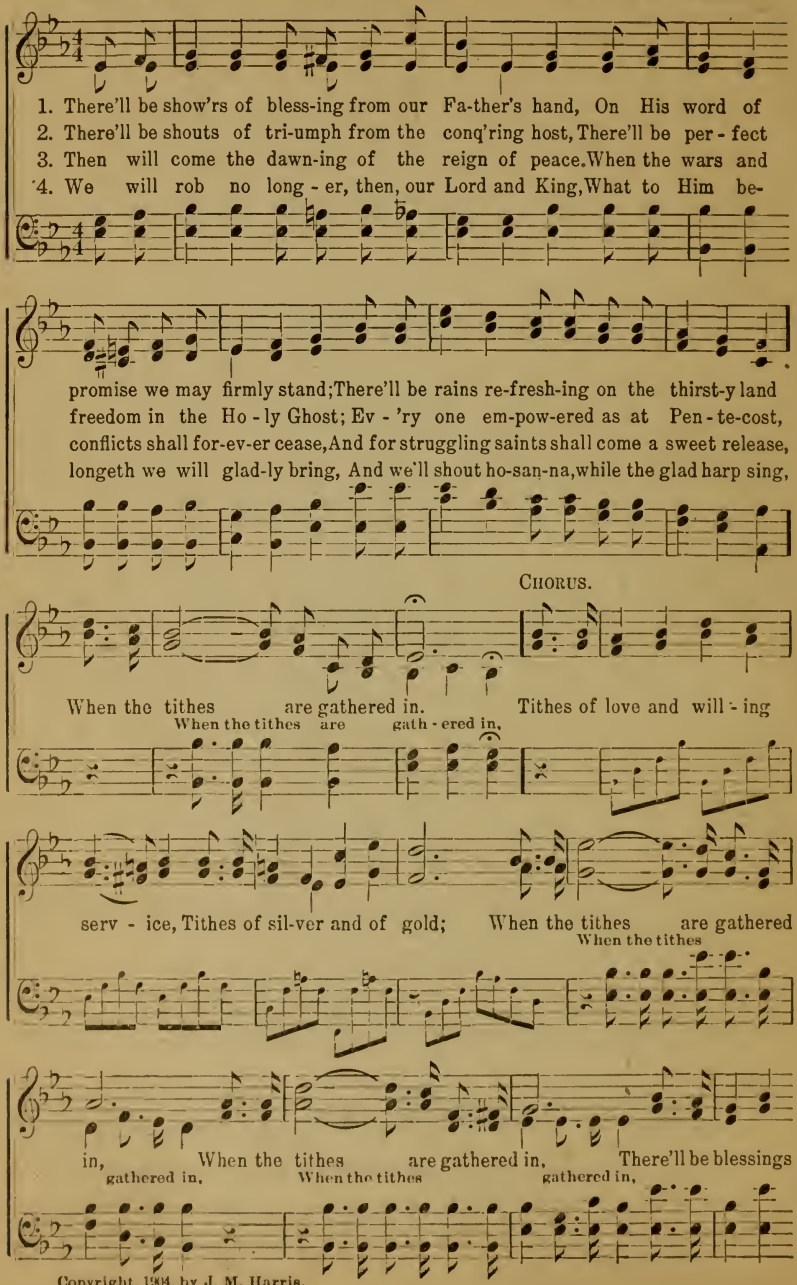
D. W. M. (**) Rev. D. W. MYLAND.



Copyright, 1902, by D. W. Myland.

No. 10. When the Tithes are Gathered In.

Mrs. C. H. M. Malachi 3: 8-10. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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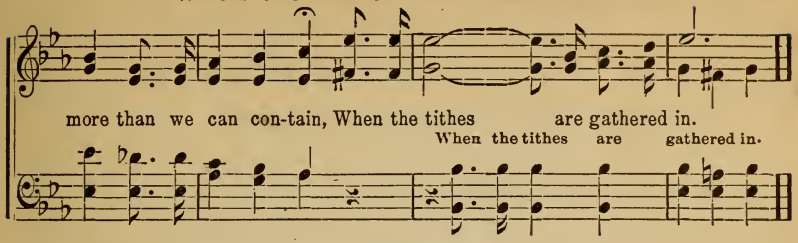
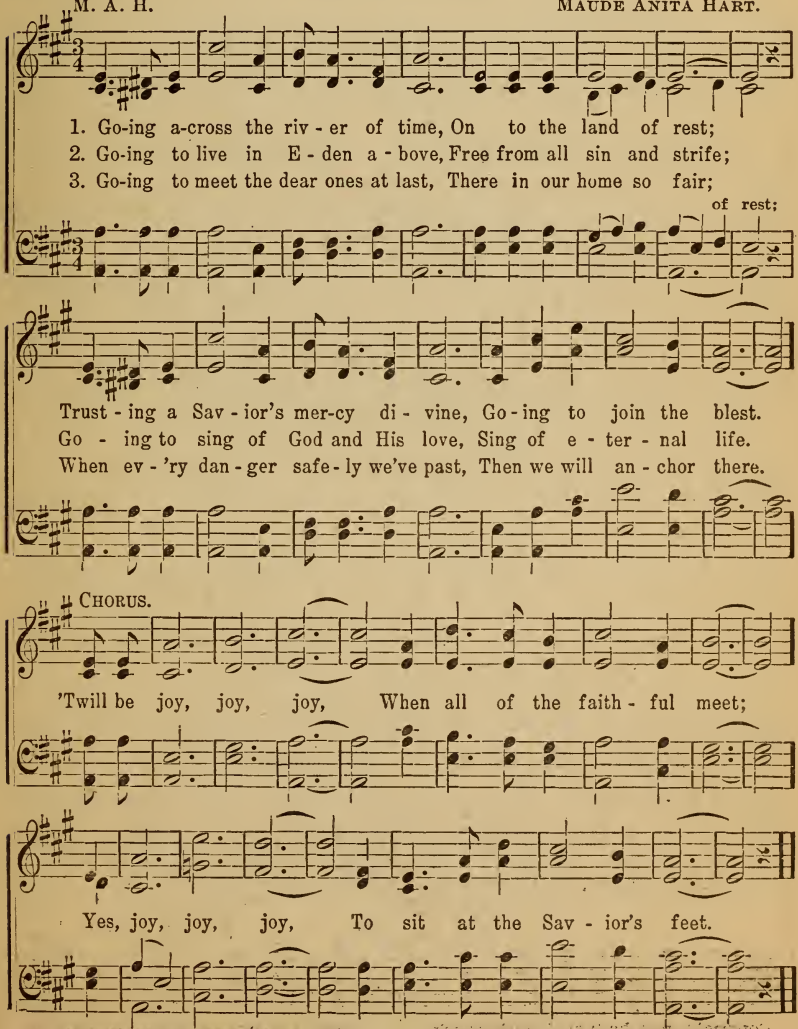
When the Tithes are Gathered in.



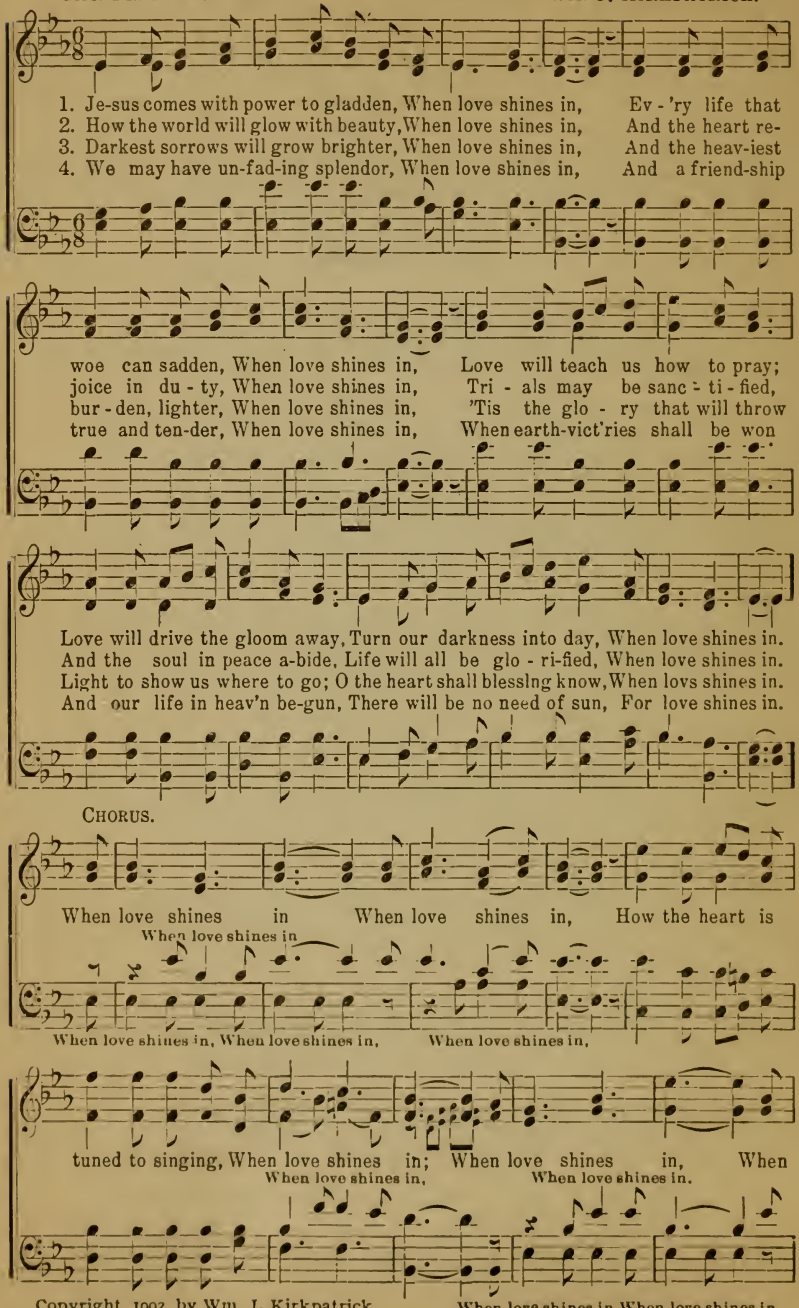
No. 11. Joy Eternal.

M. A. H. MAUDE ANITA HART.



No. 12. When Love Shines In.

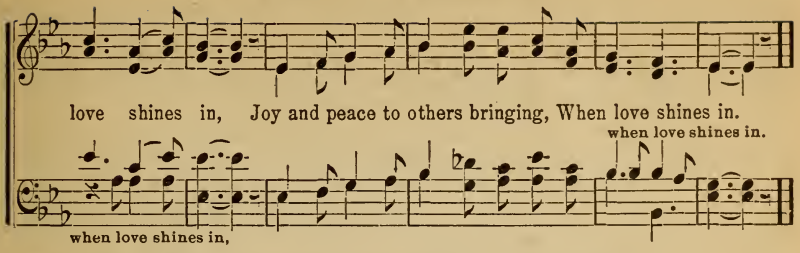
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

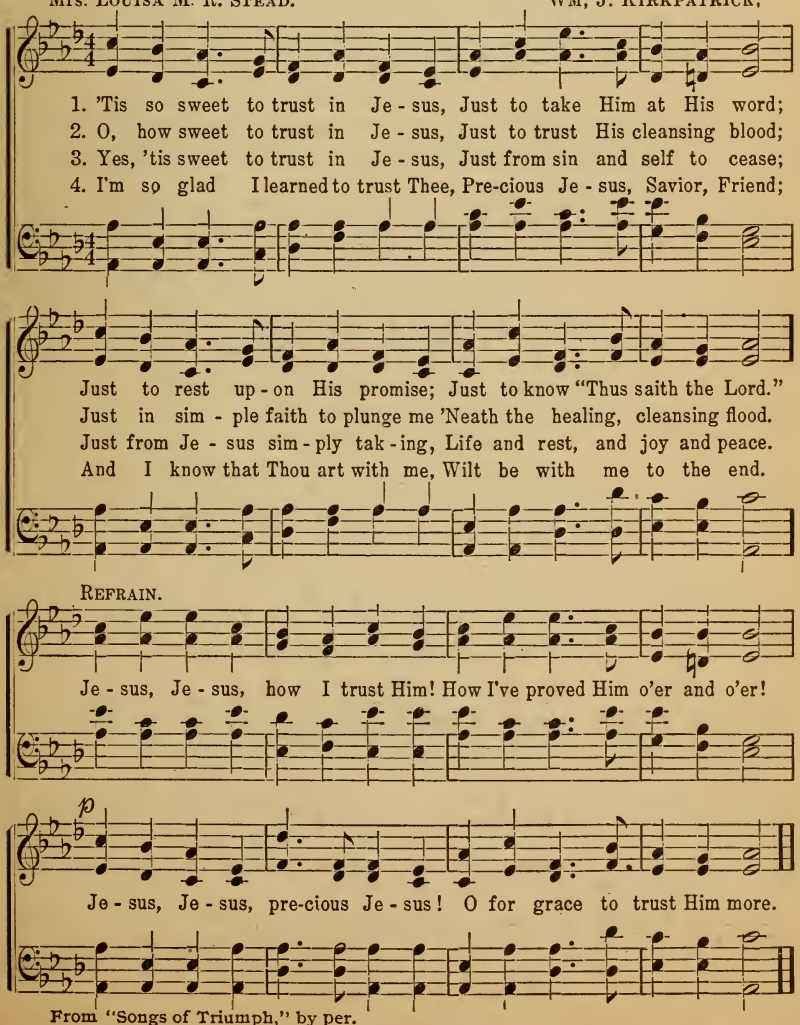
When love shines in, When love shines in.

When Love Shines In.



No. 13. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

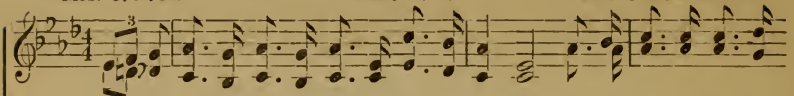
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm, J. Kirkpatrick,



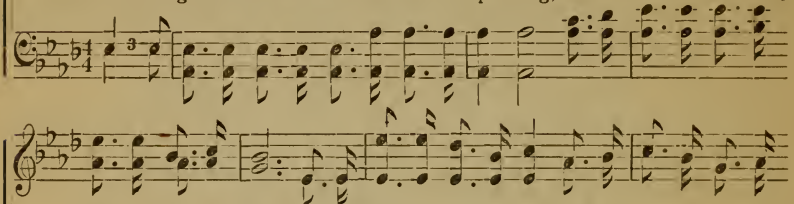
From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

No. 14 Let Us Tarry for the Power.

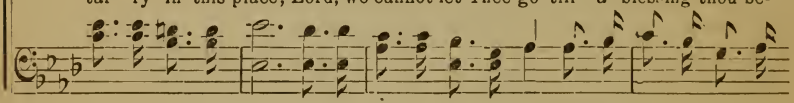
Mrs. C. H. M. Luke 24: 49. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



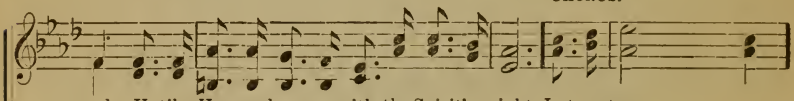
1. Let us tarry for the pow'r as Christ com-mand-ed Ere the opening heav'ns re-
2. We are powerless and weak without the presence Of the blessed Ho - ly
3. Now the glorious scene of old once more re-peat-ing, While with one ac-cord we



ceived Him out of sight; Let us wait up-on the Lord, trusting in His precious
Ghost our hearts within; Breathe upon us now from heav'n, promise of the Sav-ior
tar - ry in this place; Lord, we cannot let Thee go till a blessing thou be-

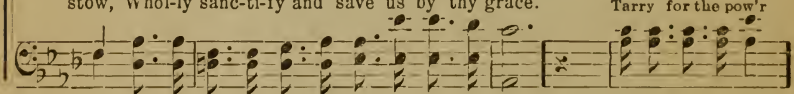


Chorus.

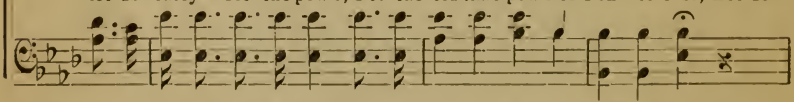


word, Until He endue us with the Spirit's might. Let us tar - - ry,
giv'n; Make us strong to go the lost of earth to win.
stow, Whol-ly sanc-ti-fy and save us by thy grace.

Tarry for the pow'r



let us tarry for the pow'r, For the old time pow'r of Pen - te-cost; Let us



tar - ry, humbly tar - ry, Till He fill us with the Holy Ghost.
tarry for the pow'r, tarry for the pow'r.

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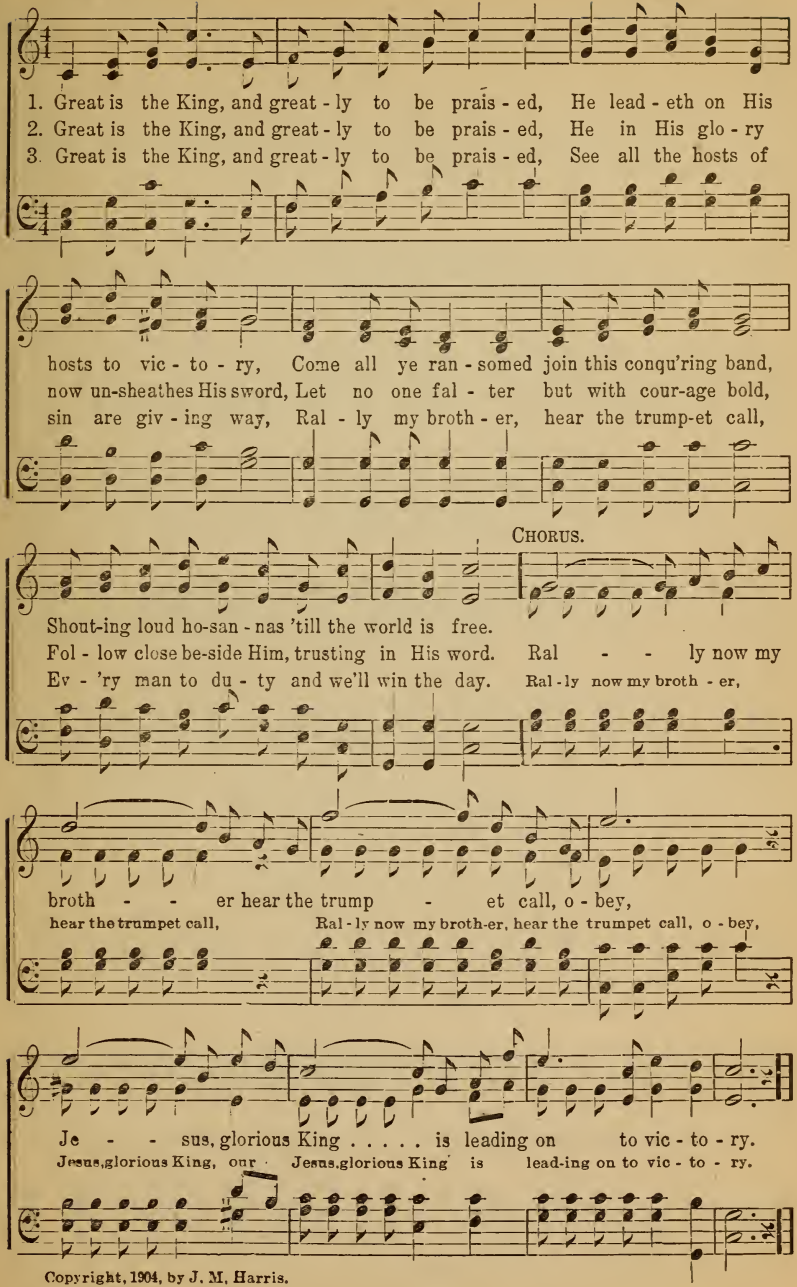
No. 15. Great Is the King.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.



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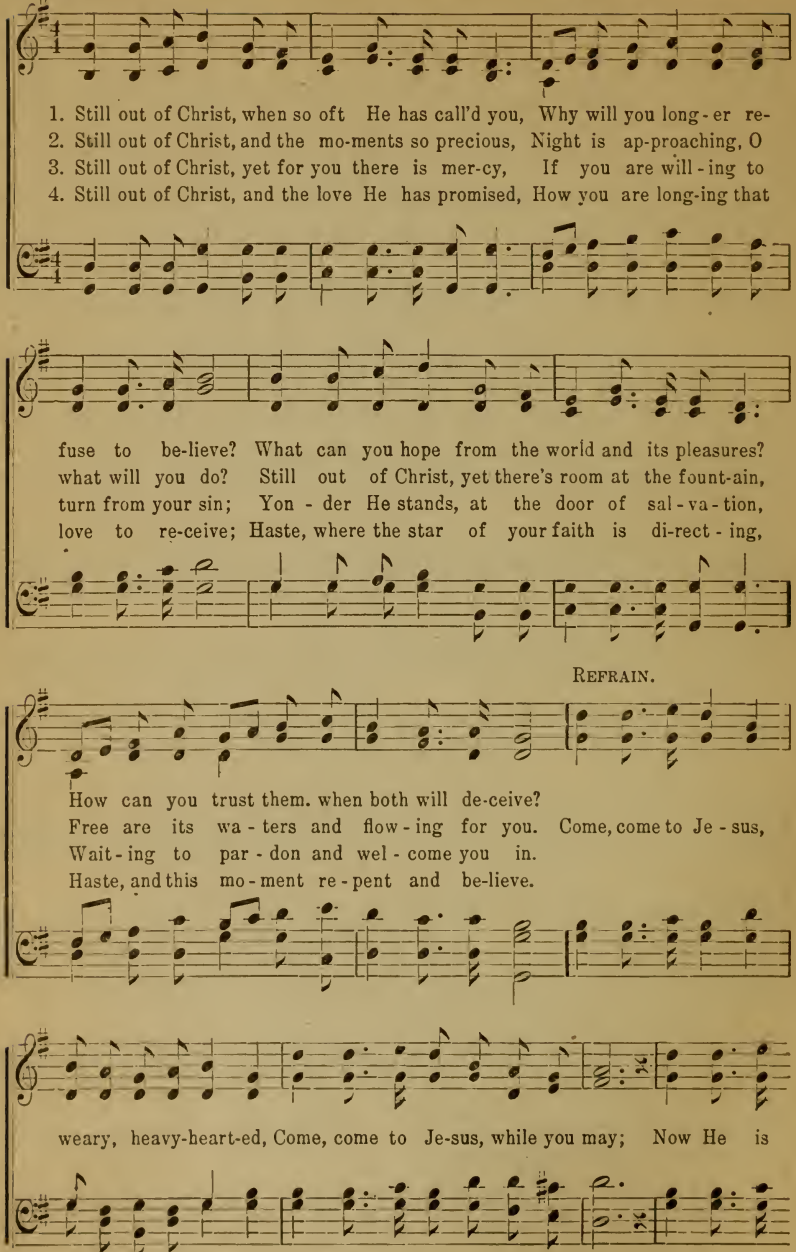
No. 16. Still Out of Christ.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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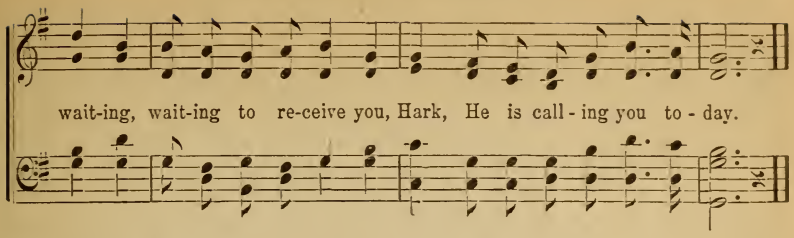
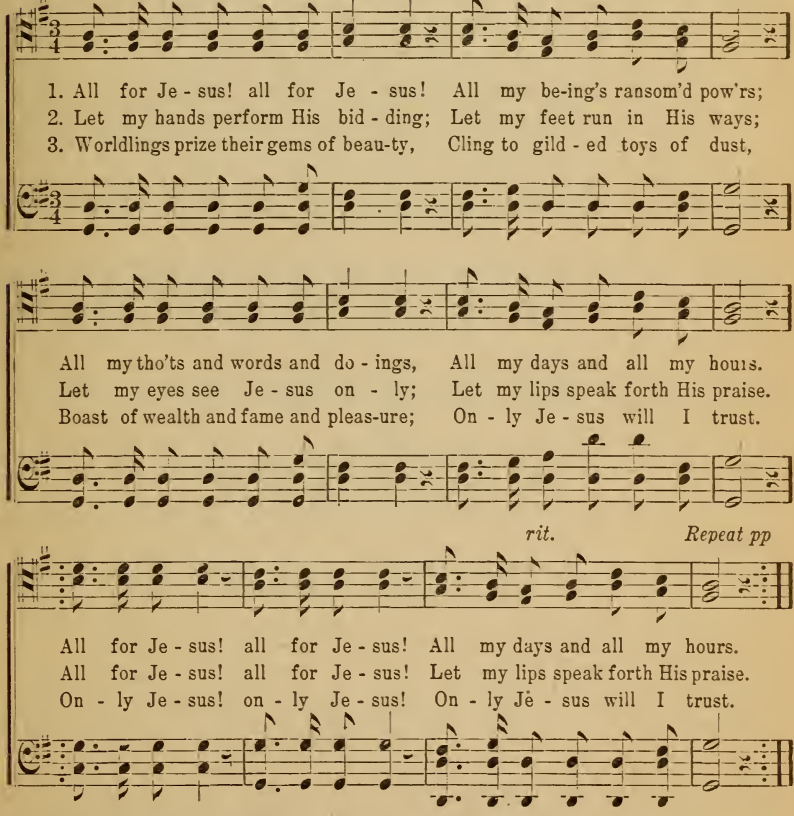


No. 17. All For Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. For Male Voices. ASA HULL.



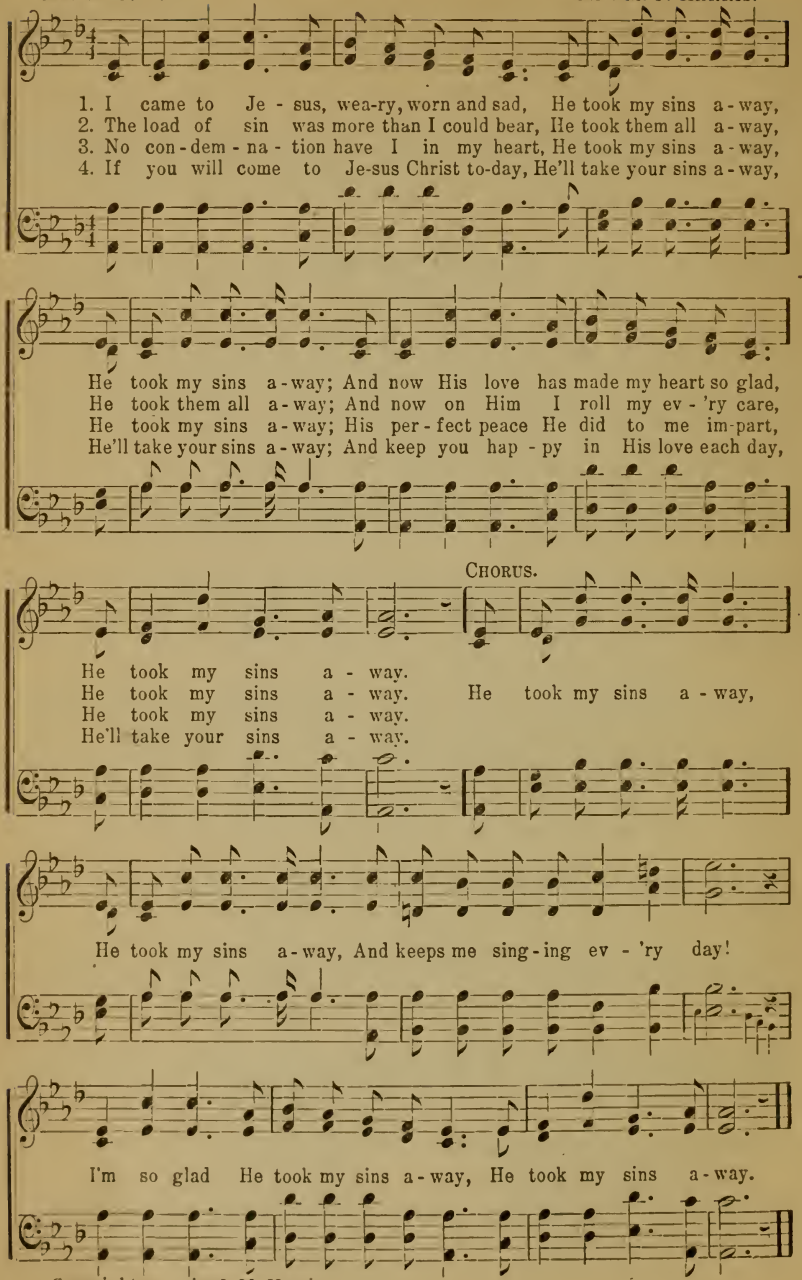
4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified.

5 O what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

Copyright, 1872, by Asa Hull. From "Gospel Praise Book." By per.

No. 18. He Took My Sins Away.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



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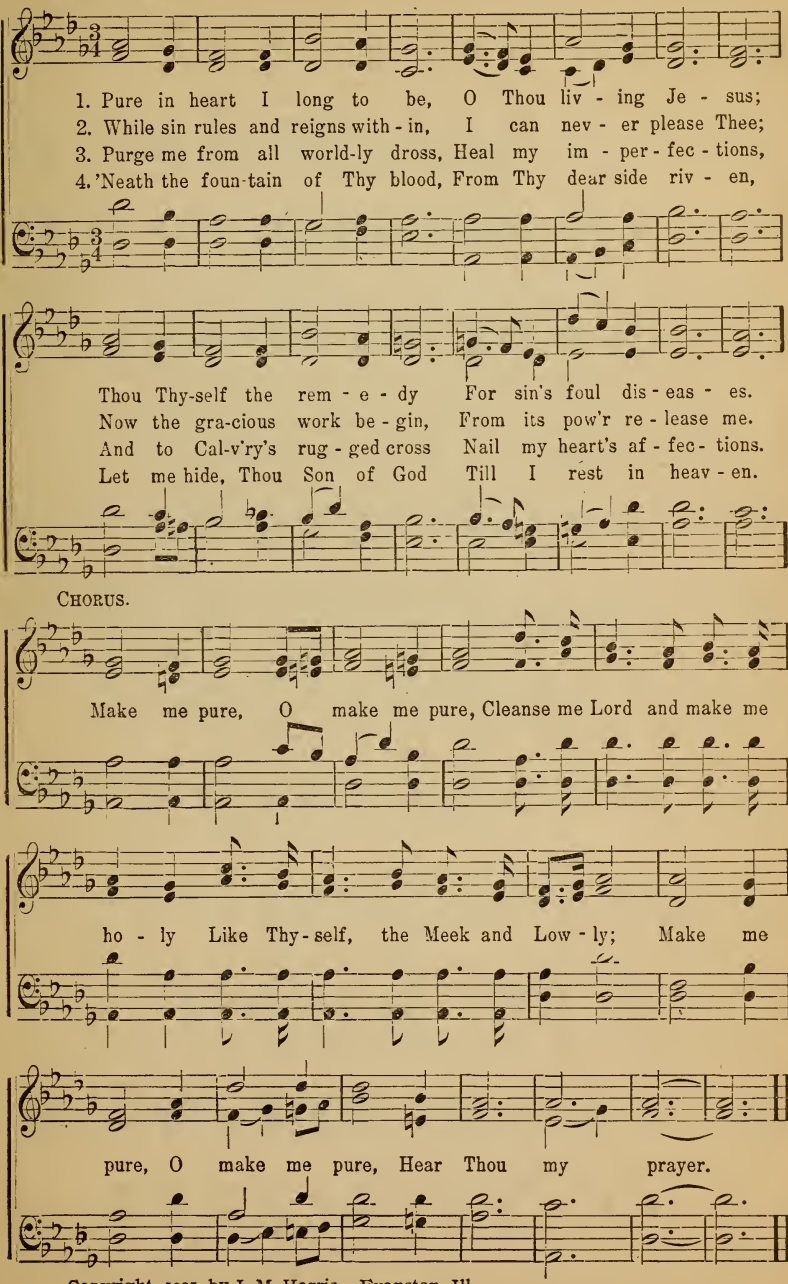
No. 19. Make Me Pure.

Mrs C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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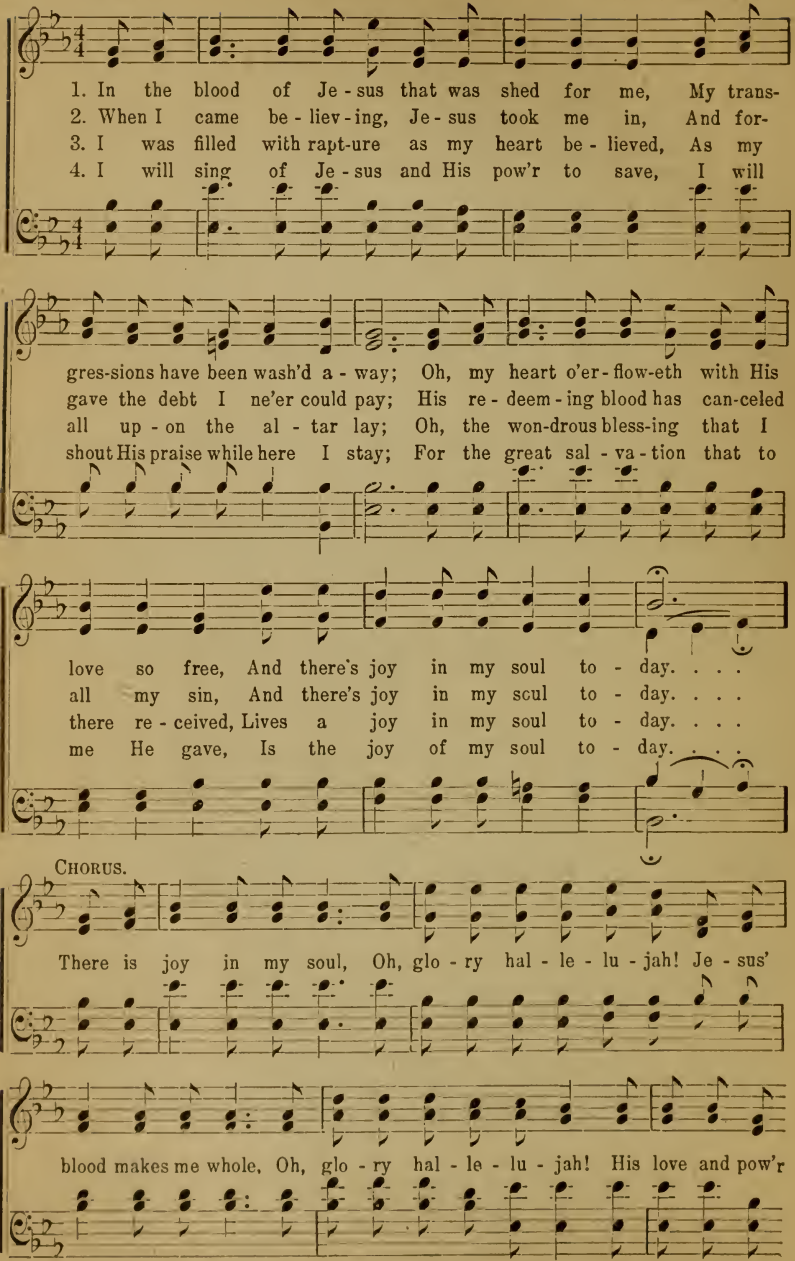
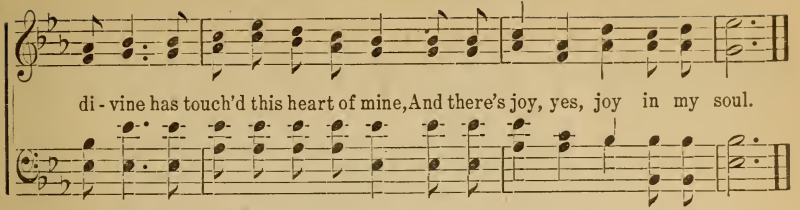
No. 20. Joy in My Soul.

J. B. M. J. B. MacKay.



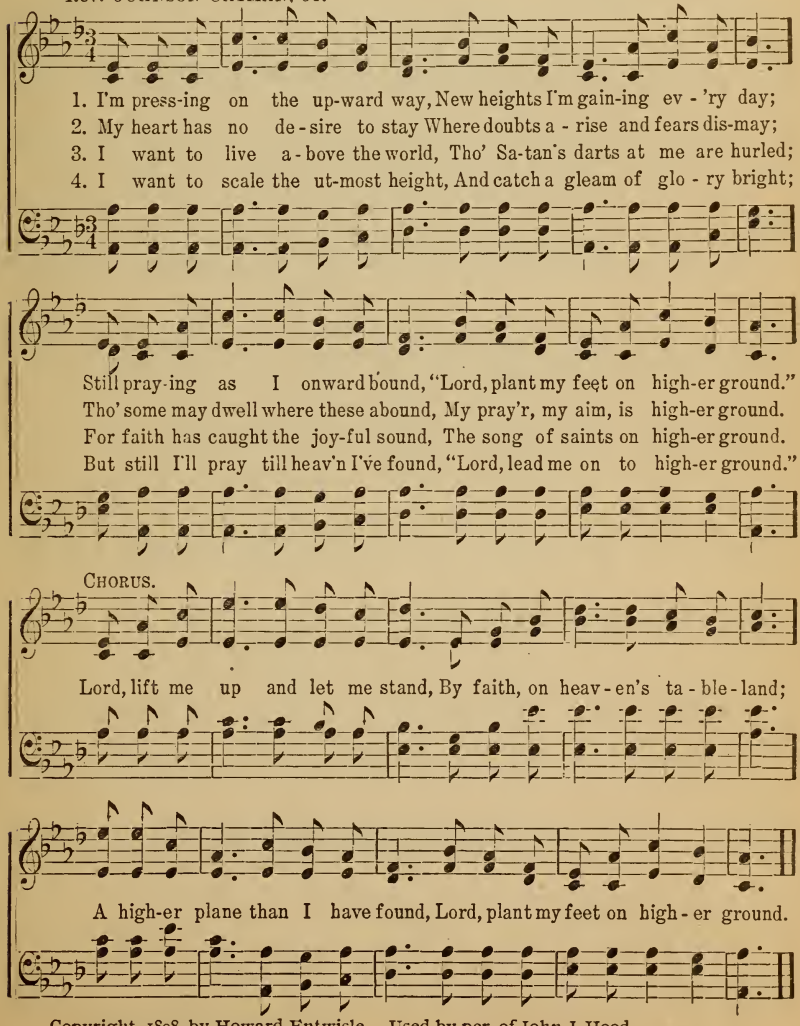
Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

Joy in My Soul.



No. 21. Higher Ground.

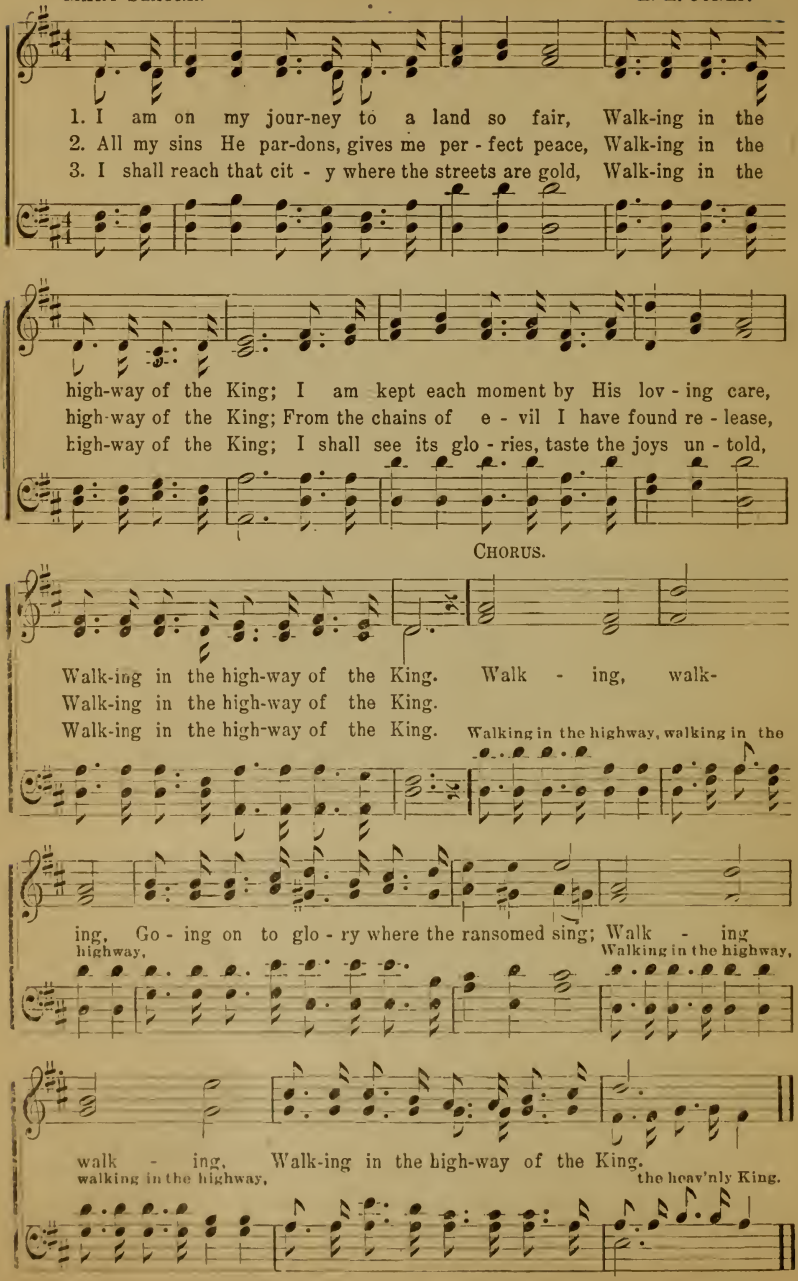
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Copyright, 1898, by Howard Entwisle. Used by per. of John J. Hood.

No. 22. Walking in the Highway.

MARY SLATER. L. E. JONES.



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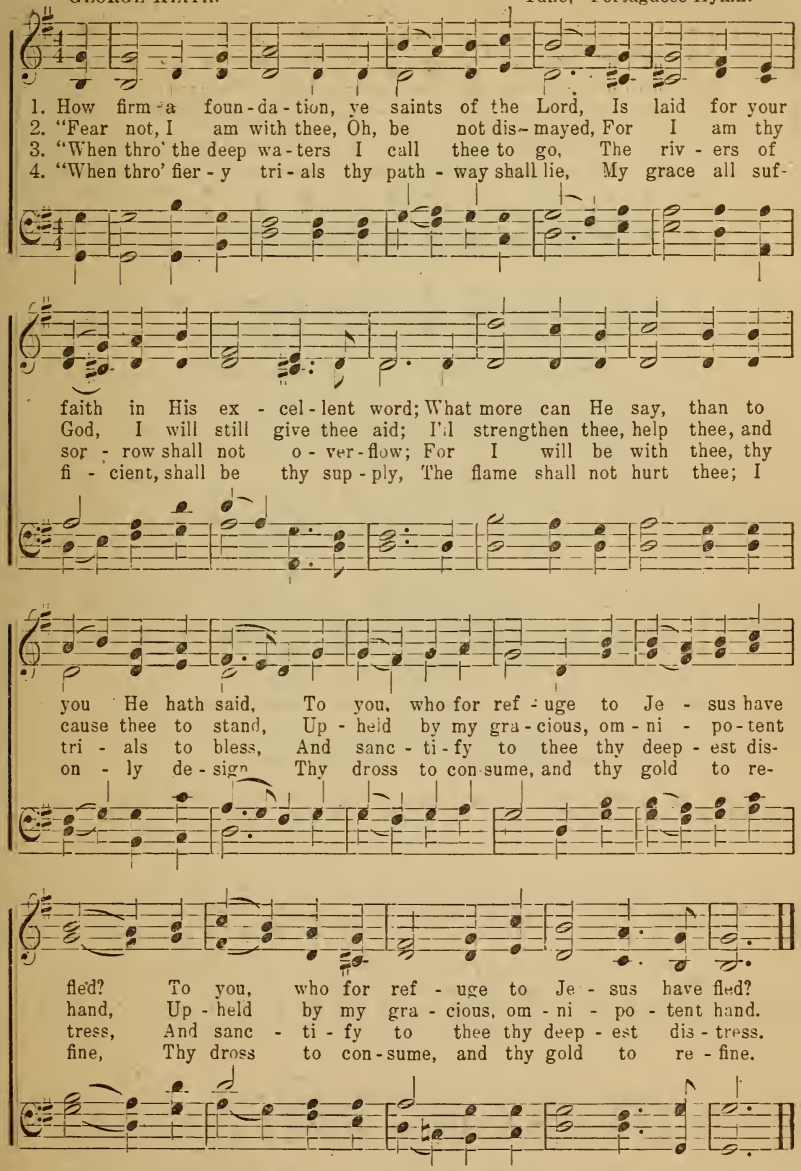
No. 23. The Firm Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Tune, "Portuguese Hymn."

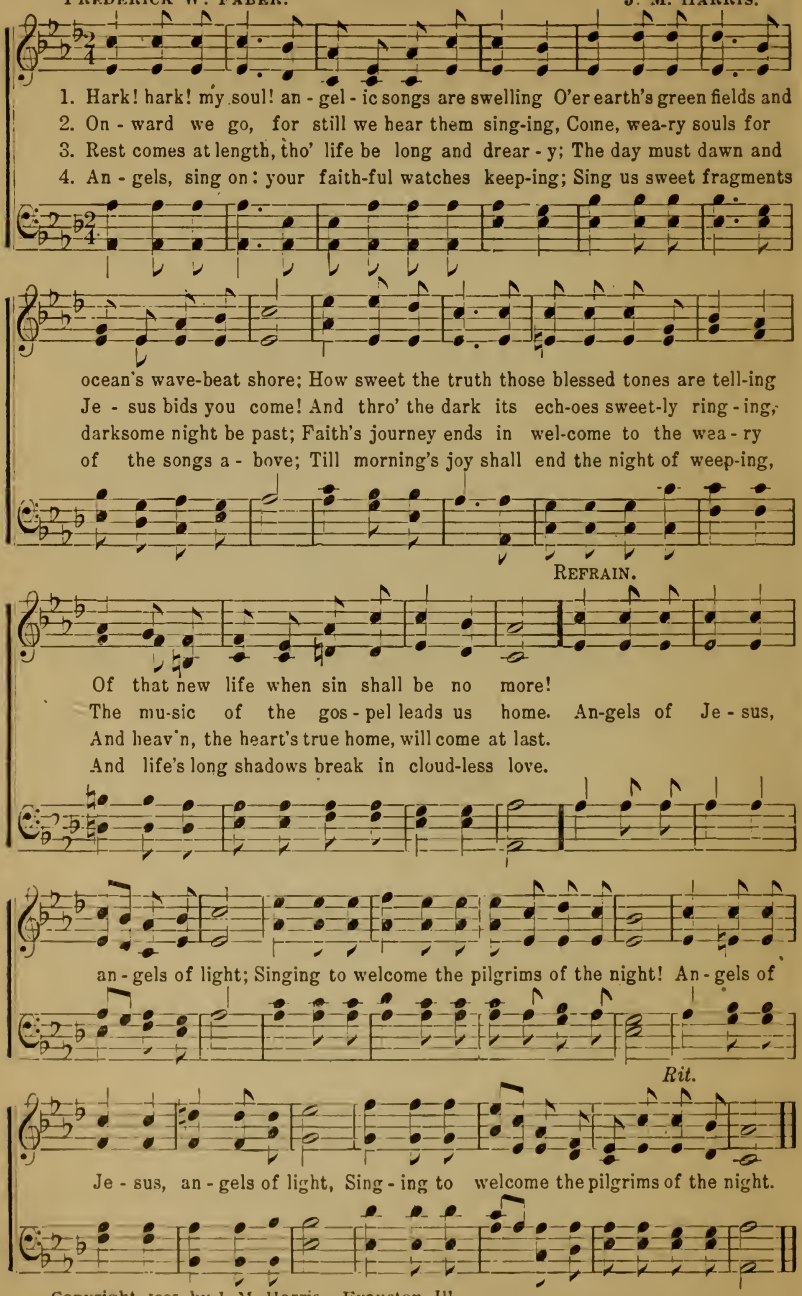


5 E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

No. 24. Hark! Hark! My Soul!

FREDERICK W. FABER. J. M. HARRIS.

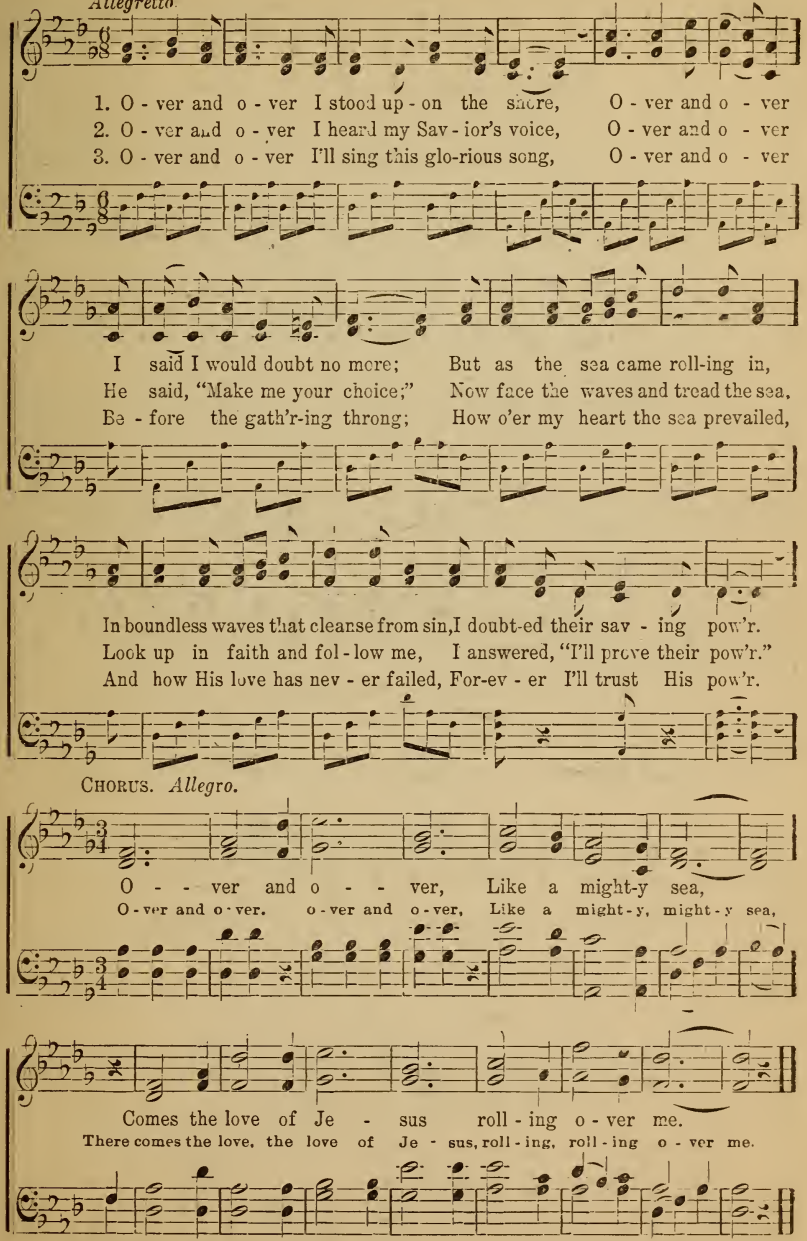


Copyright, 1905, by J. M. Harris. Evanston, Ill.

No. 25. Over and Over.

B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Allegretto

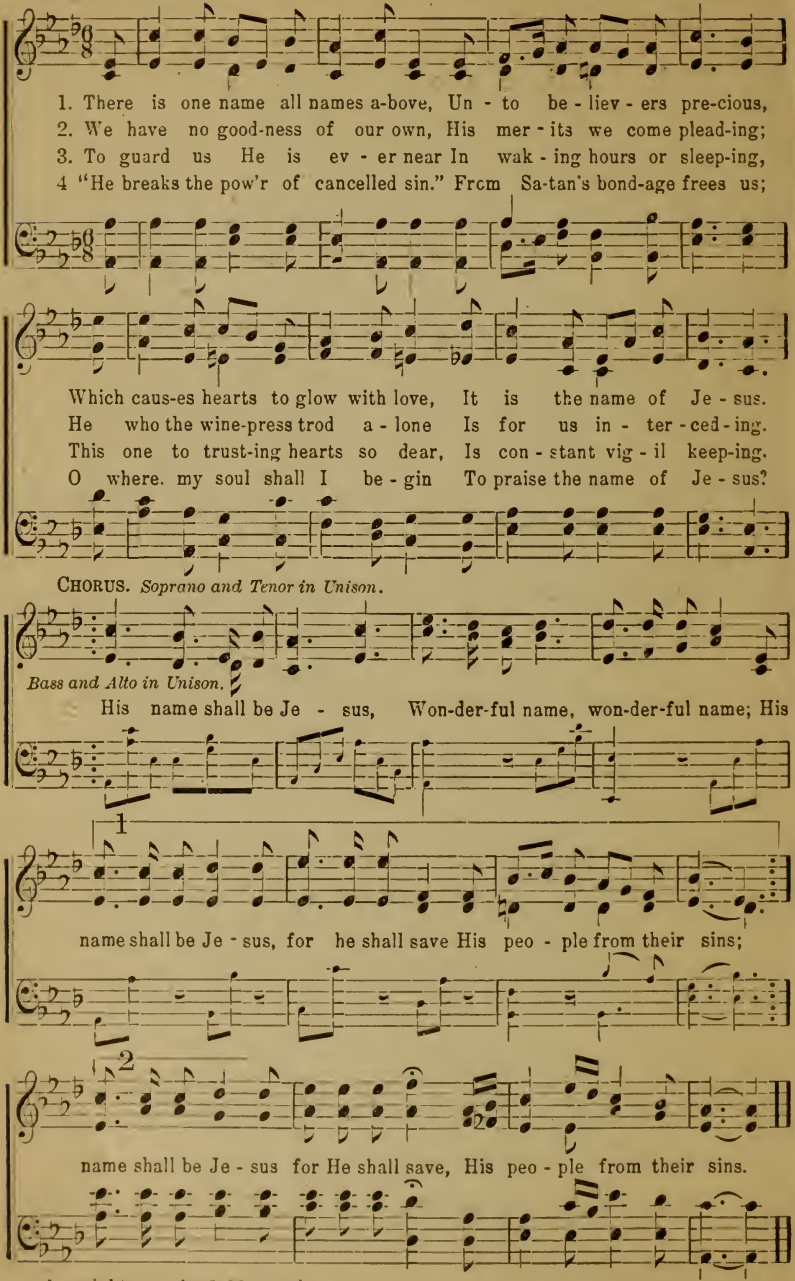


CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Copyright of Ballington Booth. Used by per. Arrangement copyright, 1898, by William J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 26. "His Name Shall be Jesus."

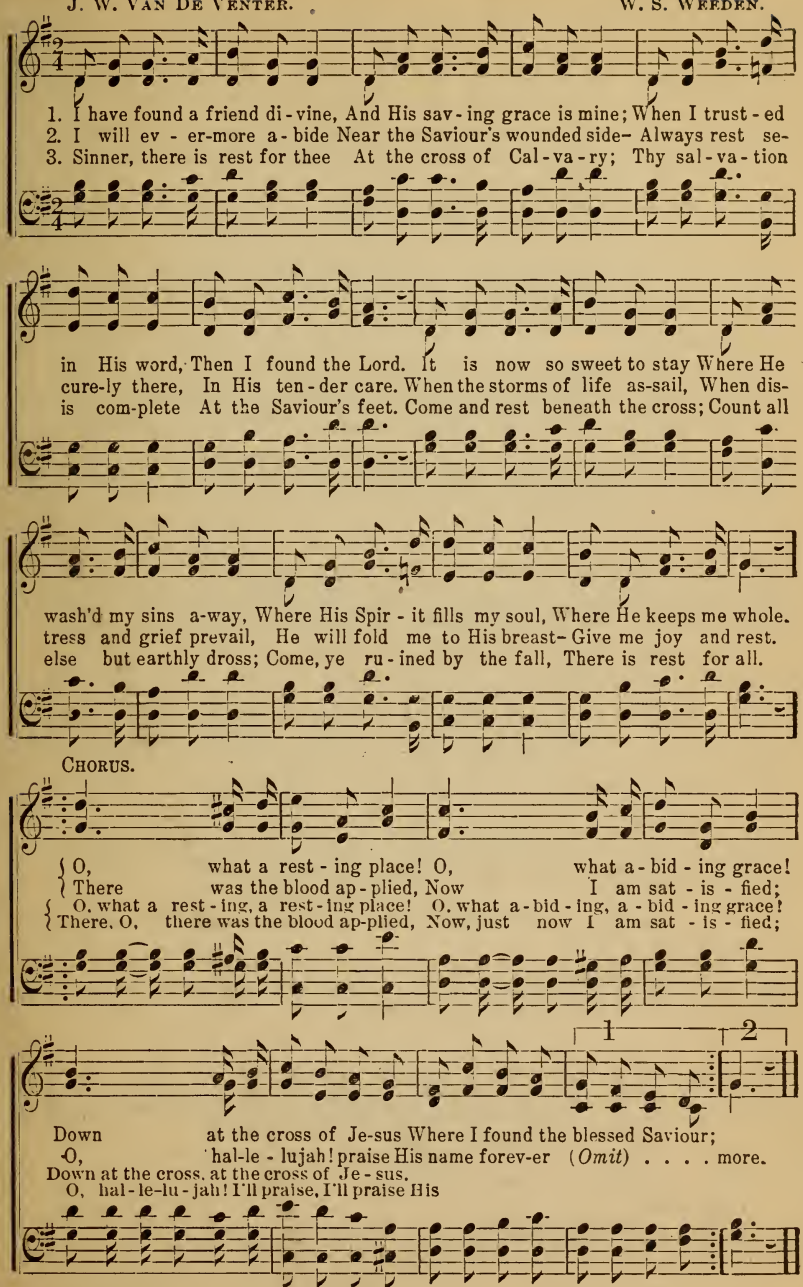
Mrs. C. H. M. His name shall be Jesus. Matt, 1: 21. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Harris.

No. 27. O, What a Resting Place!

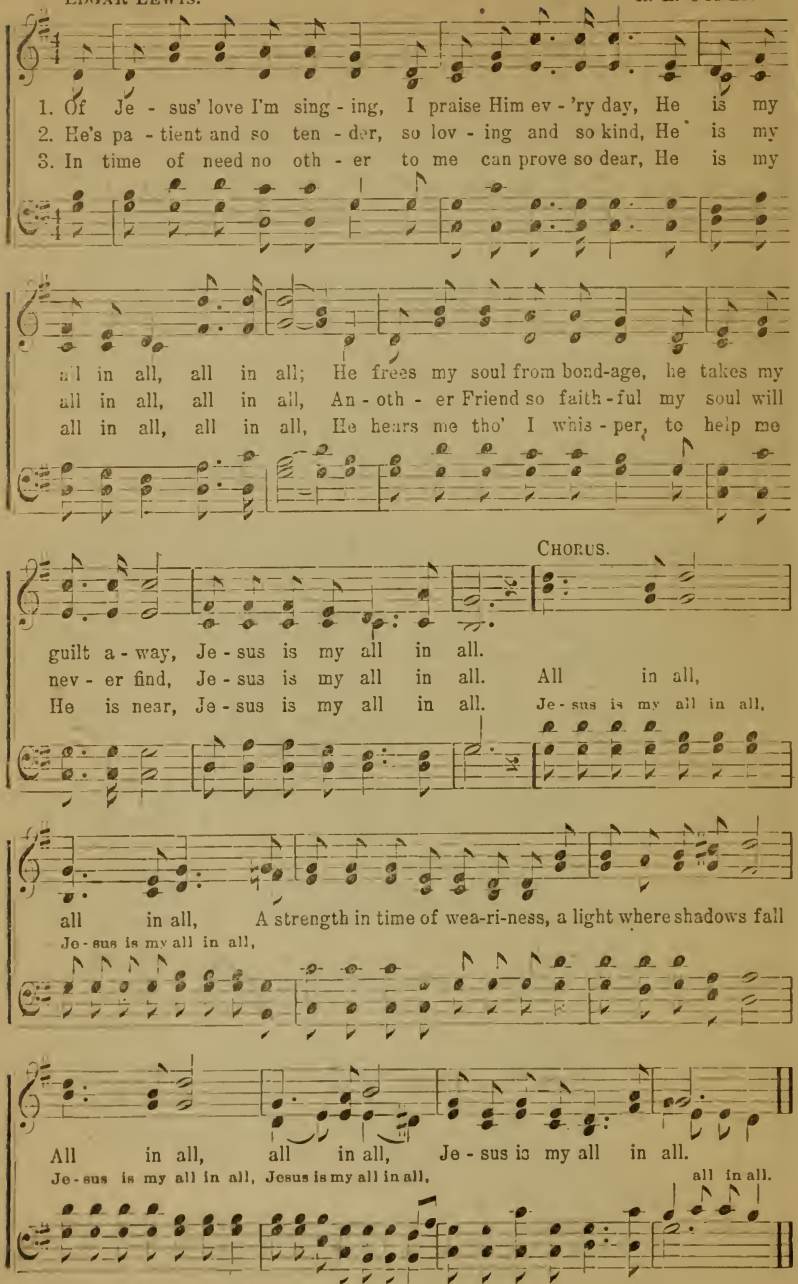
J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.



Copyright, 1895, by J. W. Van De Venter.

No. 28. My All in All.

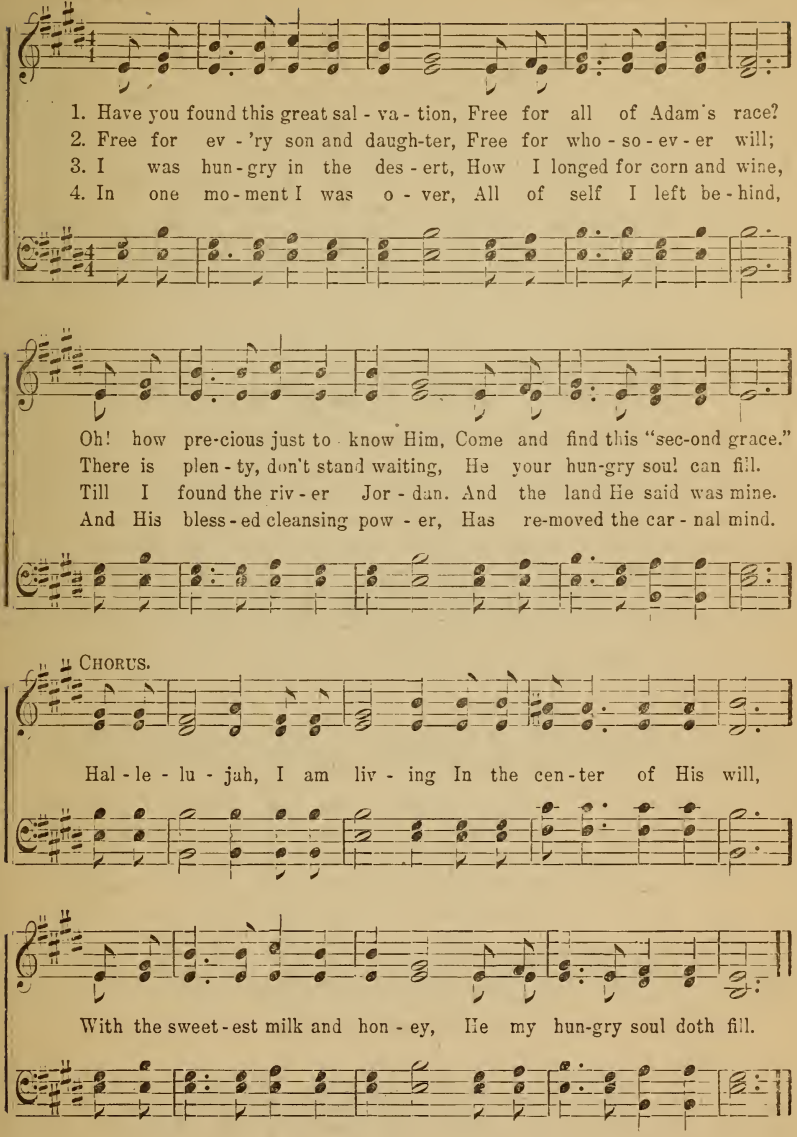
EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.



Copyright, 1904, by J. M. Harris.

No. 29. In His Will.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.



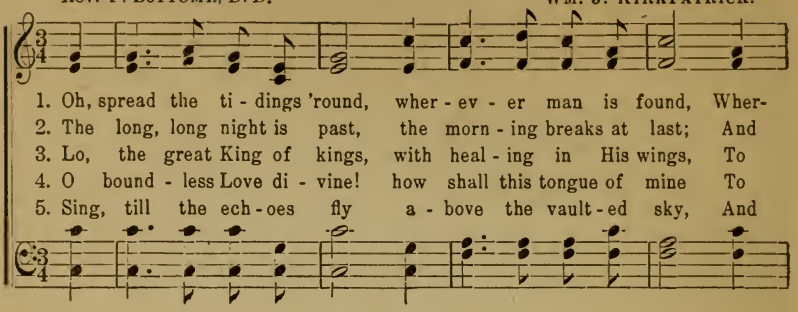
5 Now I'm feasting on the riches
Of fair Canaan's land so sweet,
I have all that you could mention,
And there's rock beneath my feet.

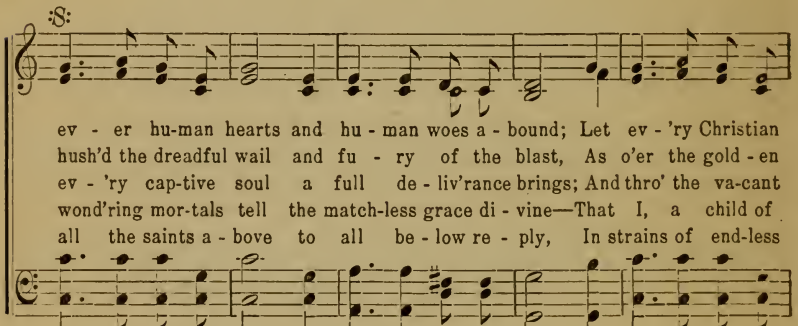
6 O that all the world might know Him,
O that all His love might see,
There's a precious flowing fountain,
Praise the Lord—it cleanseth me.

Copyright, 1897, by Mrs. M. J. Harris.

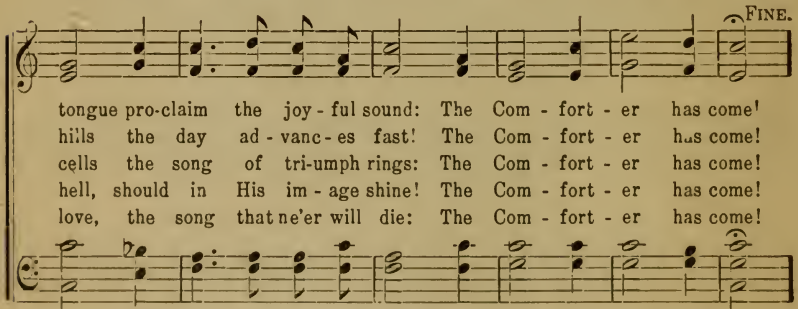
No. 30. The Comforter has Come!

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

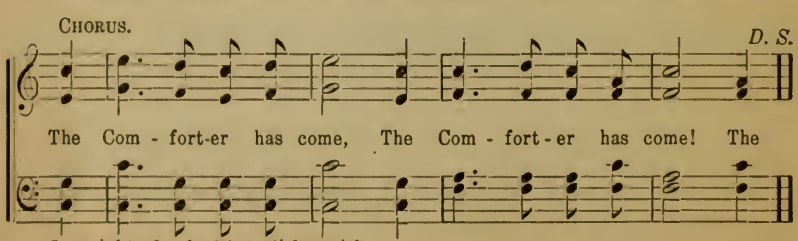




D. S.–*Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti-dings*



'round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

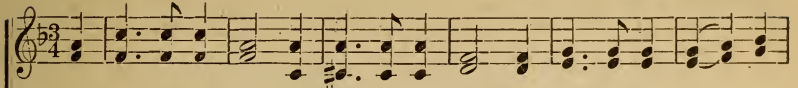


Copyright, 1890, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

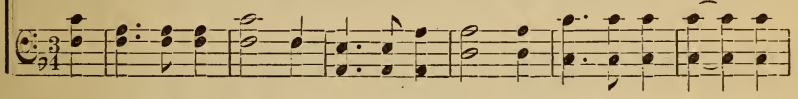
No. 31. The Child of a King,

"Heirs of the kingdom."—James 2: 5.

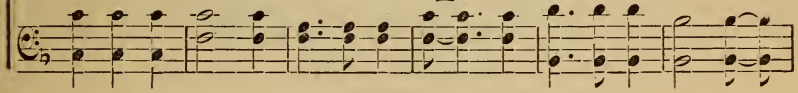
HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN R. SUMNER, arr.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for

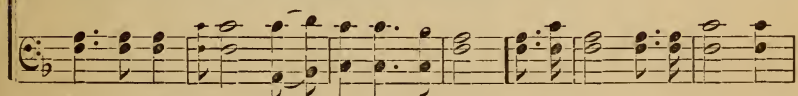


world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will
a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All



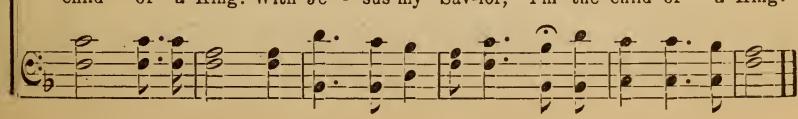
CHORUS.

cof - fers are full,—He has riches un-told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King! The
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!



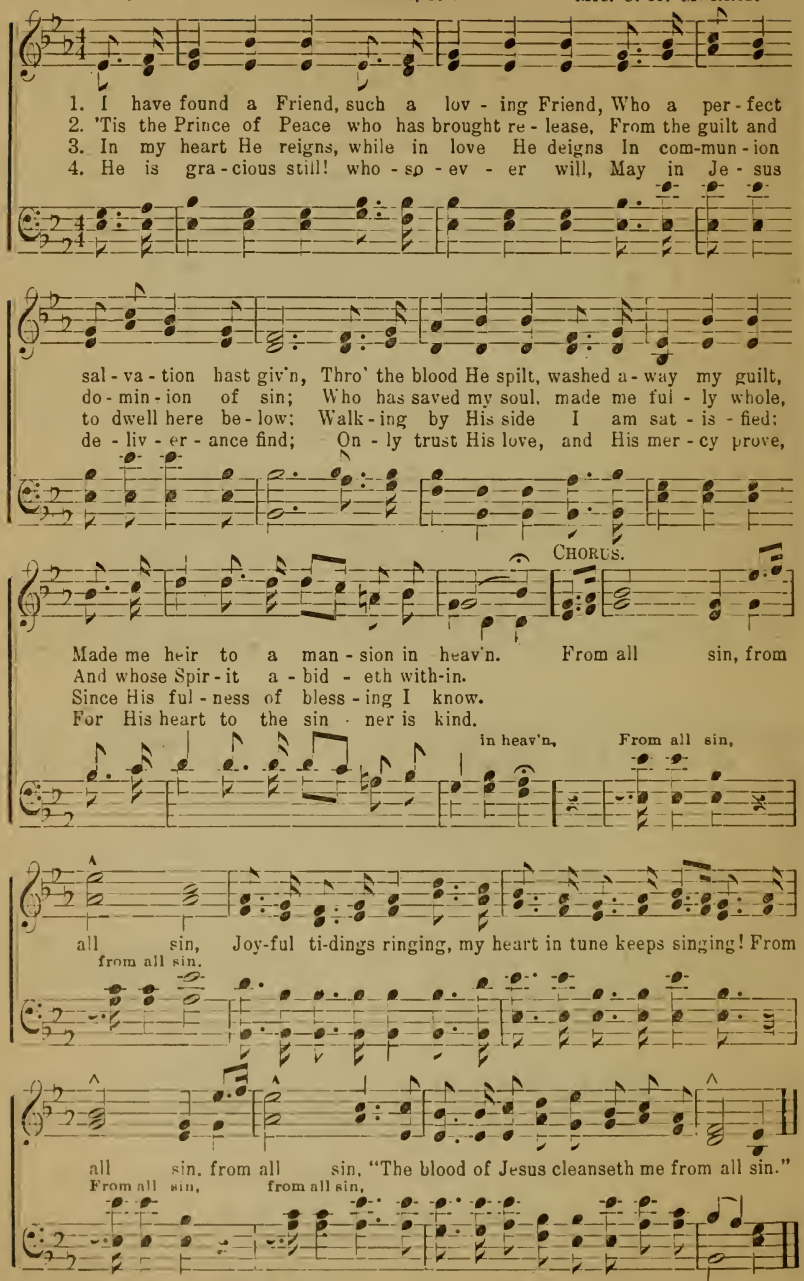
ad lib.

child of a King! With Je - sus my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!



No. 32. "From All Sin."

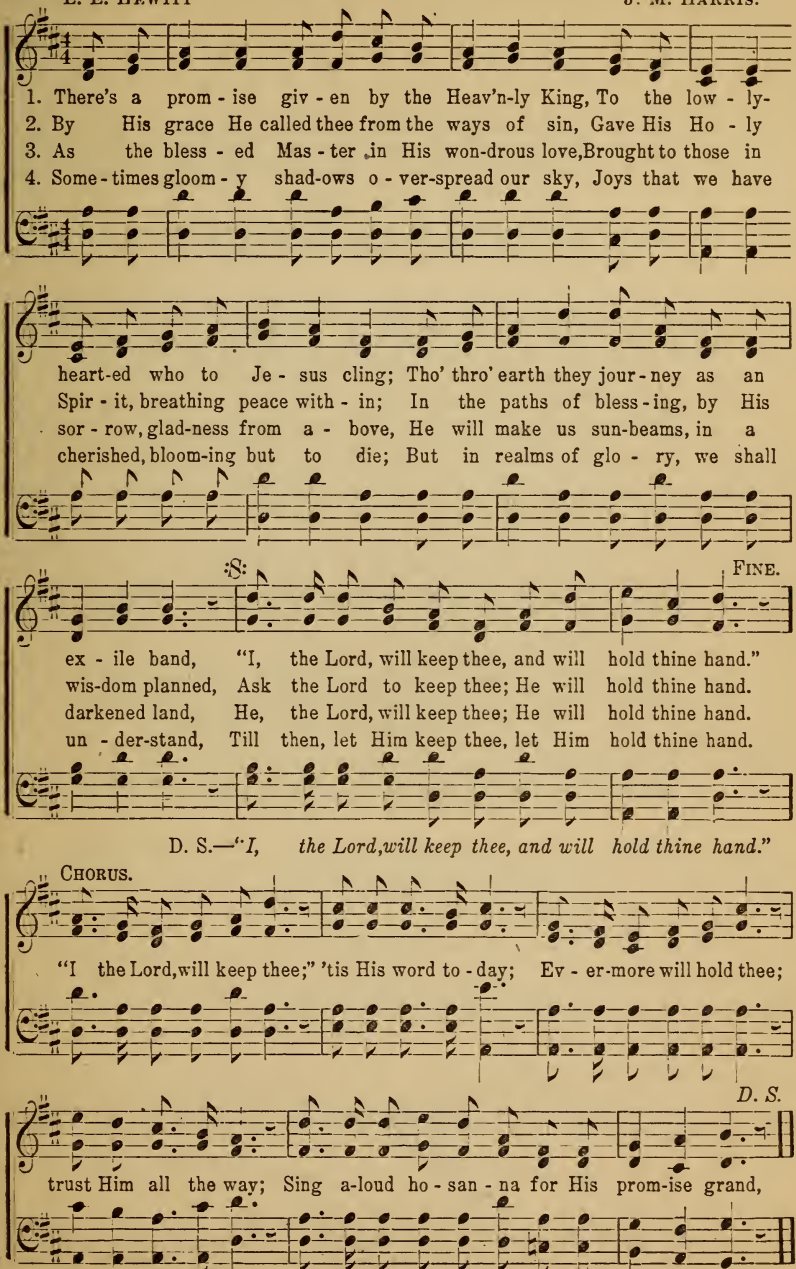
Mrs. C. H M. 1 John, 1: 7. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Harris.

No. 33. I, the Lord, Will Keep Thee.

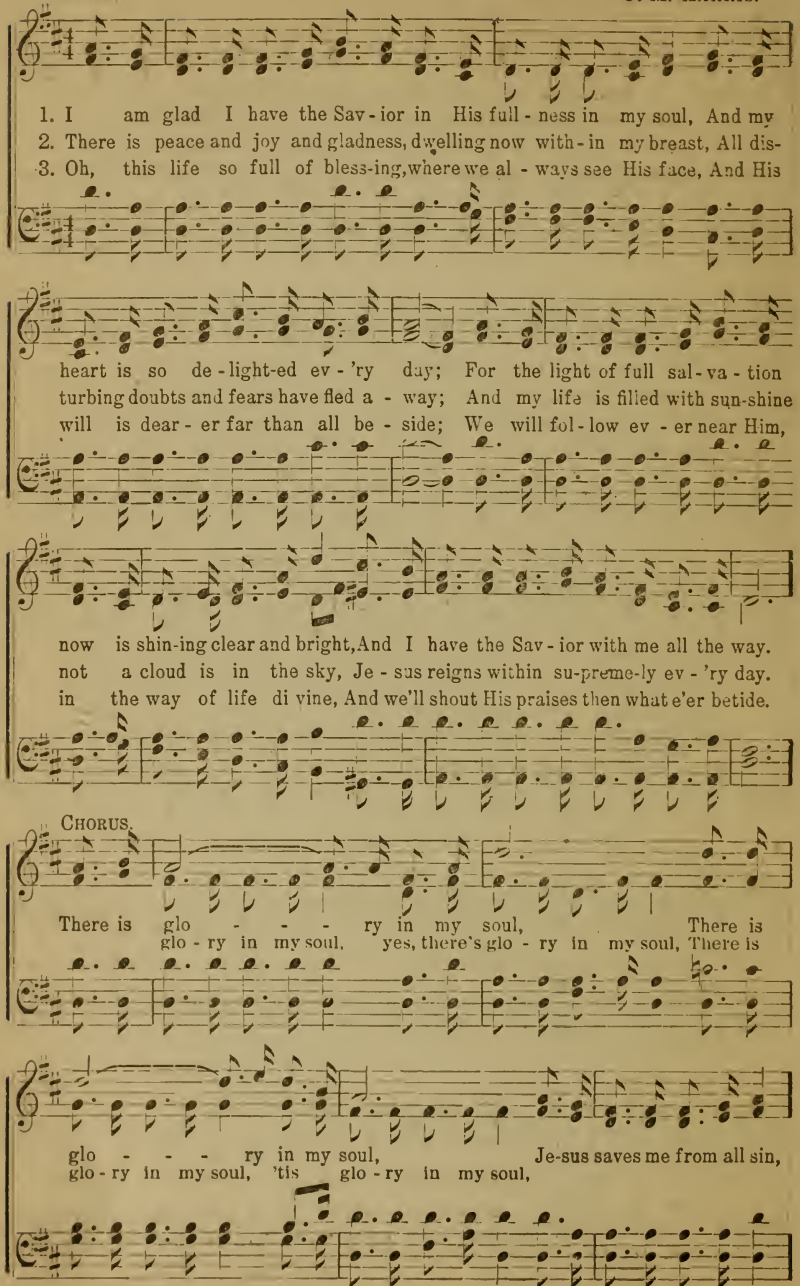
E. E. HEWITT J. M. HARRIS.



Copyright, 1904, by J. M. Harris.

No. 34. There Is Glory in My Soul.

J. M. H. J. M. Harris.



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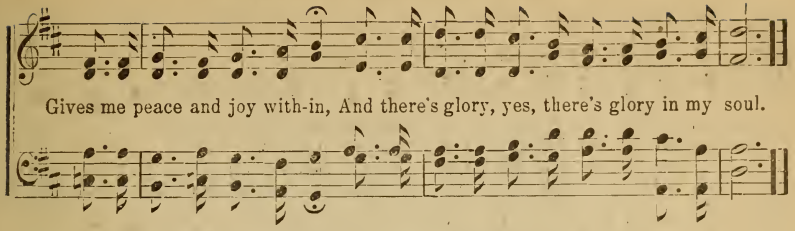
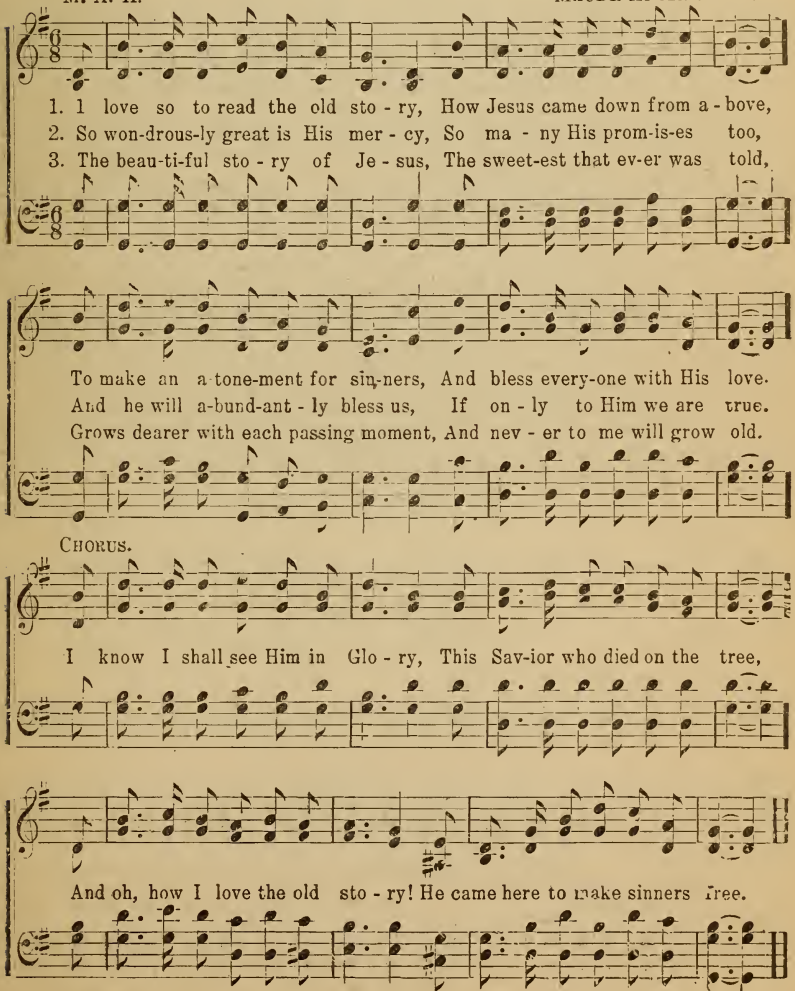
There is Glory in My Soul.



No. 35. I Know I Shall see Him in Glory.

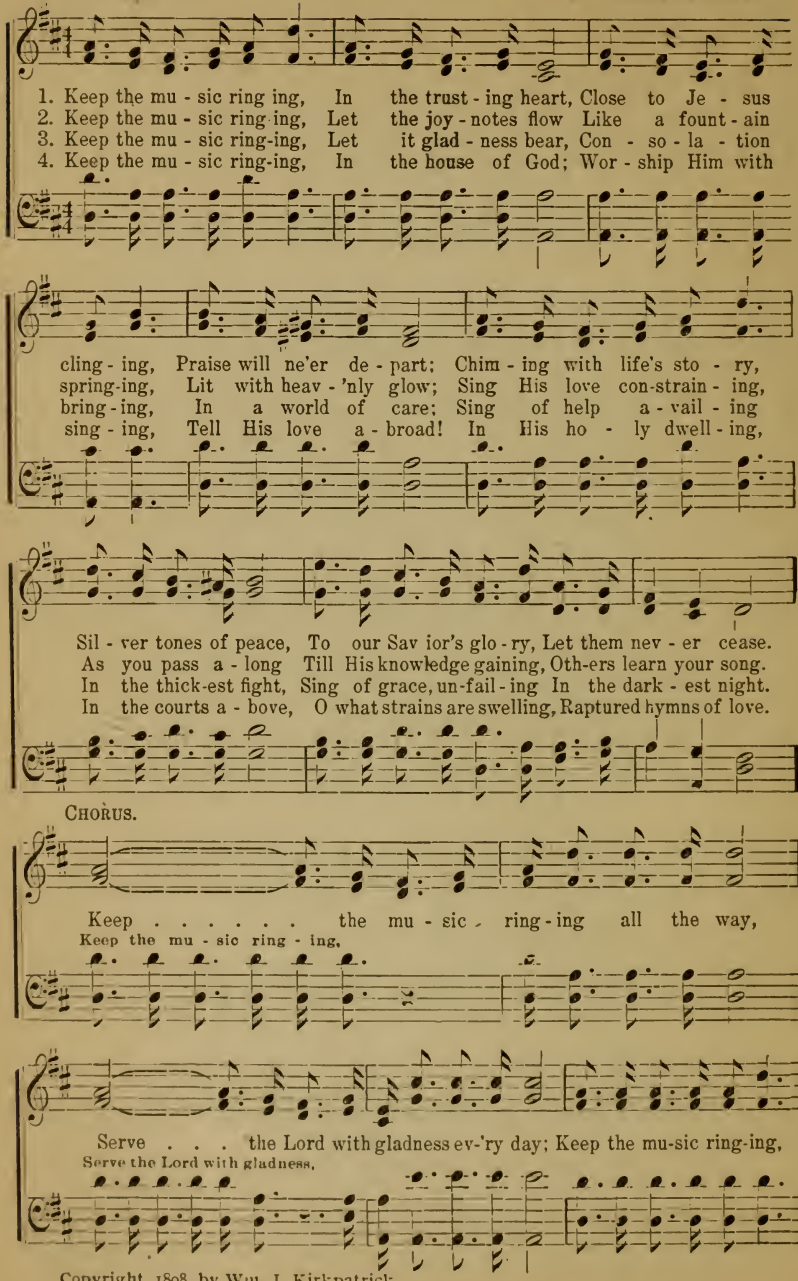
M. A. H. MAUDE ANITA HART.



Copyright, 1905, by J. M. Harris. Evanston, Ill.

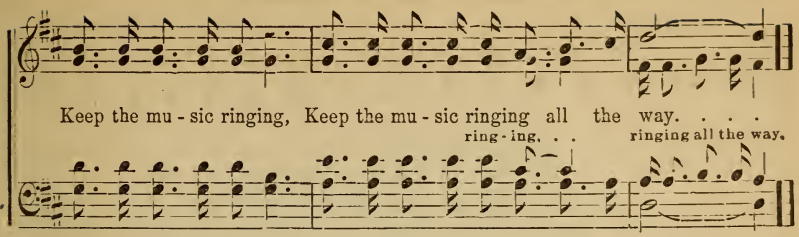
No. 36. Keep the Music Ringing.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



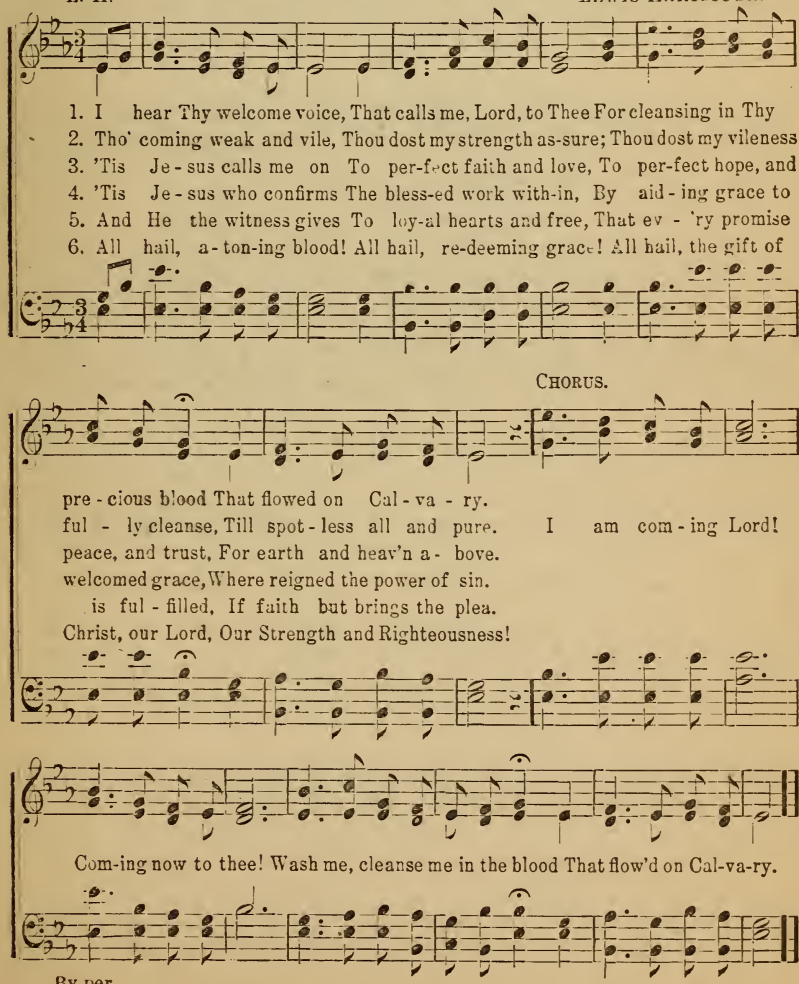
Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Keep the Music Ringing.



No. 37. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

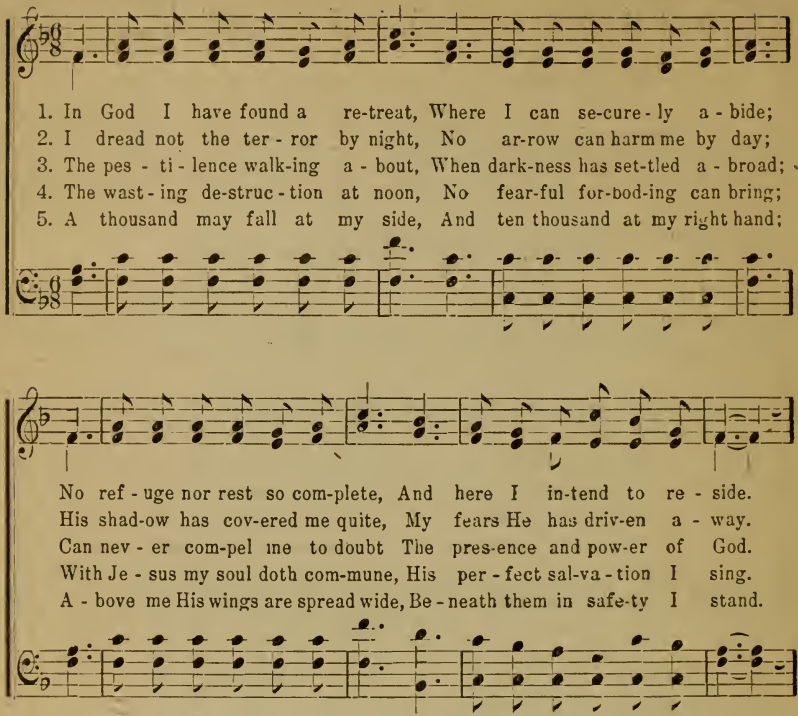
L. H. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.



By per.

No. 38. Under His Wings.

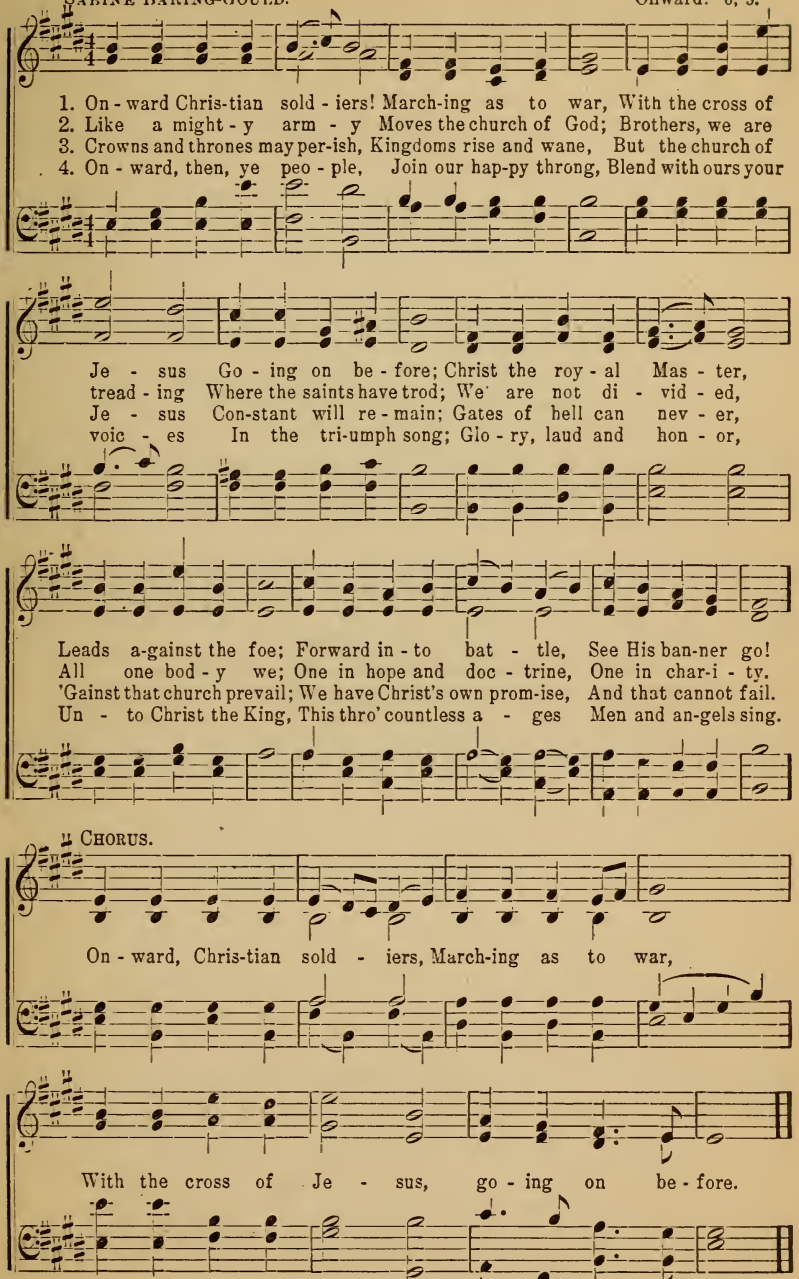
JAMES NICHOLSON. ASA HULL.



By per.

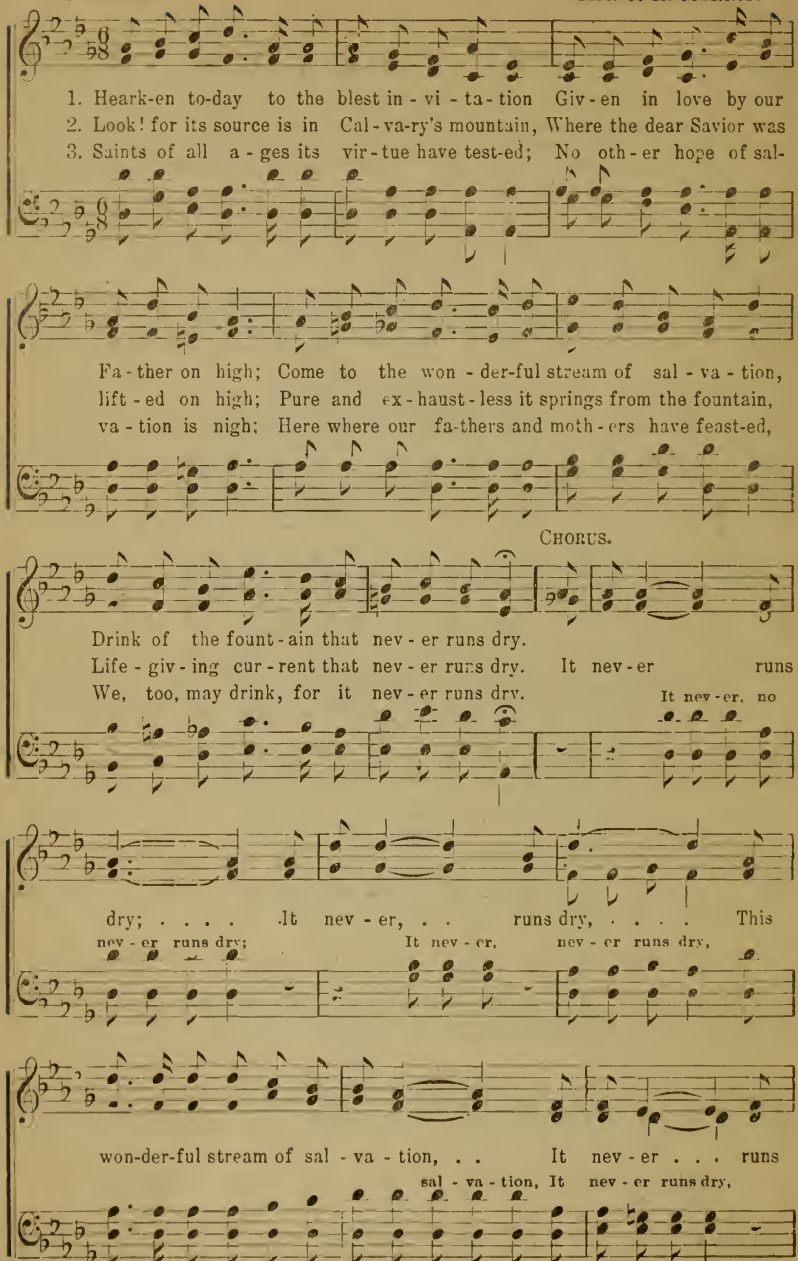
No. 39. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. Onward. 6, 5.



No. 40. It Never Runs Dry.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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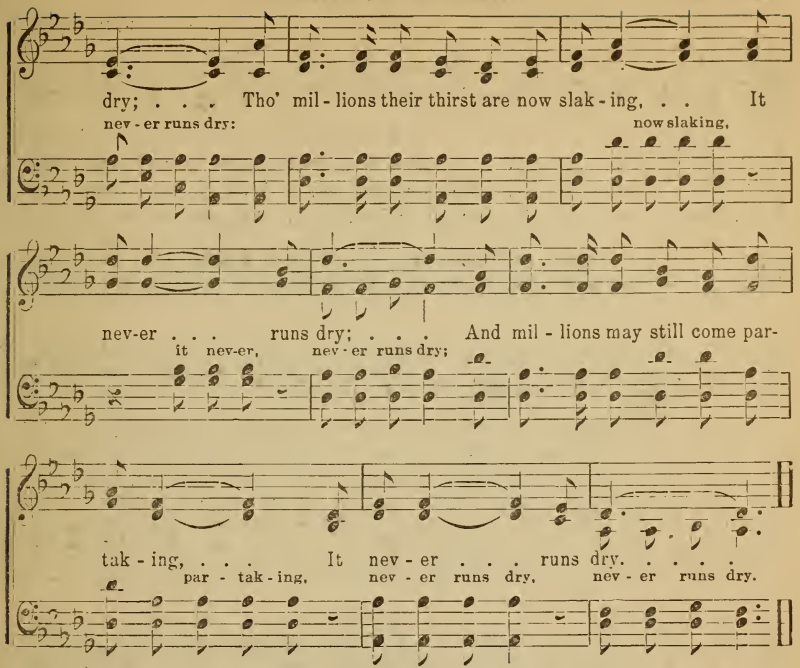
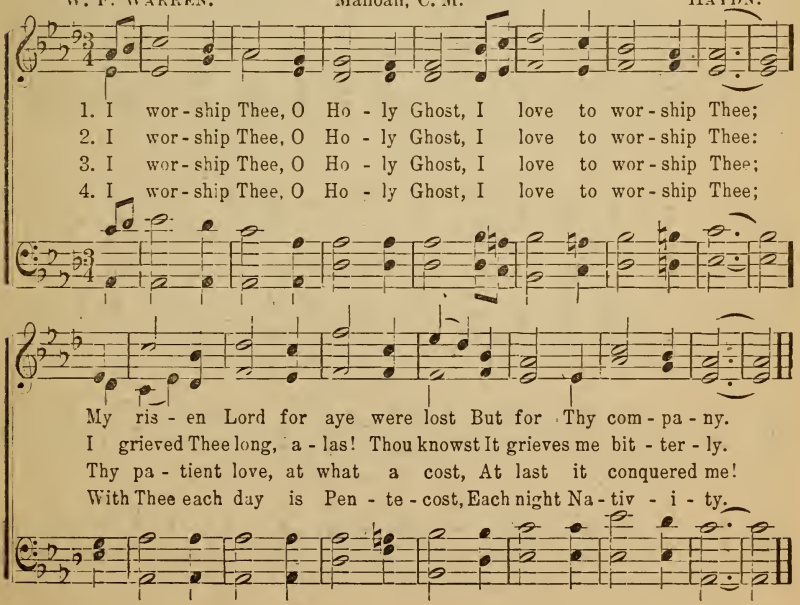
It Never Runs Dry.



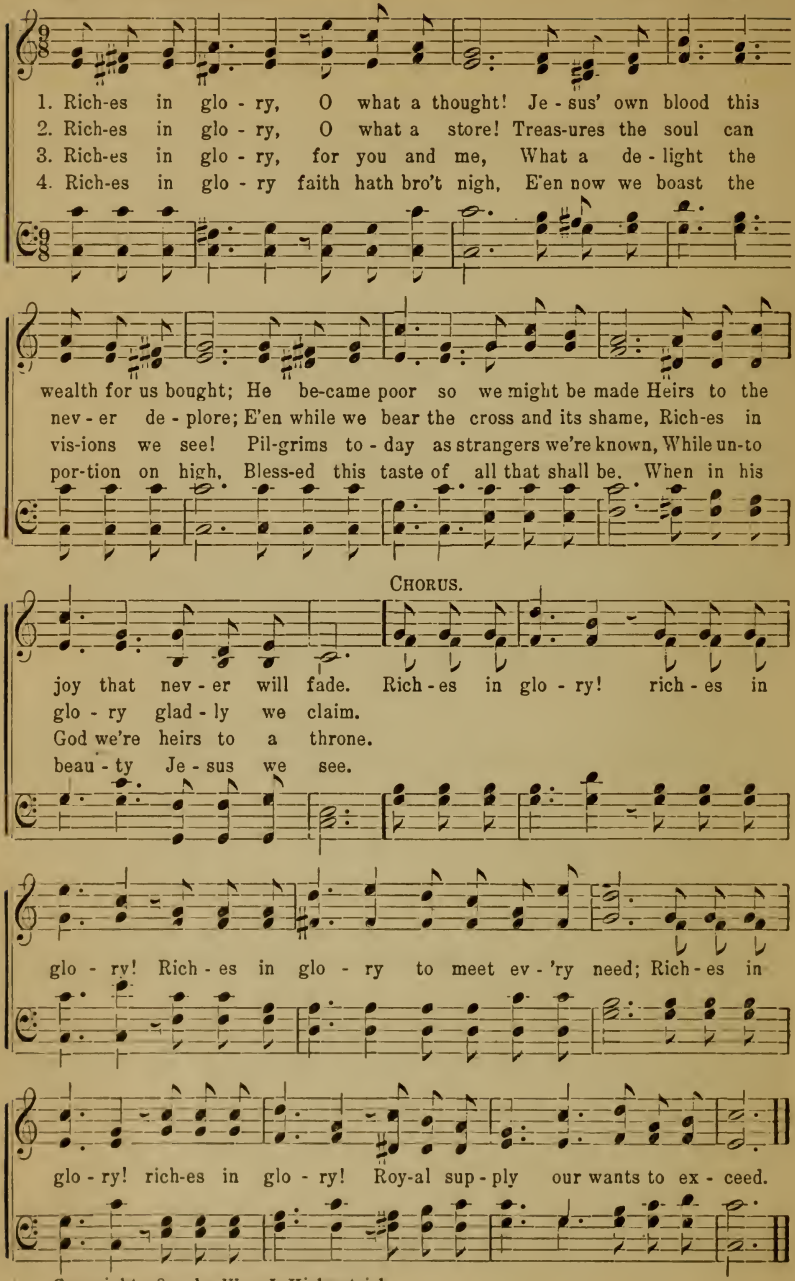
No. 41. I Worship Thee, O Holy Ghost.

W. F. WARREN. Manoah, C. M. HAYDN.



No. 42. Riches in Glory!

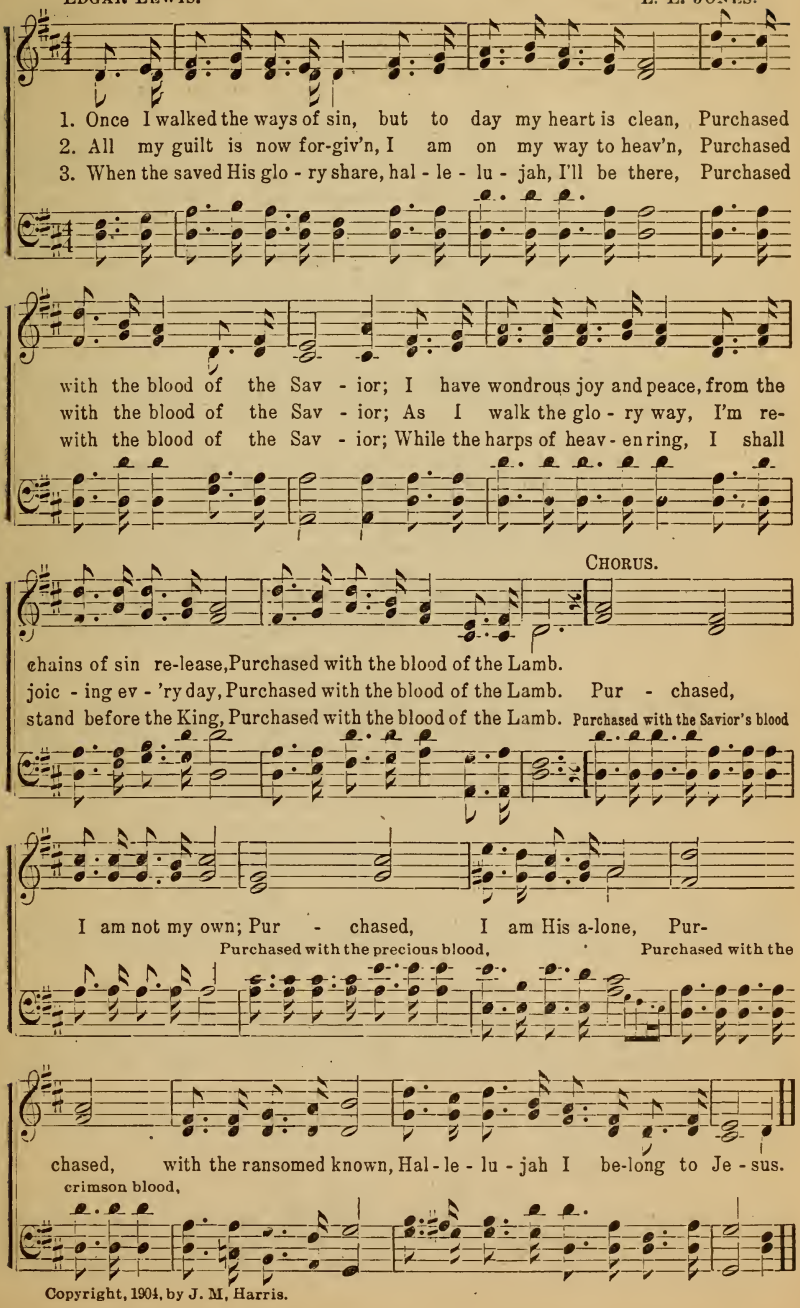
Mrs. F. G. Burroughs. A. F. Bourne.



Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 43. Purchased With the Blood.

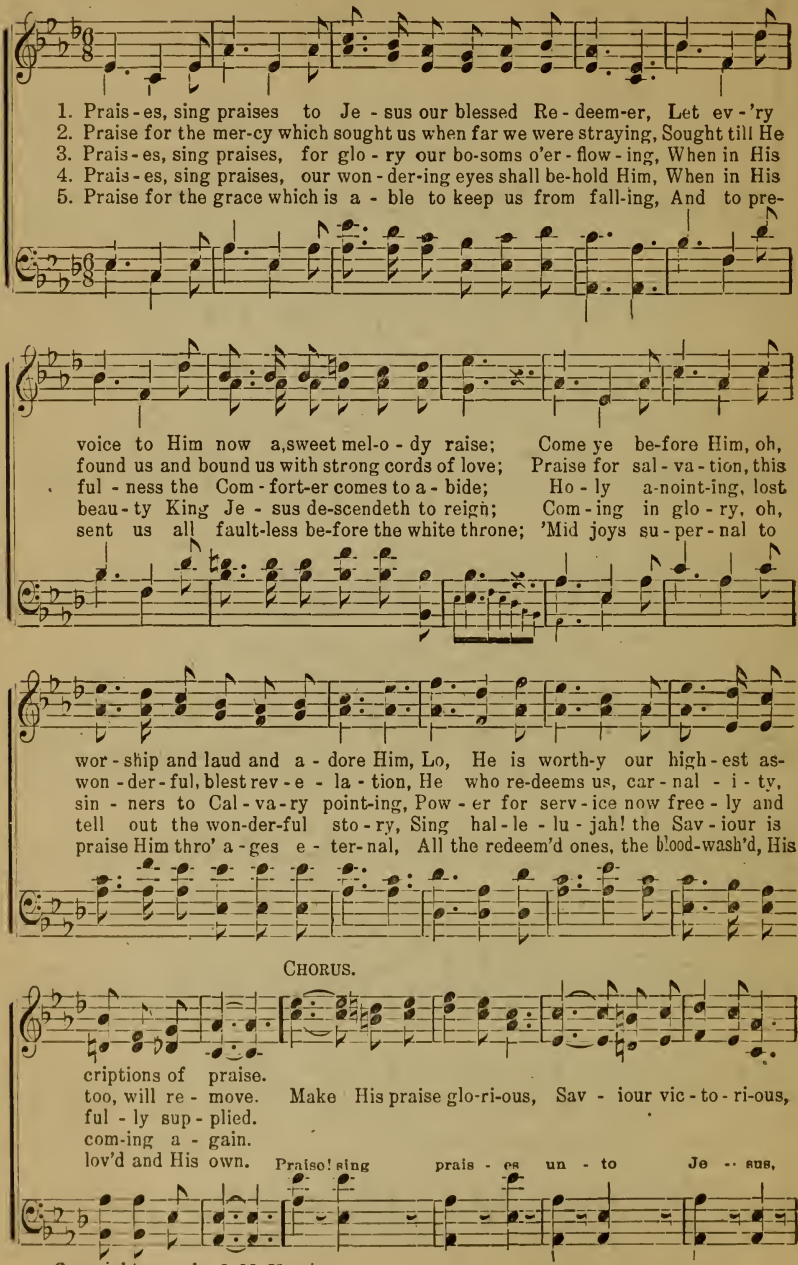
EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.



Copyright, 1904, by J. M. Harris.

No. 44. Make His Praise Glorious.

Mrs. C. H. M. Psalm 66: 2. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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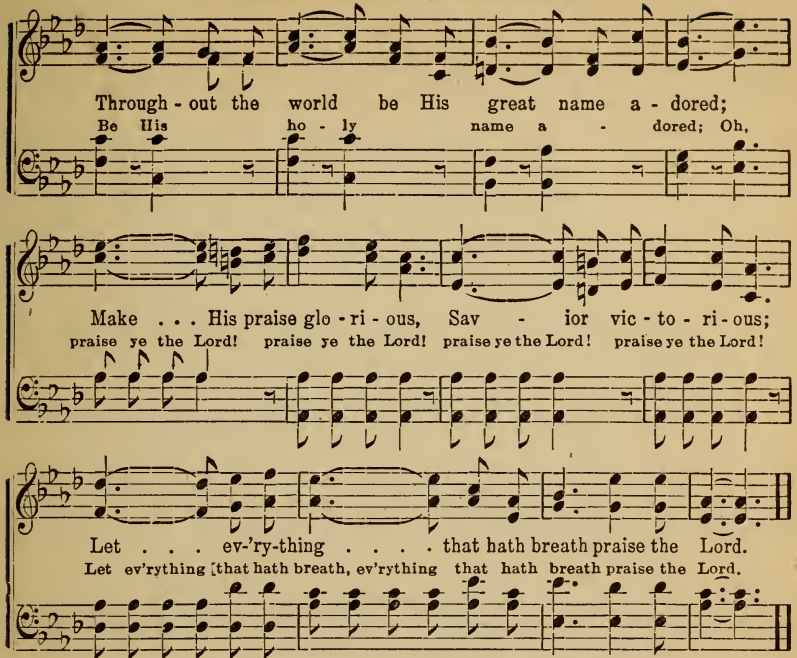
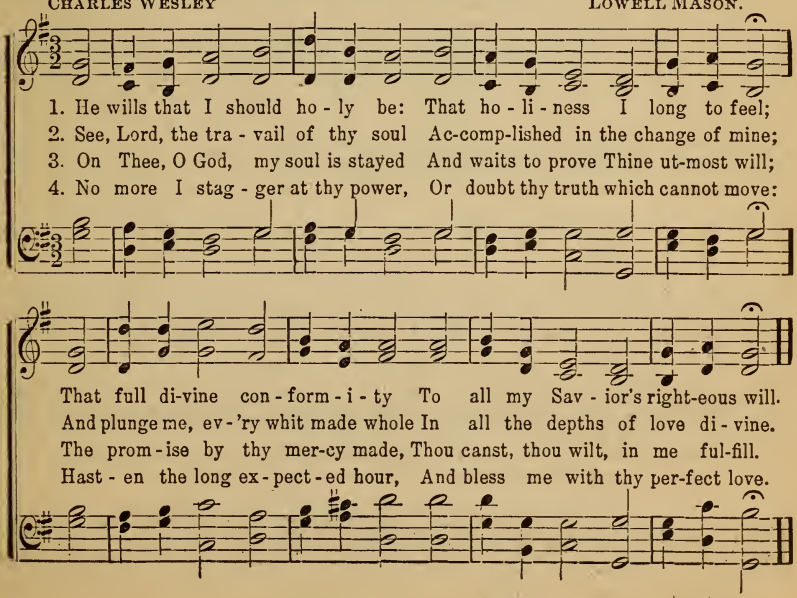
Make His Praise Glorious.



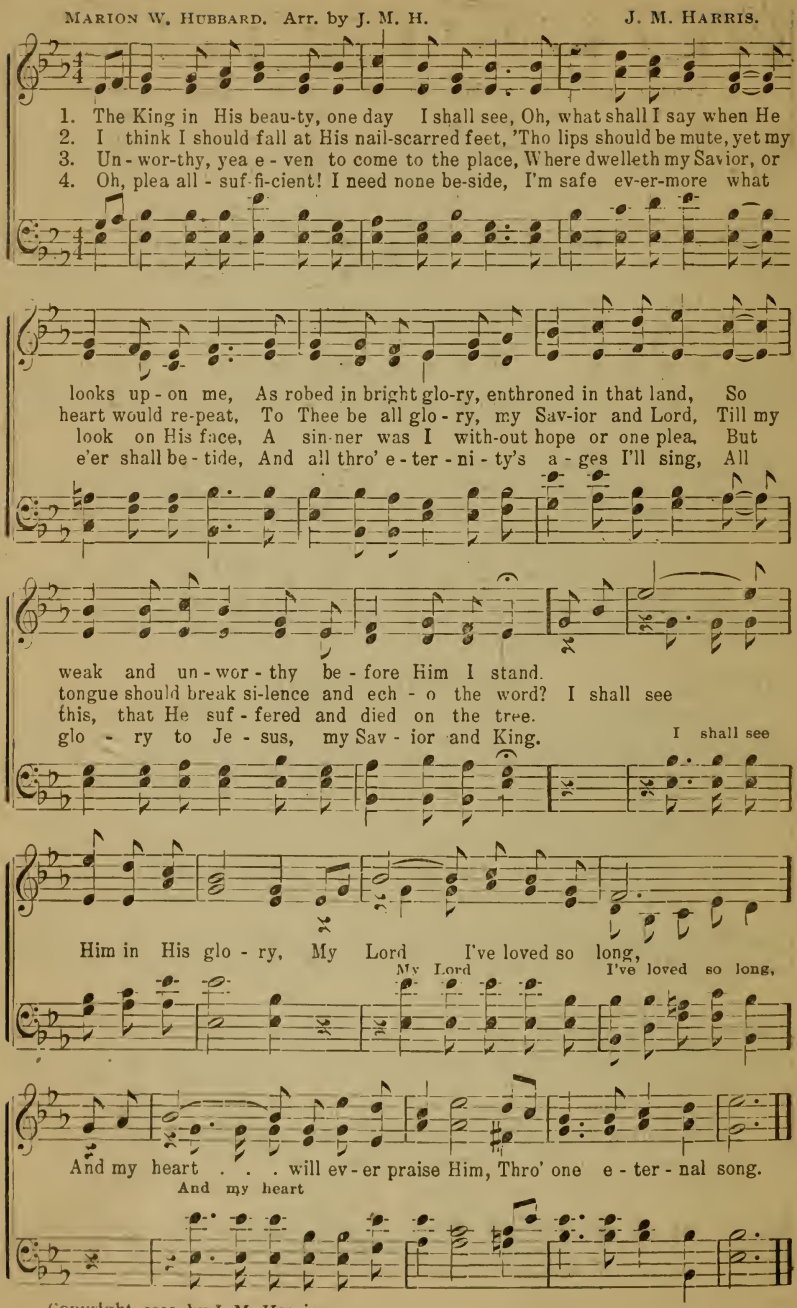
No. 45. The Will of God.

CHARLES WESLEY LOWELL MASON.



No. 46. I Shall See the King.

MARION W. HUBBARD. Arr. by J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.



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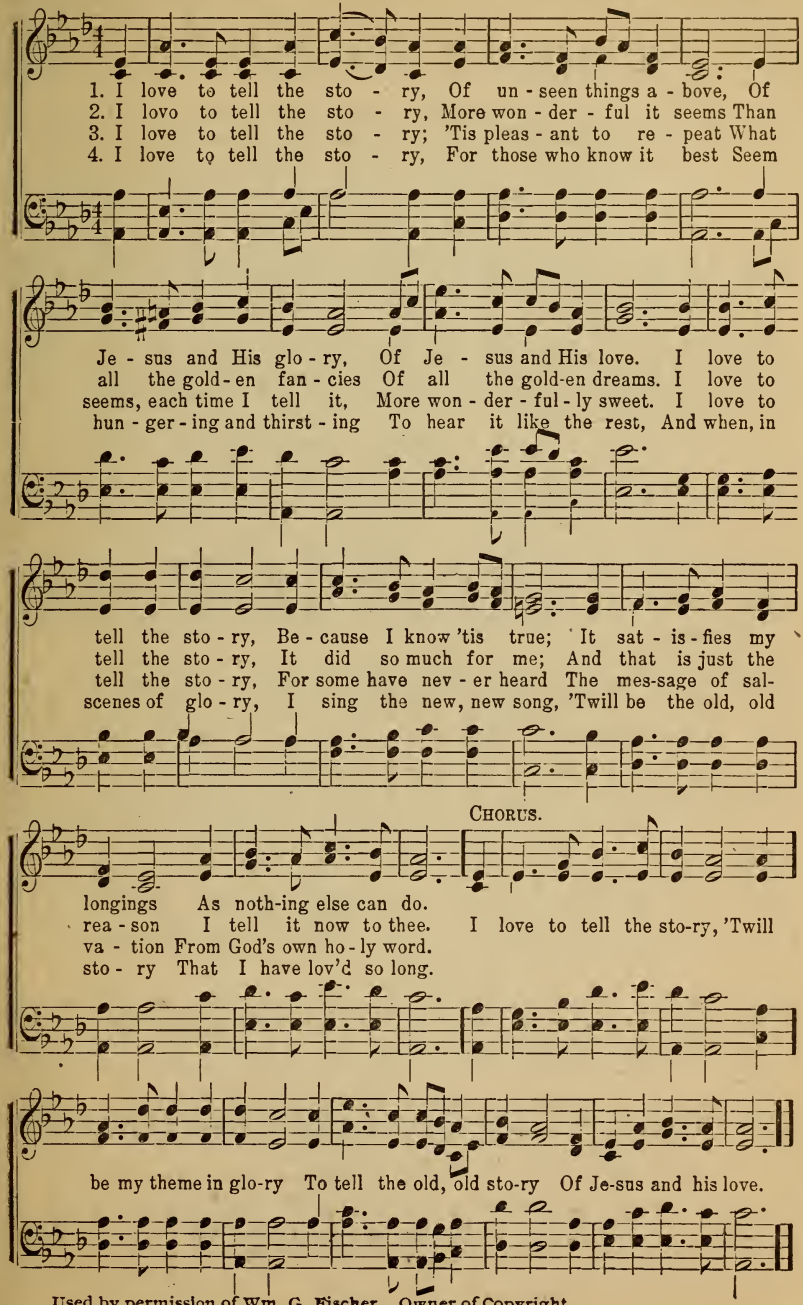
No. 47. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHERINE HANKEY. WM. G. FISHER.



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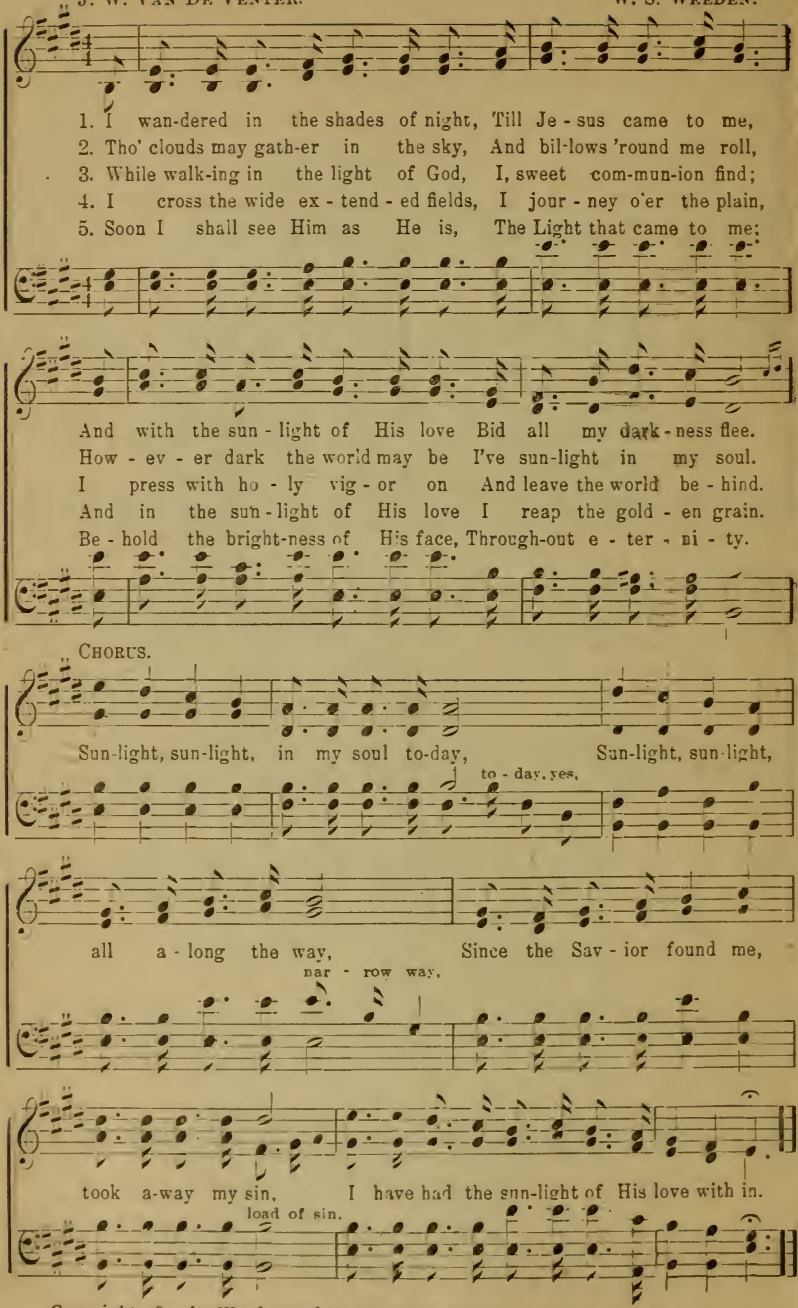
No. 48. Sunlight.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.



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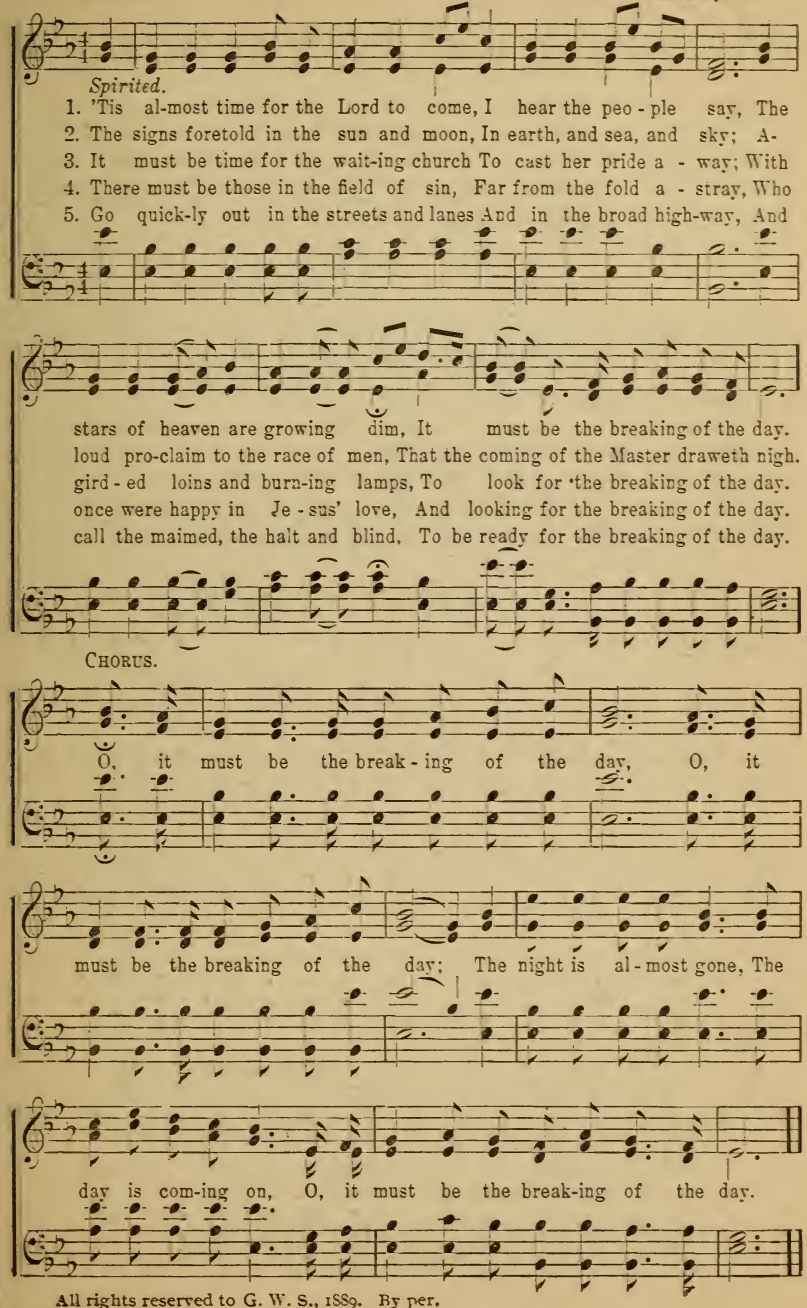
No. 49. The Breaking of the Day.

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.



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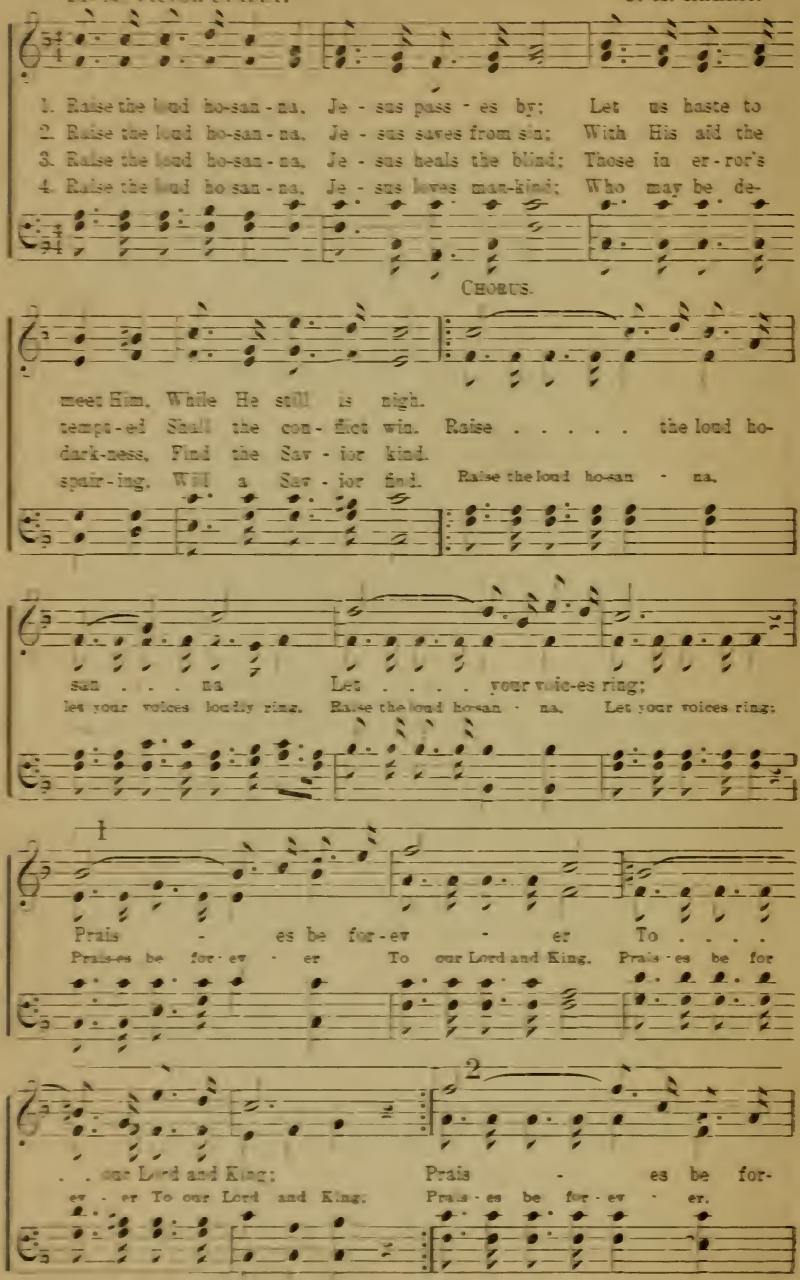
No. 50. Raise the Loud Hosanna.

Dr. M. Victor Staley. J. M. Harris.



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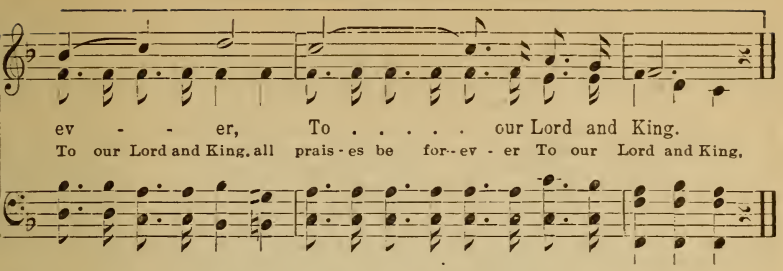
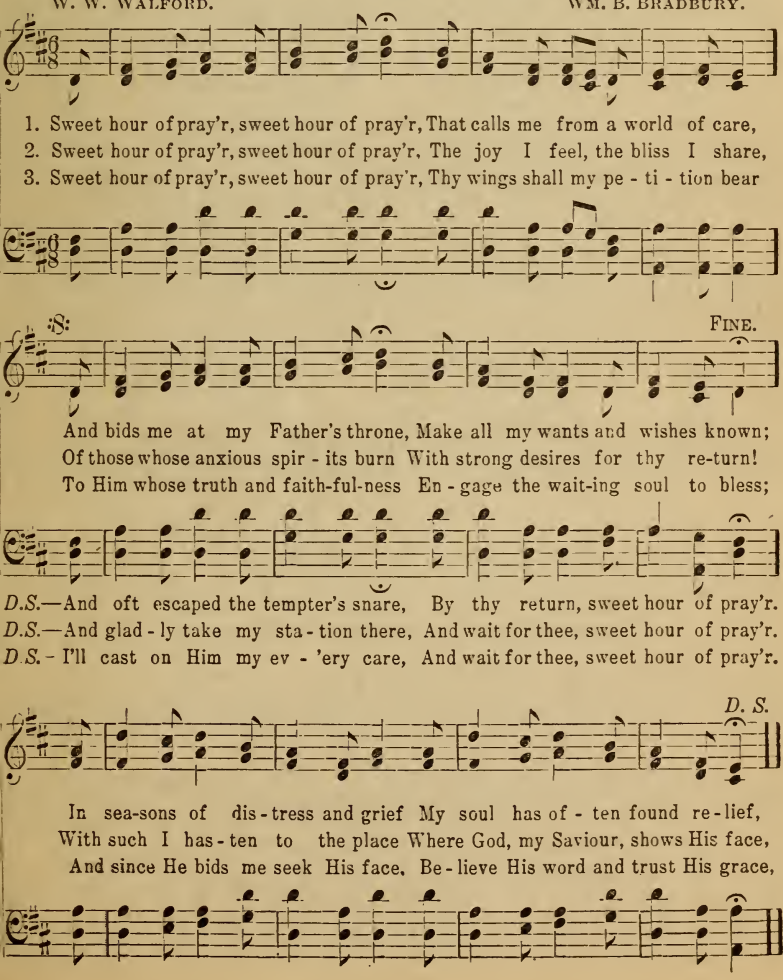
Raise the Loud Hosanna.



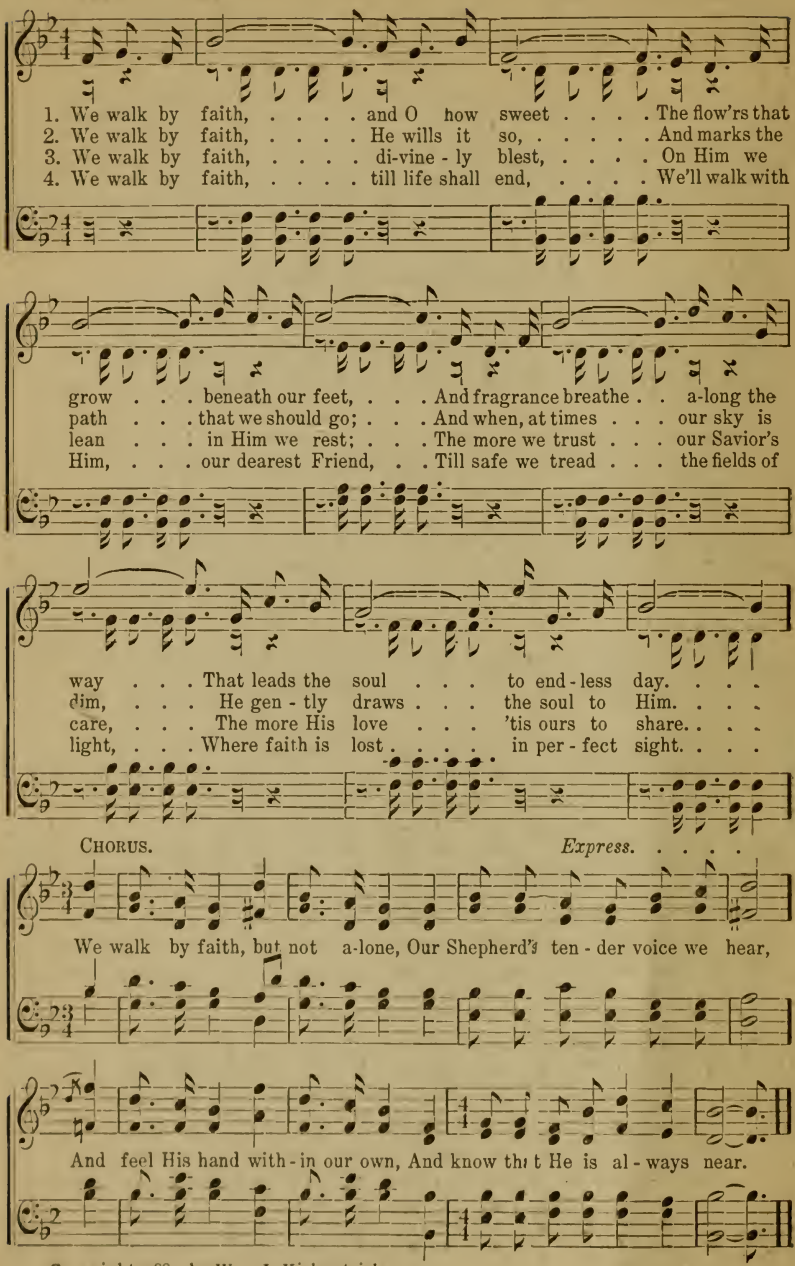
No. 51. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 52. We Walk by Faith.

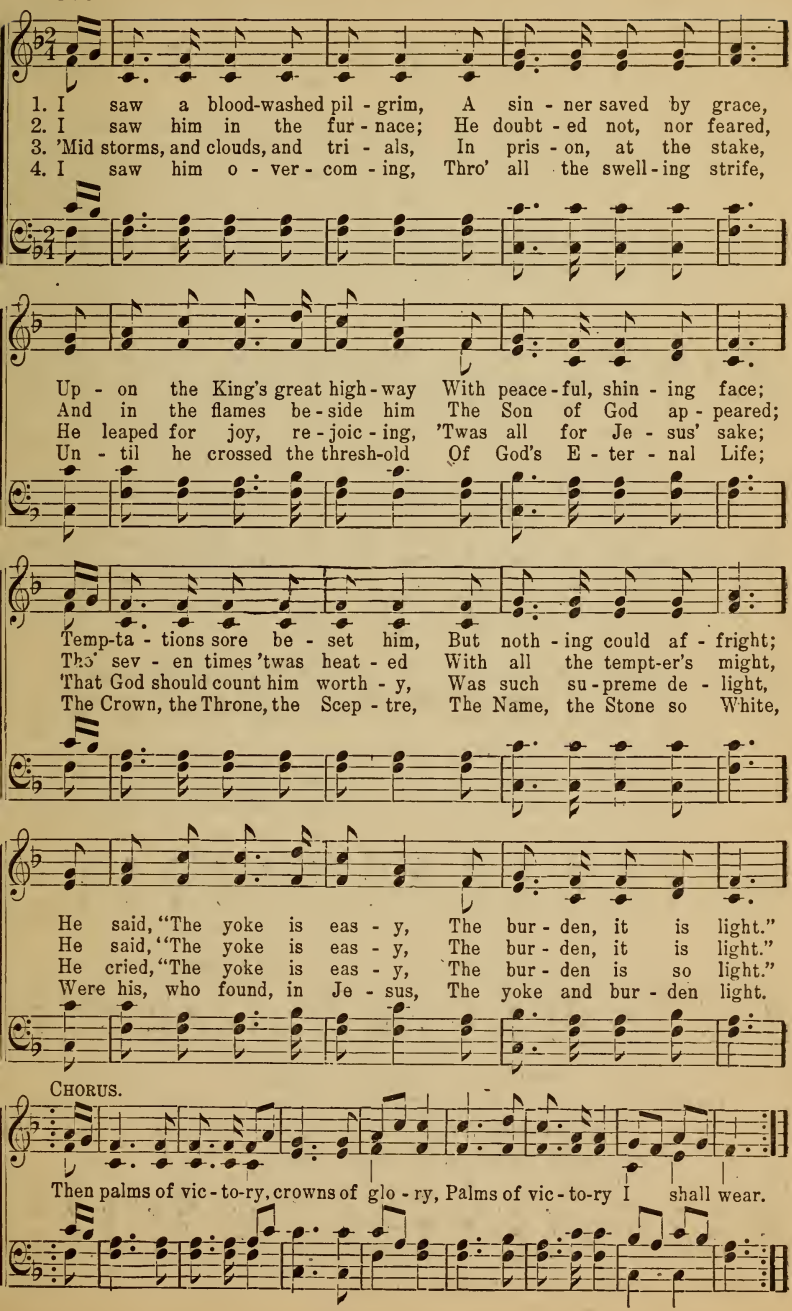
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

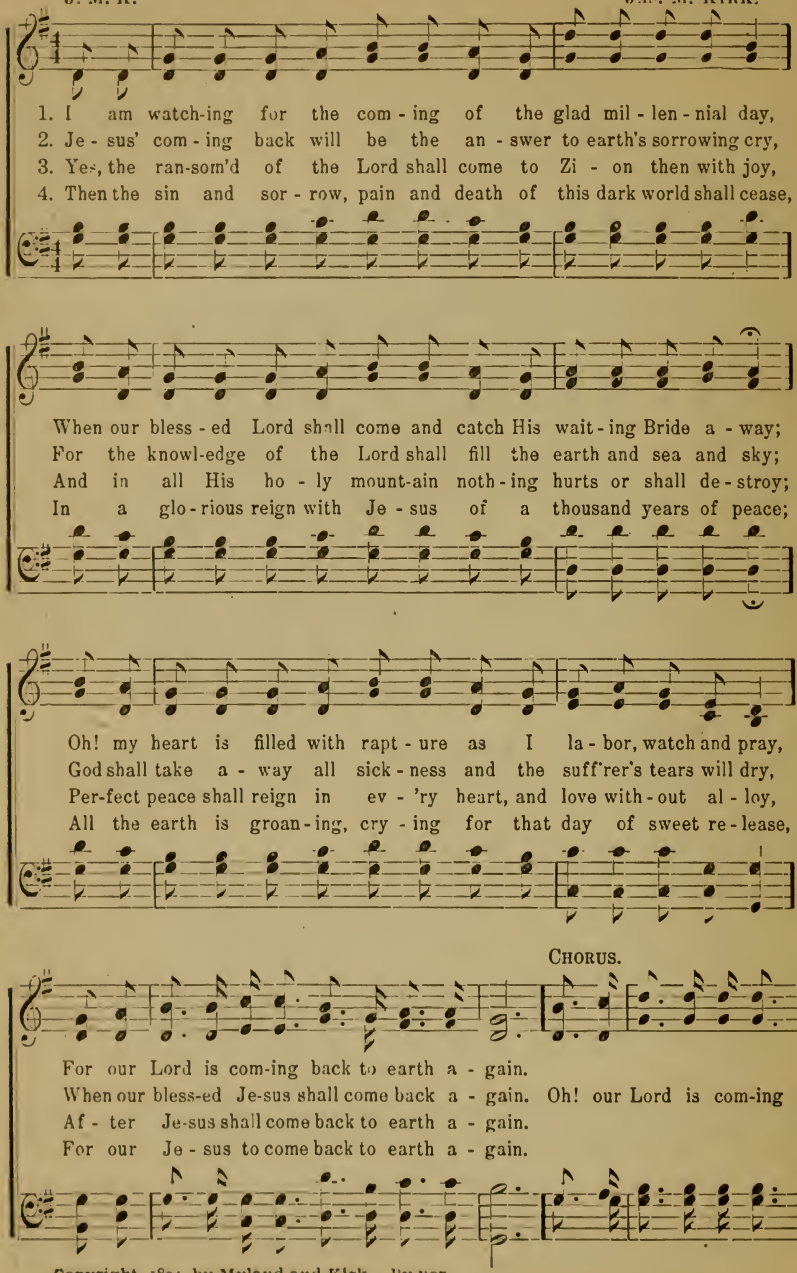
No. 53. The Bloodwashed Pilgrim.

Anon.



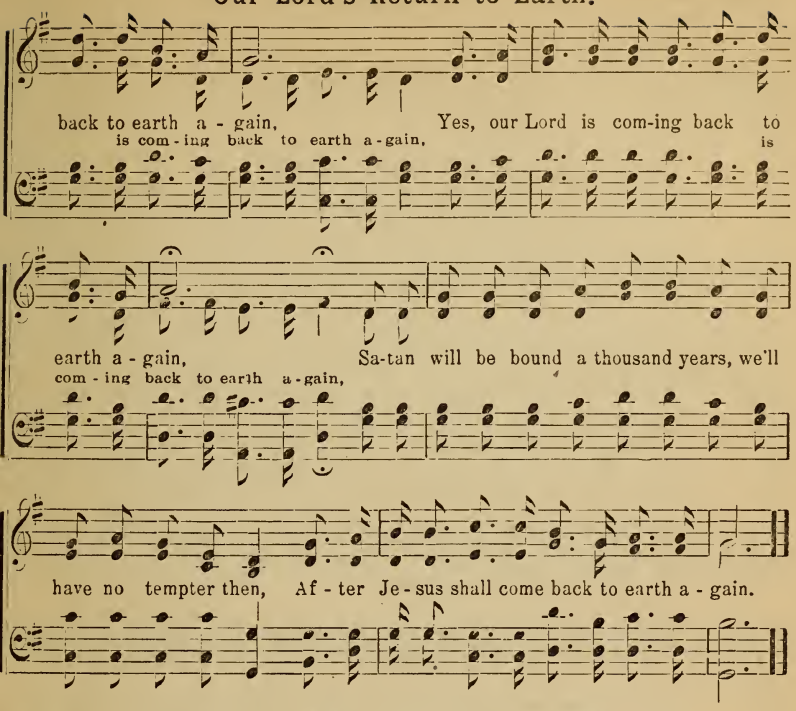
No. 54. Our Lord's Return to Earth Again.

J. M. K. JAS. M. KIRK.



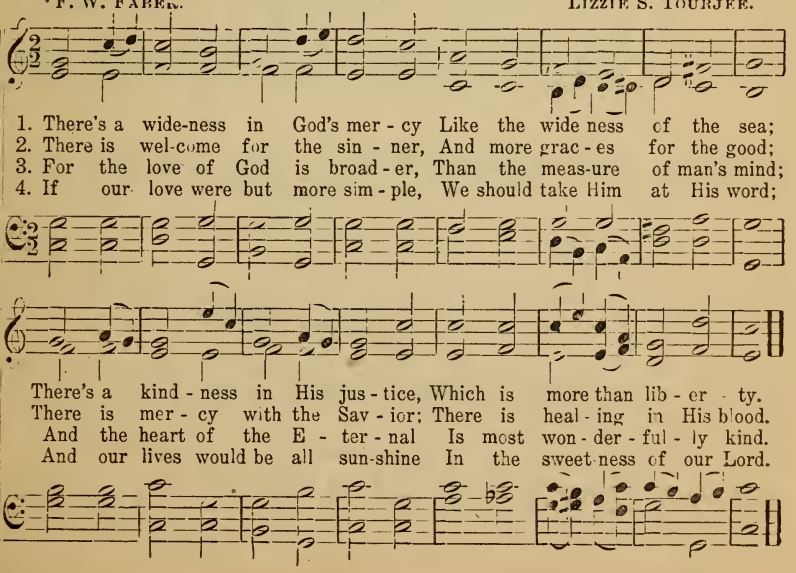
Copyright, 1894, by Mylaud and Kirk, By per.

Our Lord's Return to Earth.



No. 55. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

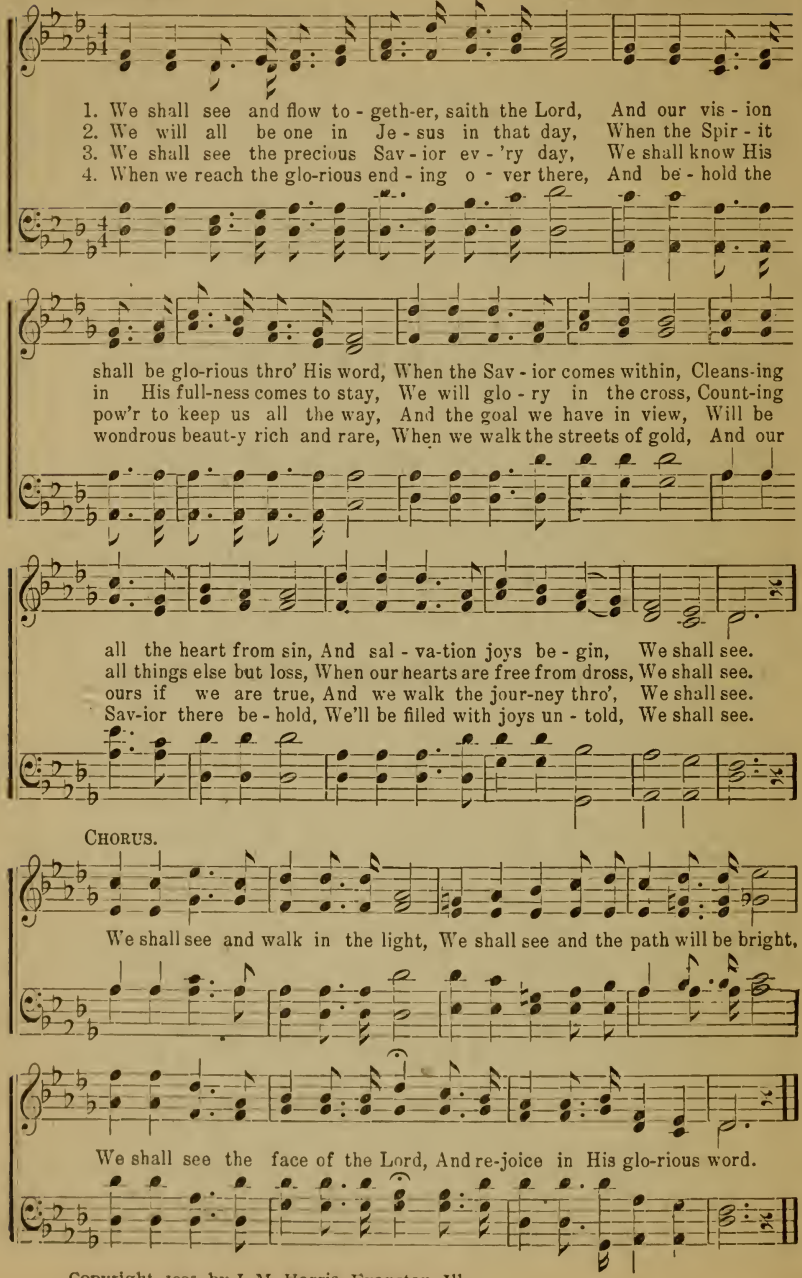
F. W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



No. 56. We Shall See.

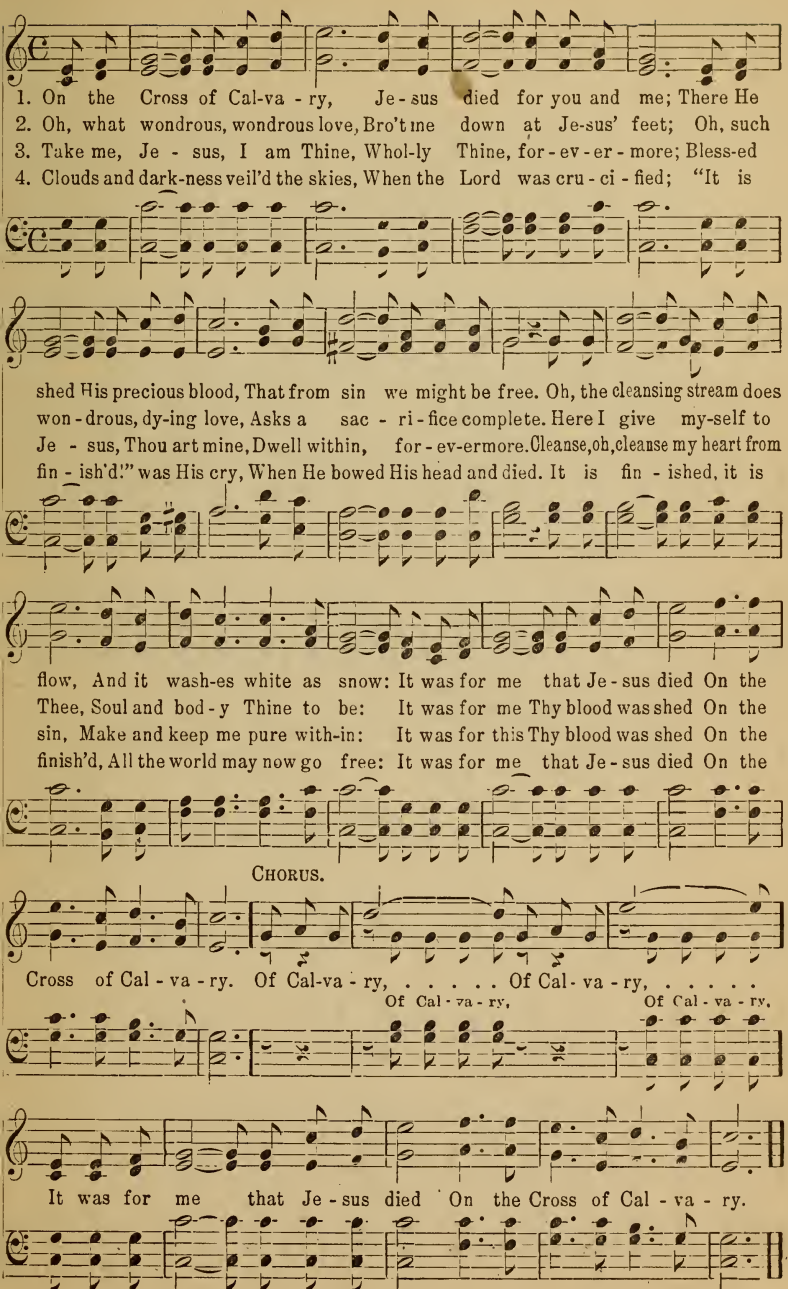
This hymn was written while Dr. P. F. Bresee was preaching from Isa. 60;5.

J. M. HARRIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Copyright, 1905, by J. M. Harris, Evanston, Ill.

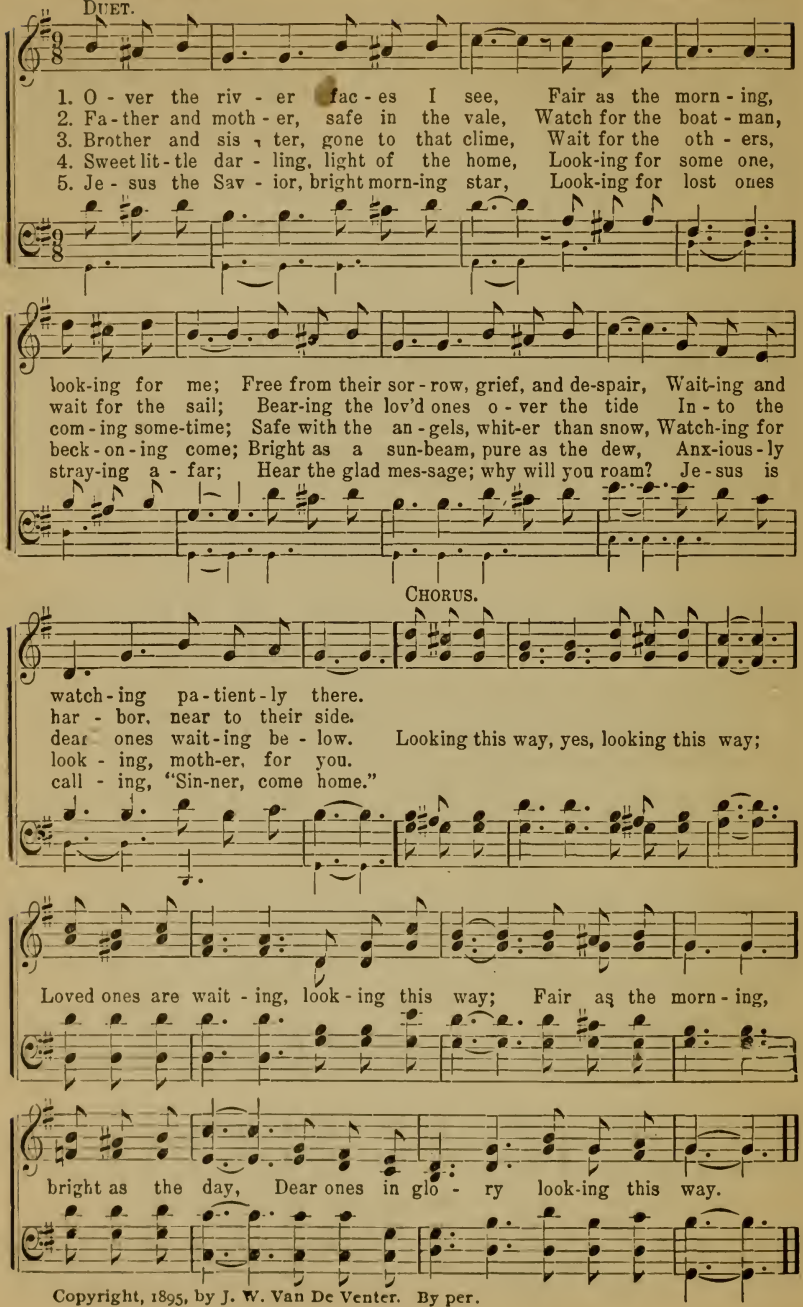
No. 57. On the Cross of Calvary.



No. 58. Looking This Way.

J. W. Van De V. J. W. Van De Venter.

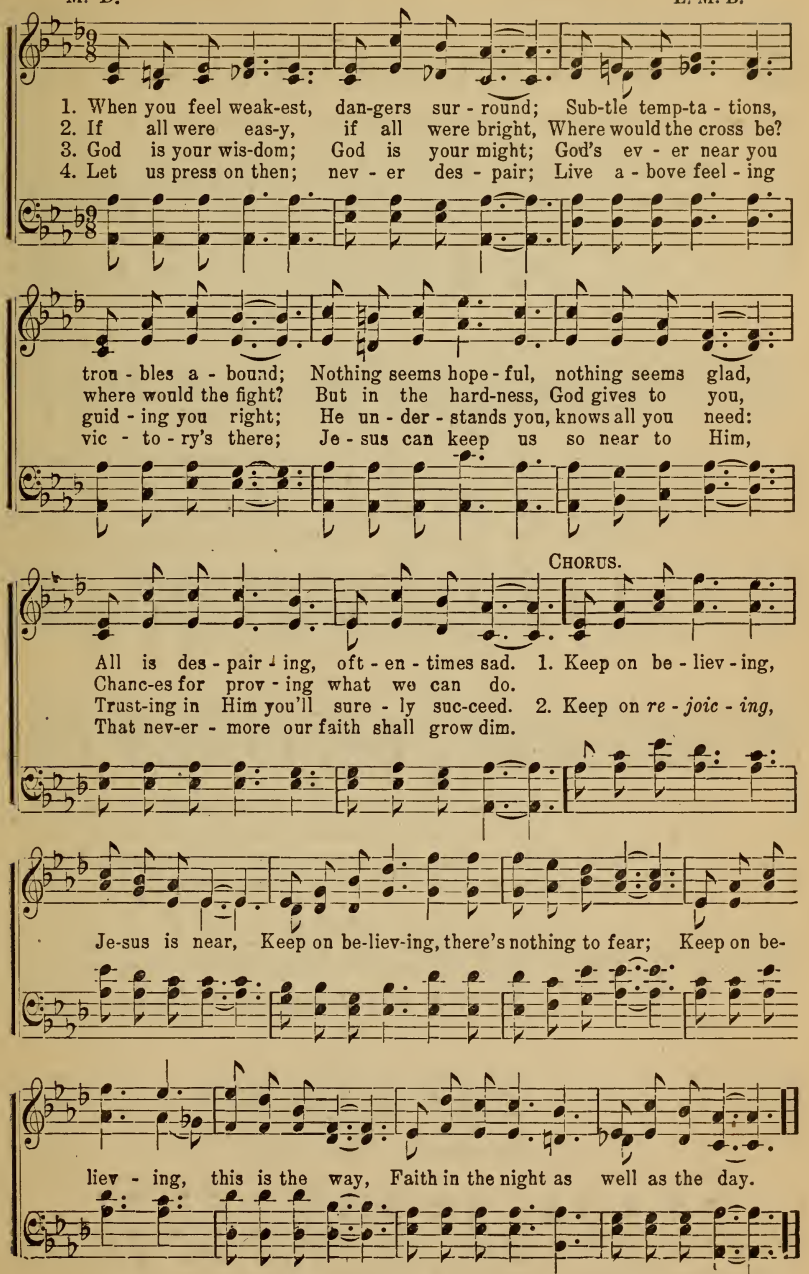
Duet.



Copyright, 1895, by J. W. Van De Venter. By per.

No. 59. Keep on Believing.

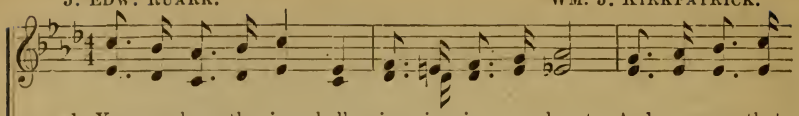
M. D. L. M. B.



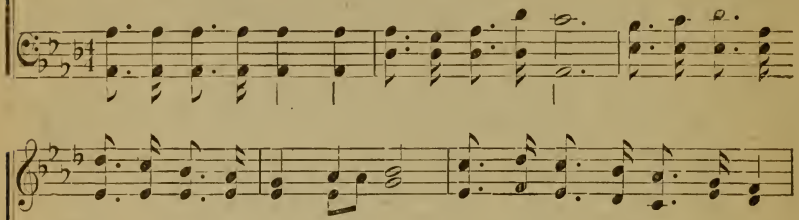
Copyright, 1901, by May Agnew By per

No. 60. You May Have the Joybells.

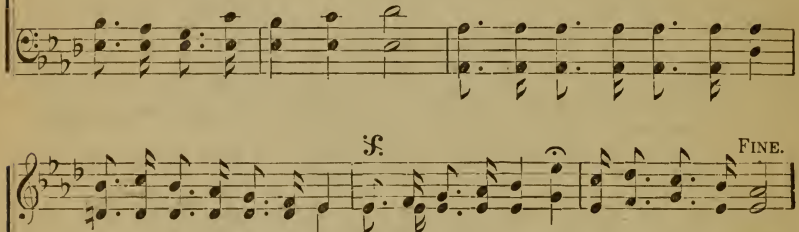
J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



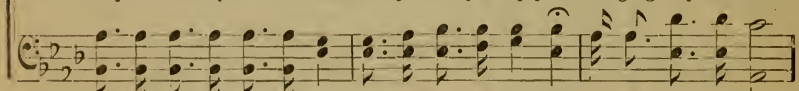
1. You may have the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its full-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf - fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to



from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar - row way,
those a-round you sweet - ly show; Words of kind - ness al - ways say,
He will give to o - ver - come; Tho' un-seen by mor - tal eye,
ev - 'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win,

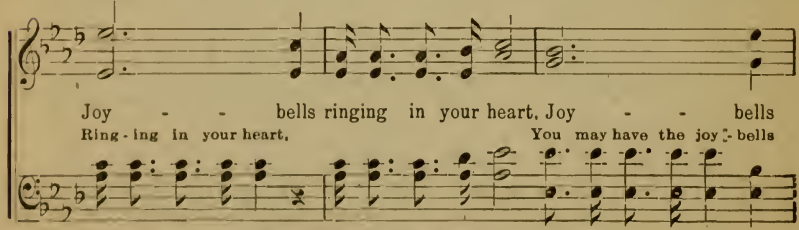


Live for Je-sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.



D.S.—He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

Chorus.



Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ring - ing in your heart, You may have the joy - bells

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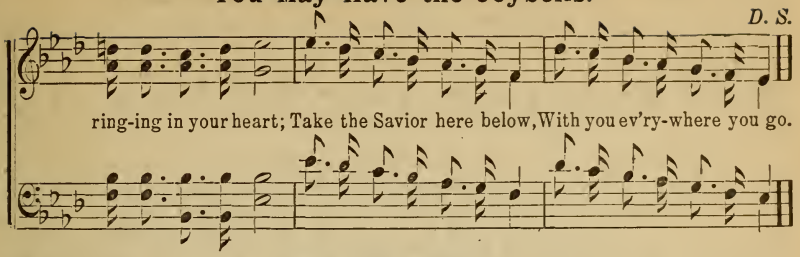
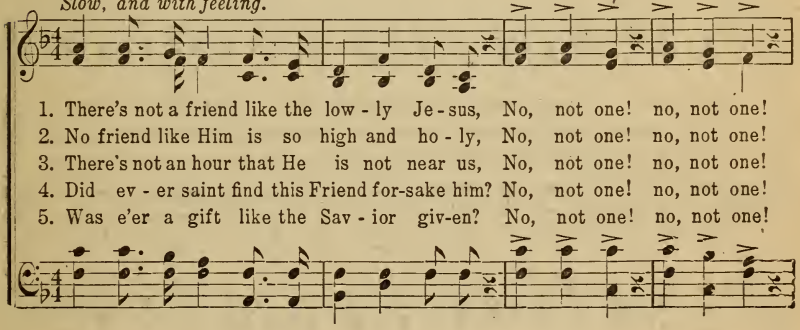
You May Have the Joybells.

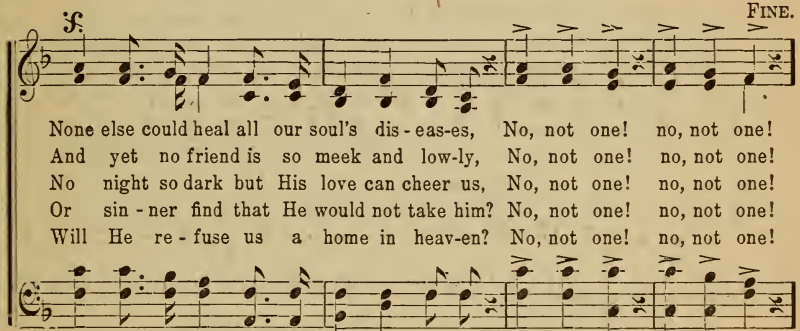


No. 61. No, Not One.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

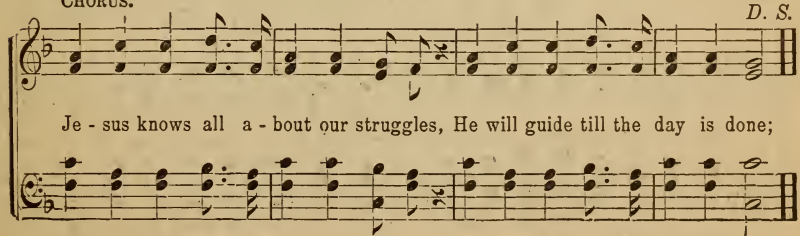
Slow, and with feeling.





D. S.-*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

CHORUS.

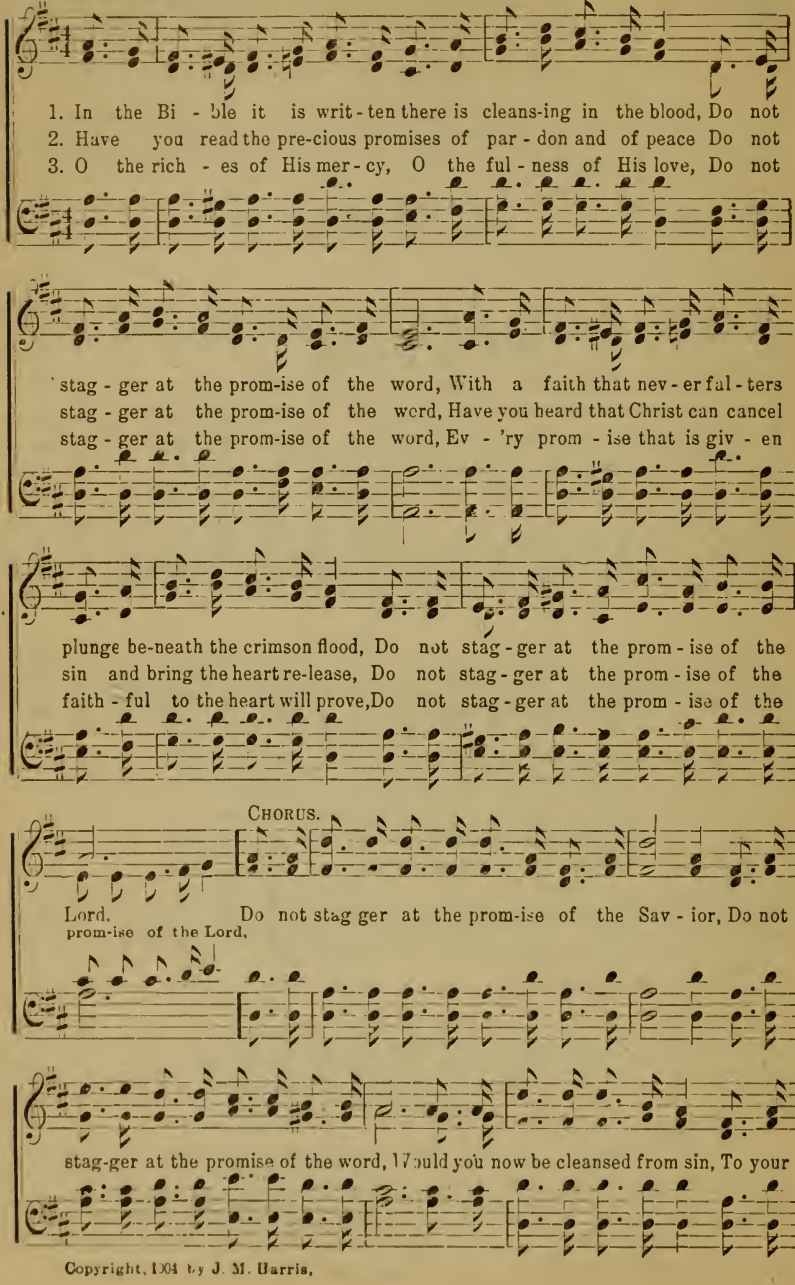


...per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

No. 62. Do Not Stagger at the Promise.

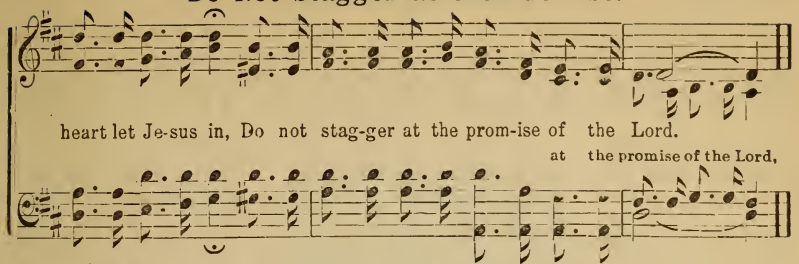
He staggered not at the promise.—Rom. 4; 20.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.



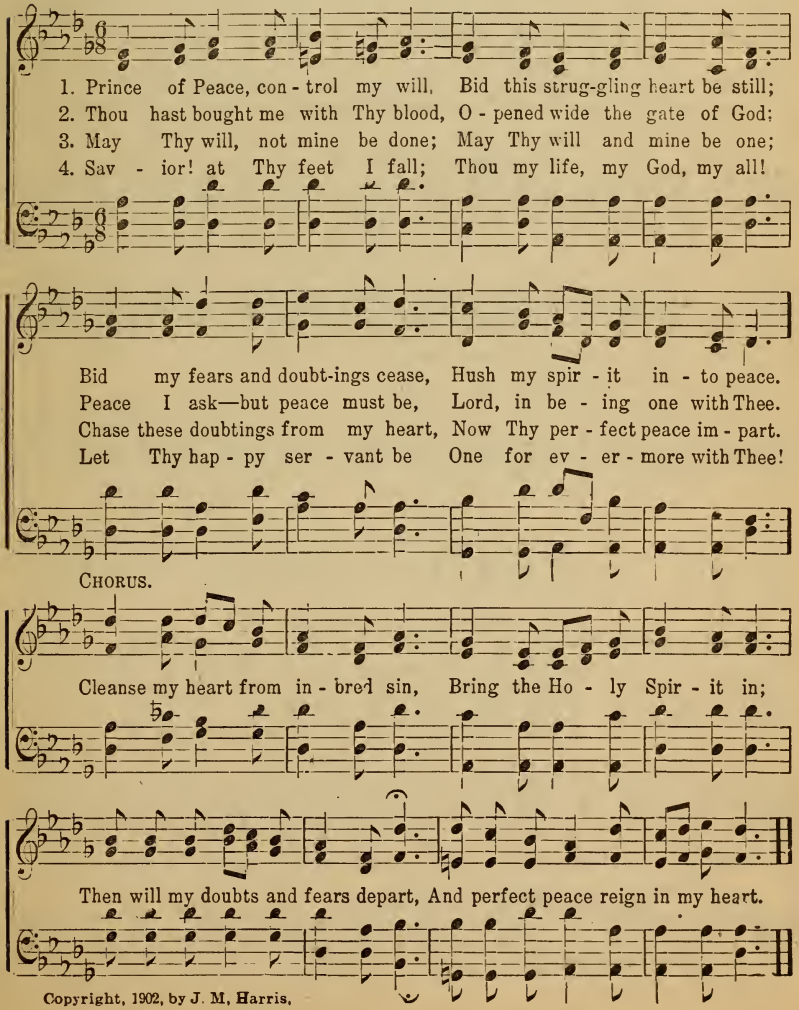
Copyright, 1904 by J. M. Harris.

Do Not Stagger at the Promise.



No. 63. Perfect Peace.

MARY A. S. BARBER. J. M. HARRIS.



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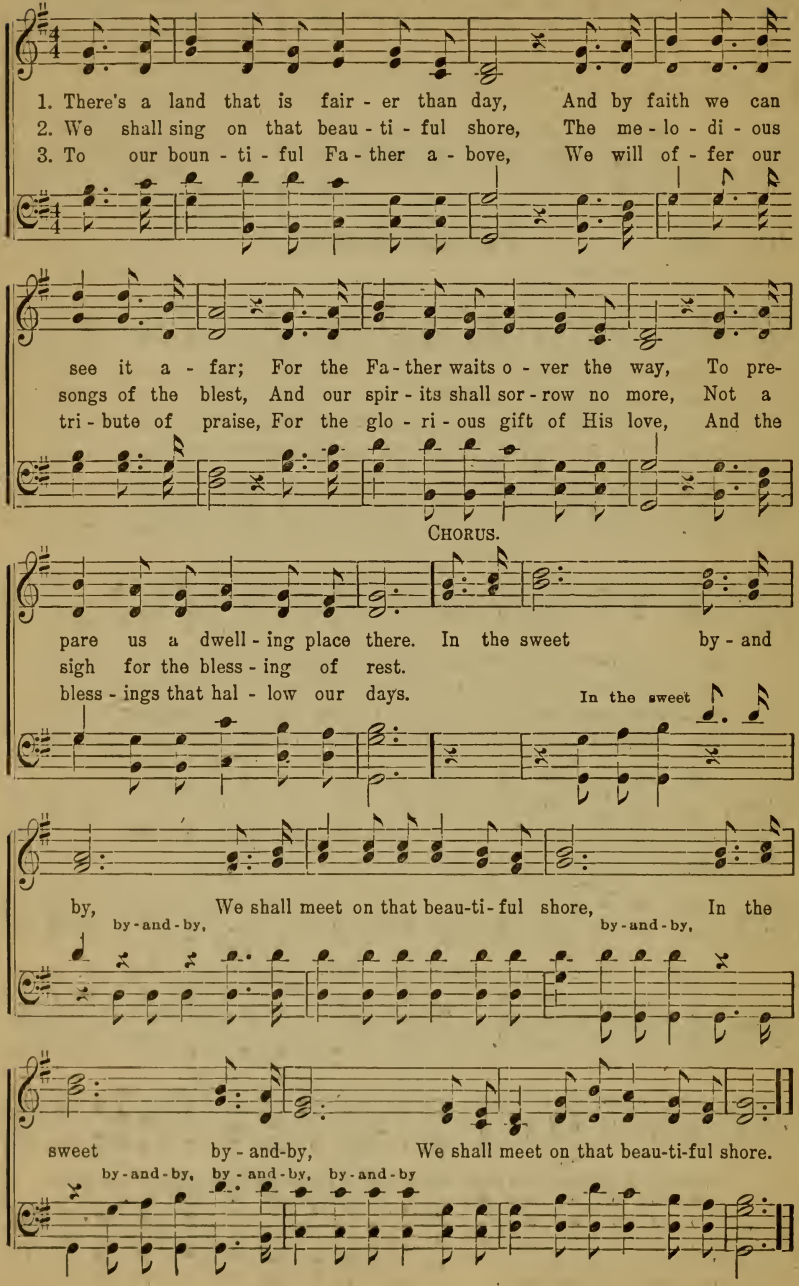
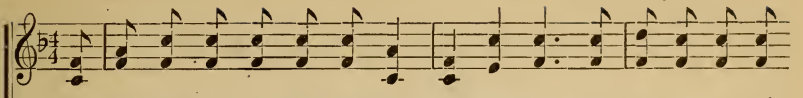
No. 64. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.

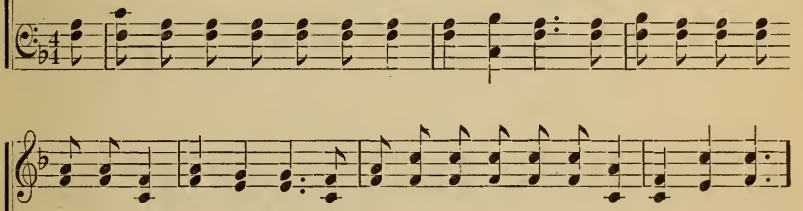


No. 65. Love Found Me.

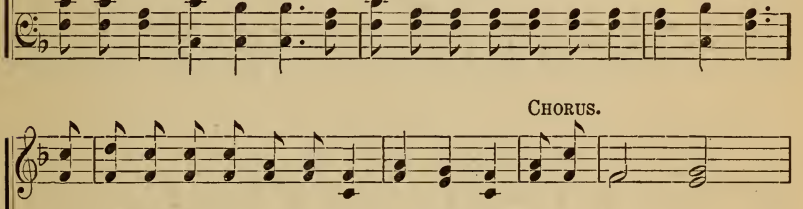
H. L. Gilmour. Arr. by H. L. G.



1. When out in sin and dark-ness lost, Love found me, My faint-ing soul was
2. The Spir - it roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Conviction seized me
3. I'll praise Him while He give's me breath, Love found me, For sav-ing from an
4. And when I reach the gold-paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a - dor - ing

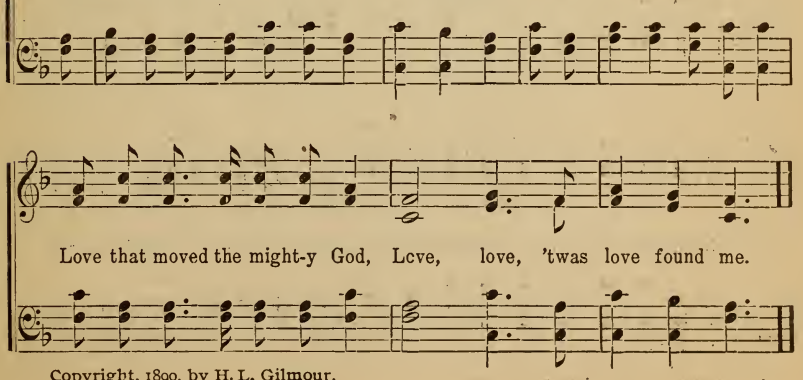


tempest toss'd, Love found me, I heard the Saviour's word's so blest, Love found me,
strong and deep, Love found me, Al - tho' I long with-stood His grace, Love found me,
endless death, Love found me, Christ is my ad - vo - cate a-bove, Love found me,
at His feet, Love found me, And sing hosanna 'round the throne, Love found me,



Chorus.

Come, weary, heav-y la-den, rest, Love found me.
He wooed me to His kind embrace, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, love,
I'm yoked to Him in per-fect love, Love found me.
Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,



Love that moved the might-y God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

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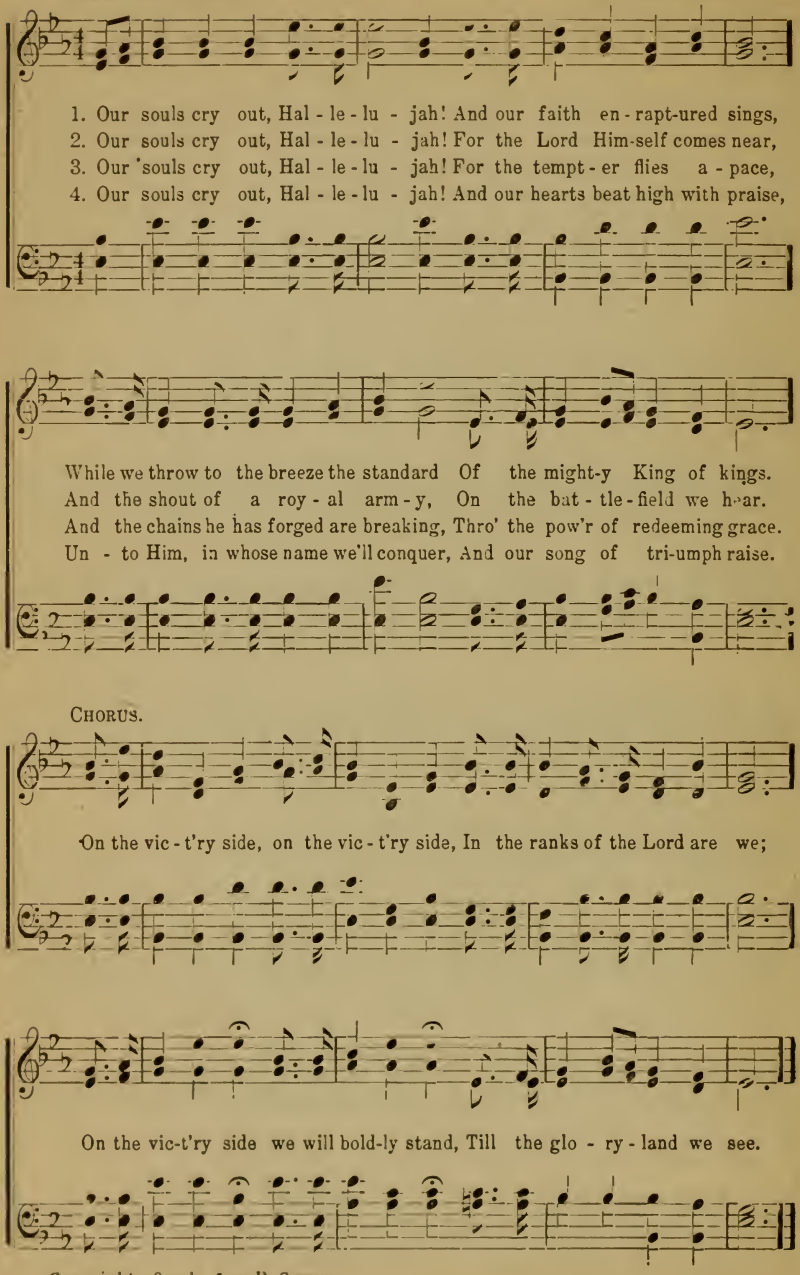
No. 66. On the Victory Side.

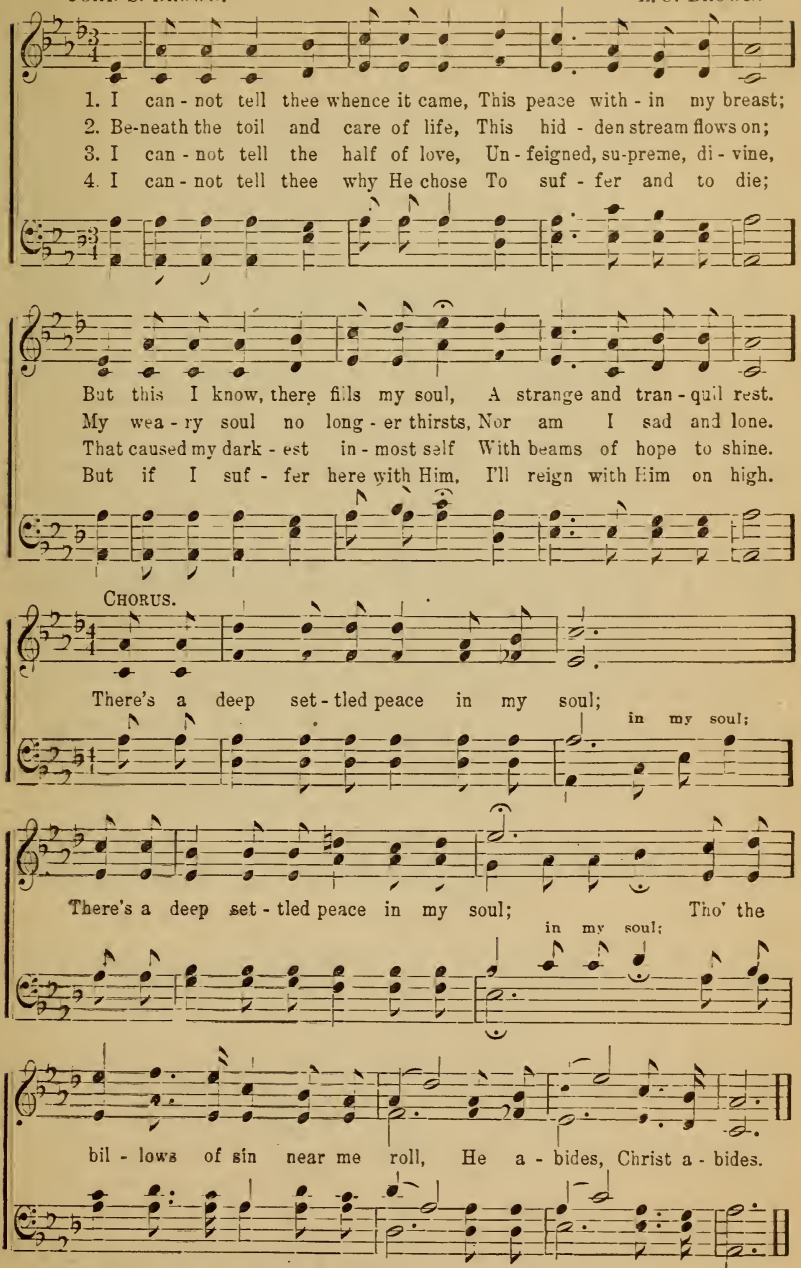
JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.



Copyright, 1894, by Jno R. Sweney.

No. 67. Hidden Peace.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.



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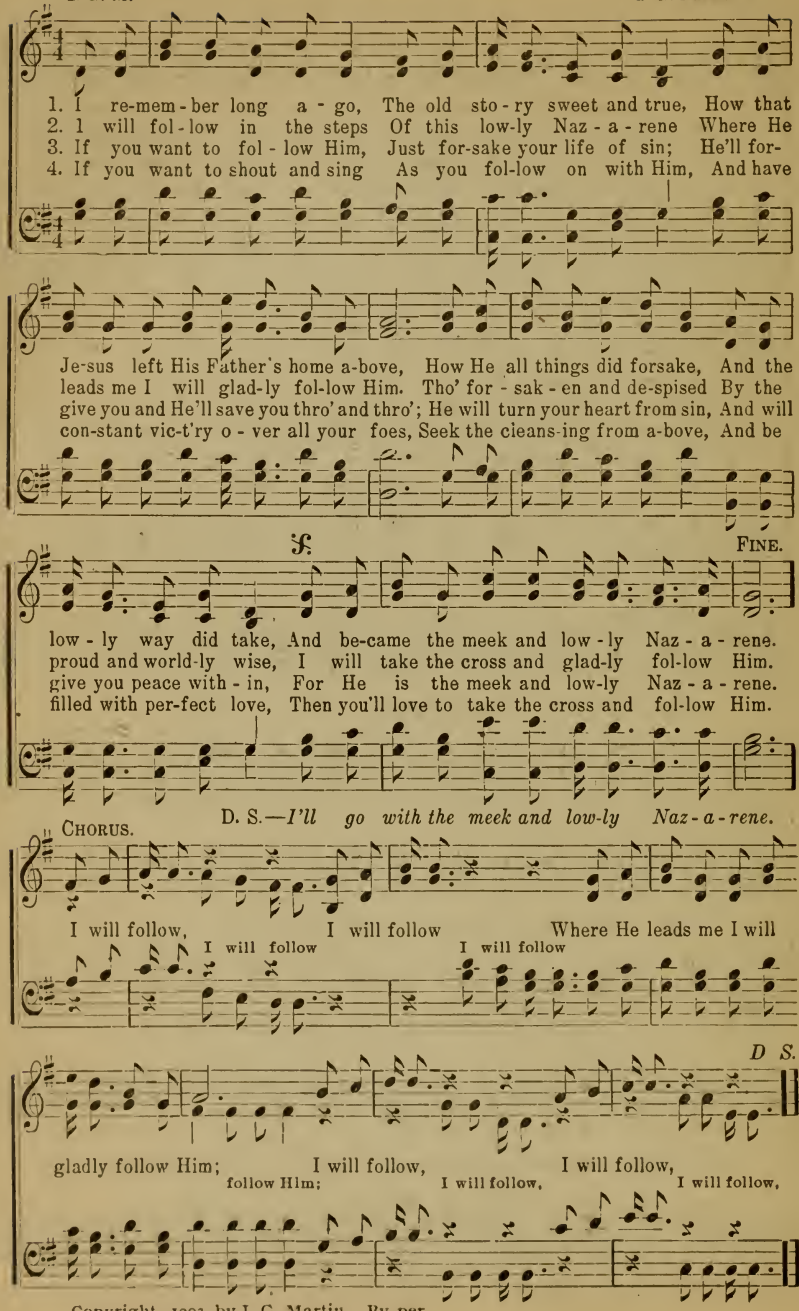
No. 68. The Lowly Nazarene.

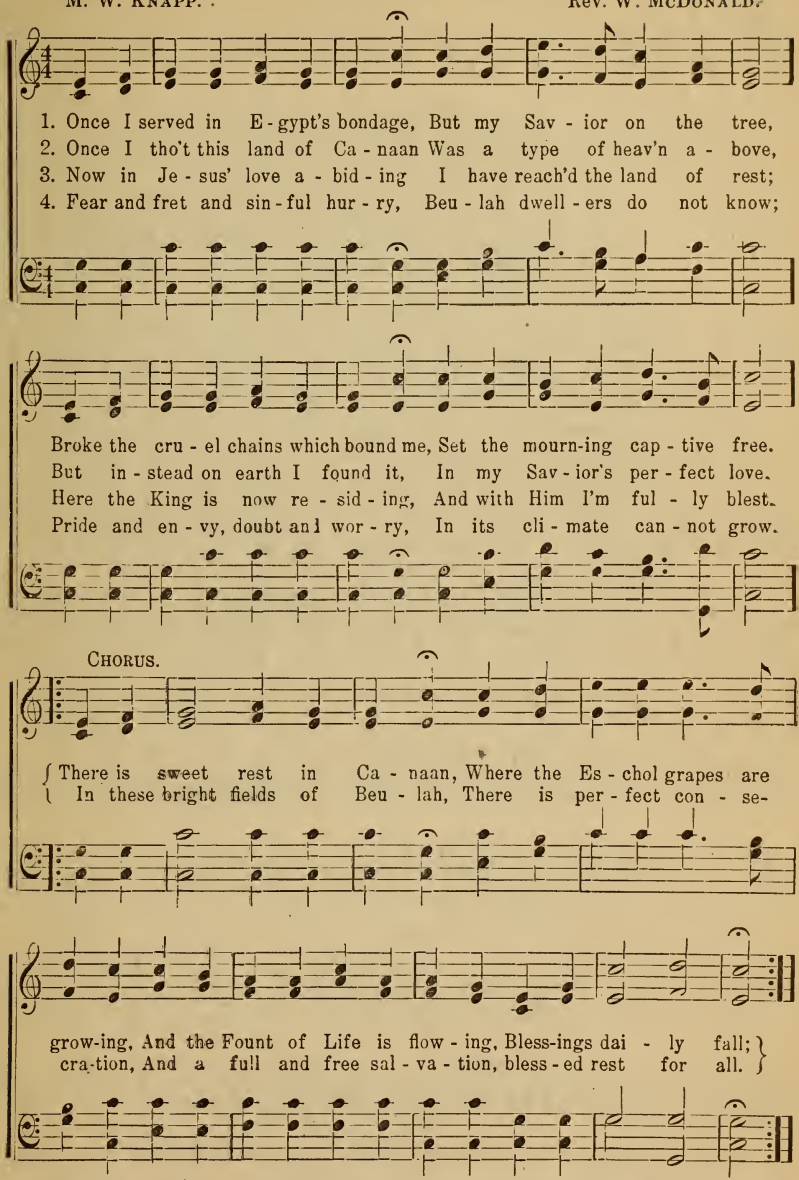
I. G. M. I. G. MARTIN.



Copyright, 1903, by I. G. Martin. By per.

No. 69. Sweet Rest in Canaan.

M. W. KNAPP. Rev. W. McDONALD.

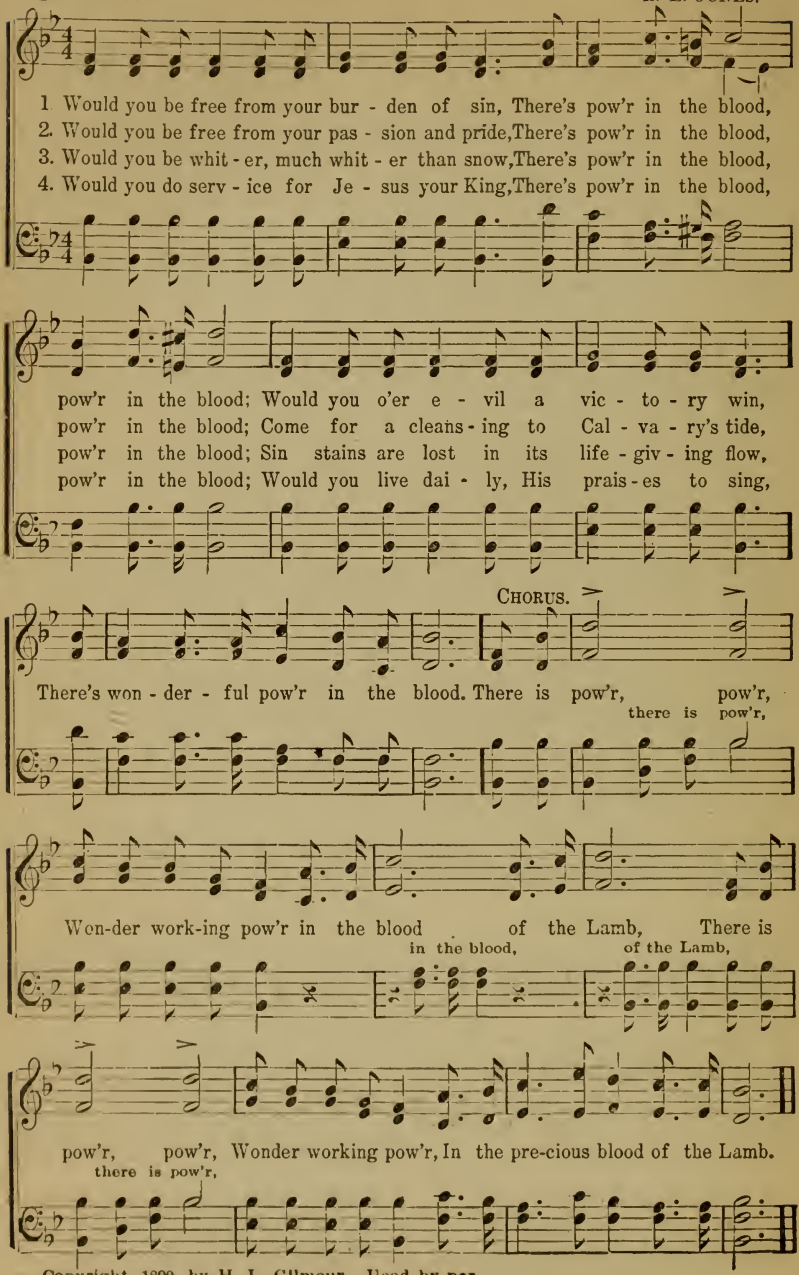


4 All the Spirit's fruit and flowers,
In this lovely Canaan clime,
'Neath its sunshine and its showers,
Grow in beauty all the time.

6 Shout your triumphs, heirs of glory,
Tell the tidings as you go,
Publish wide the wondrous story,
You have found a "heaven below."

No. 70. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.



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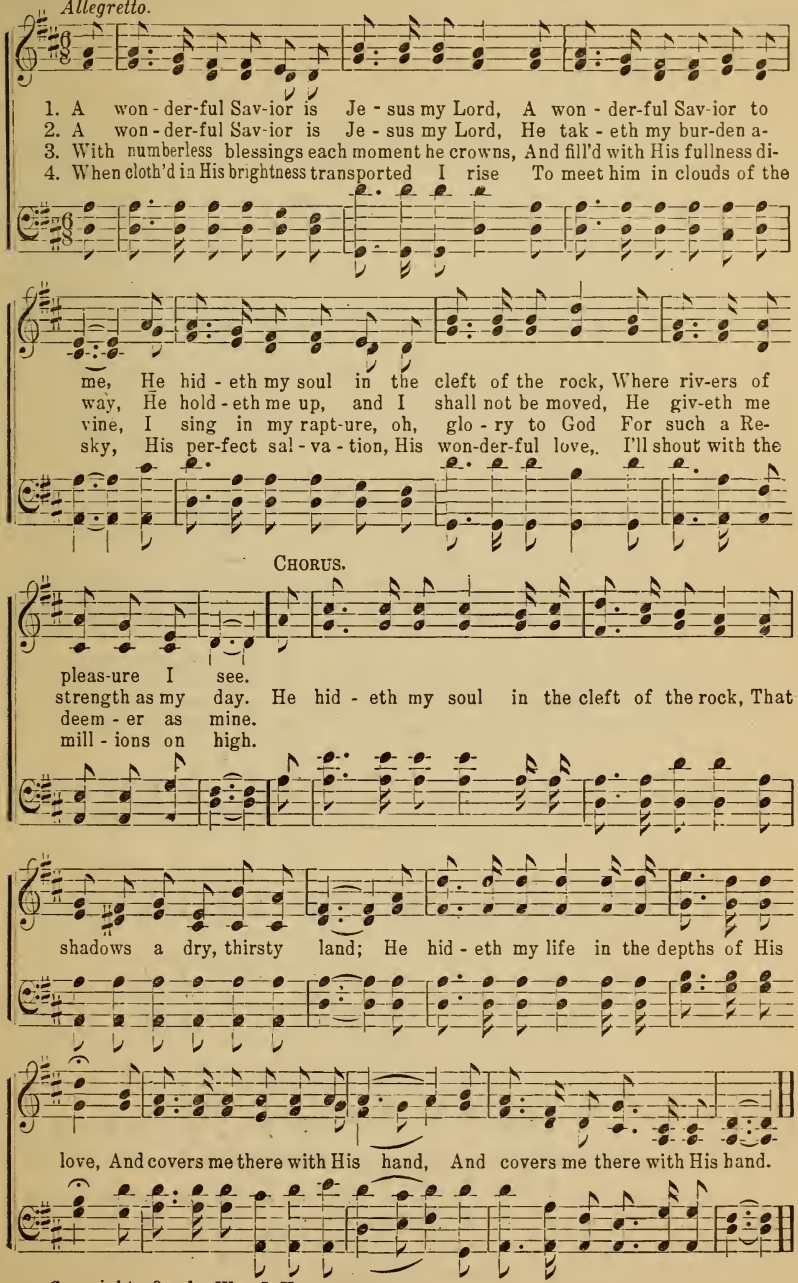
No. 71. He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

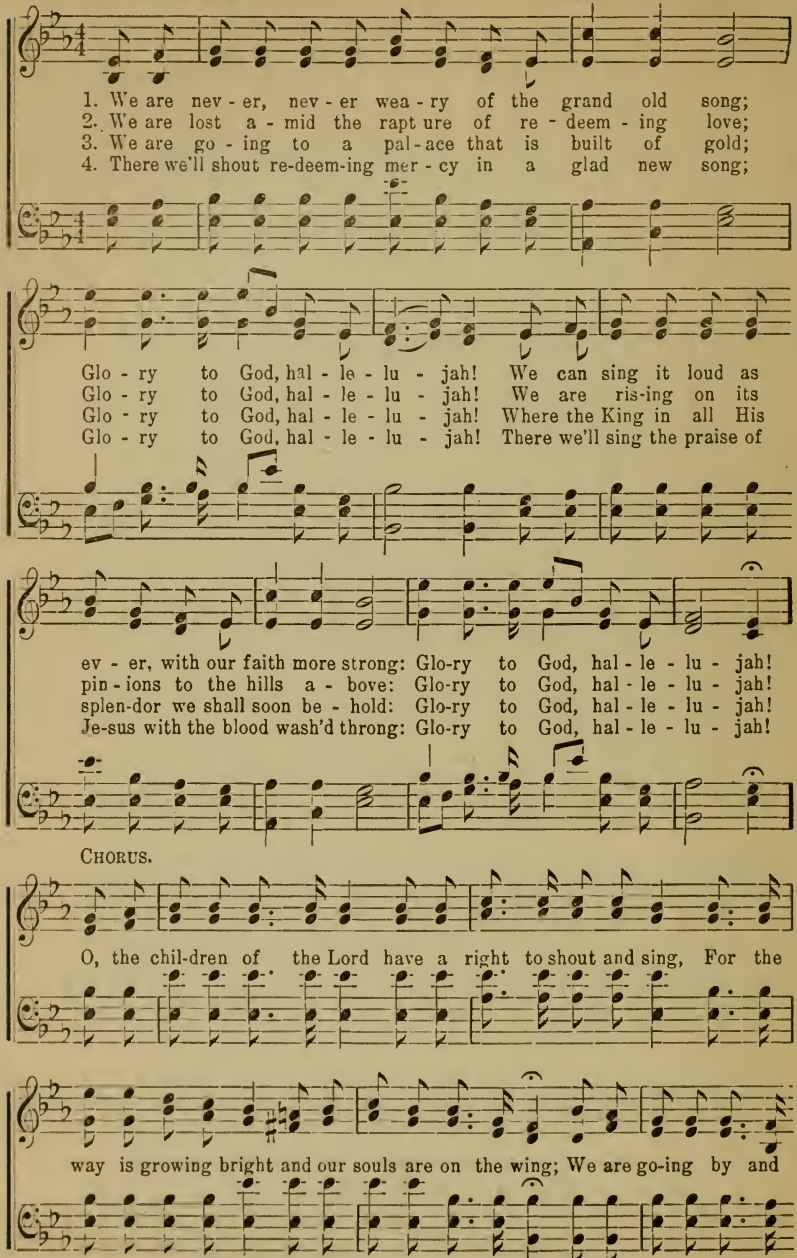
Allegretto.



Coyyright, 1890, by WM, J, KIRKPATRICK.

No. 72. Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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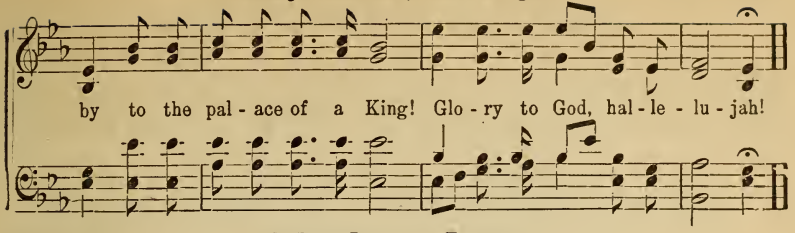
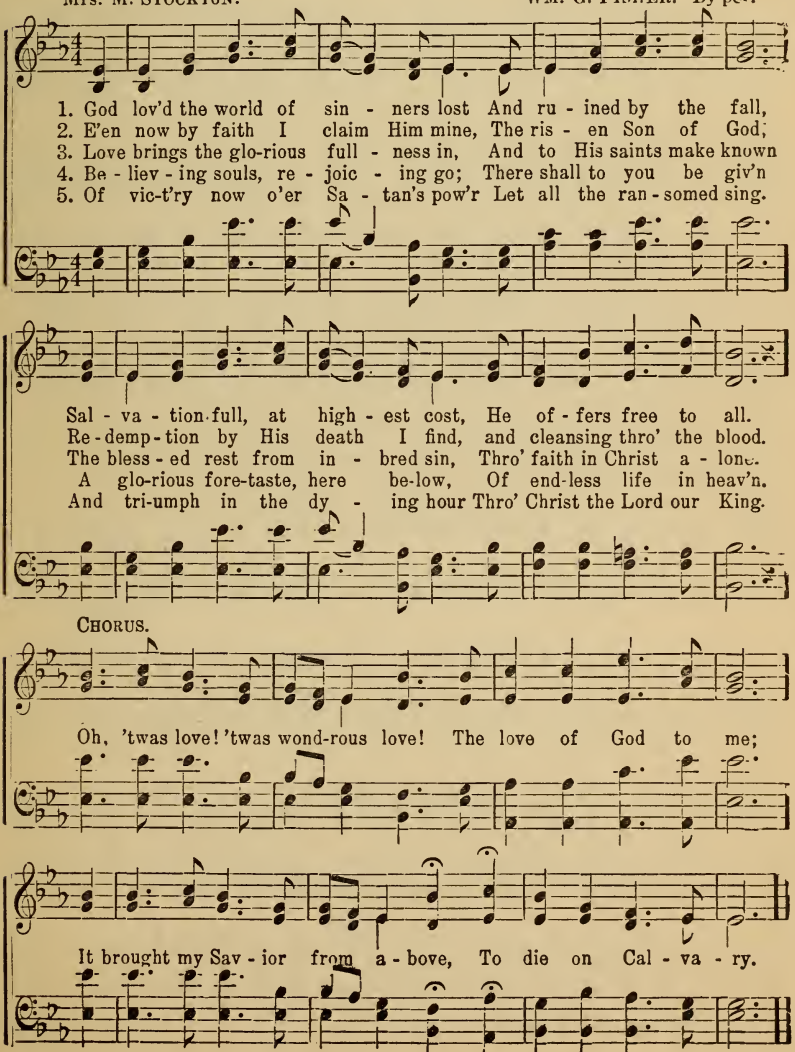
Glory to God, Hallelujah!



No. 73. Wondrous Love.

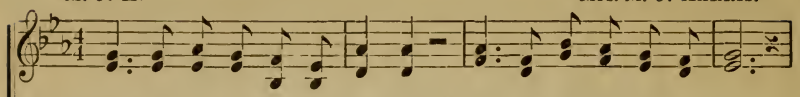
Mrs. M. Stockton. Wm. G. Fisher. By per.



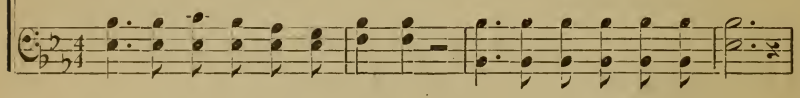
No. 74. I Will Praise Him.

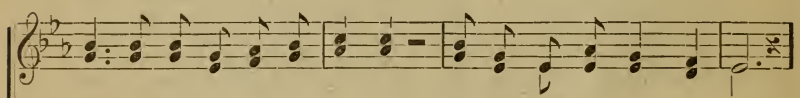
Dedicated to my Friend Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

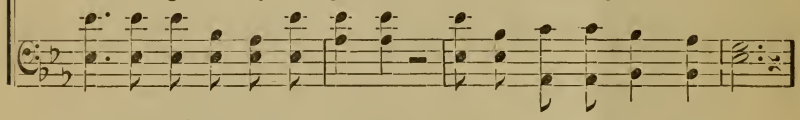


1. When I saw the cleansing fount-ain O - pen wide for all my sin,
2. Tho' the way seem'd straight and nar-row, All I claimed was swept a-way;
3. Then God's fire up - on the al - tar Of my heart was set a - flame;
4. Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus! I'm so glad He took me in;

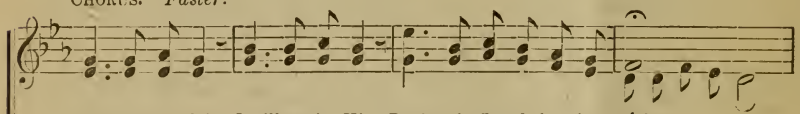




I o-beyed the Spir-it's woo - ing When He said, Wilt thou be clean?
My am-bi-tions, plans, and wish - es, At my feet in ash - es lay.
I shall nev - er cease to praise Him, Glo - ry! glo - ry to His name!
He's for - giv - en my trans-gres-sions, He has cleans'd my heart from sin.

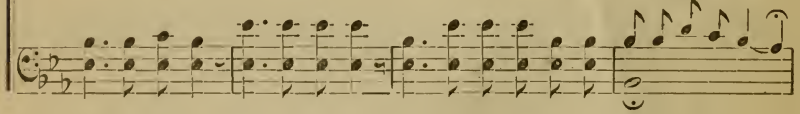


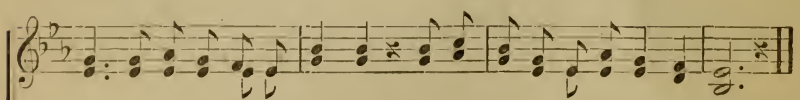
CHORUS. *Faster.*



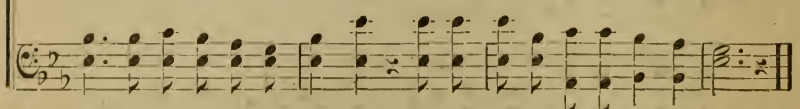
I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;

for sinners slain;





Give Him glo-ry all ye peo - ple, For His blood can wash a-way each stain.



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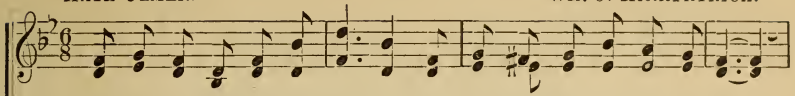
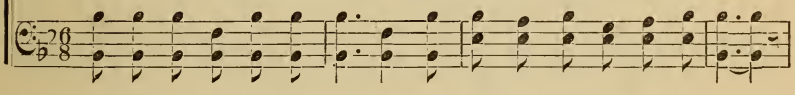
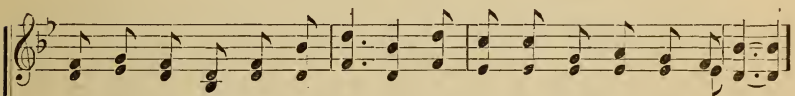
No. 75. His Grace Aboundeth More.

KATE ULMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

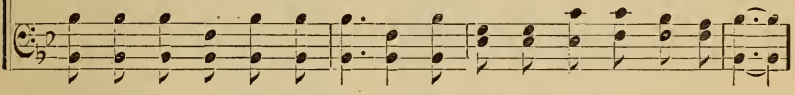


1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-ior In Je-sus my Lord I have found,
2. When a poor sin-ner He found me, No good-ness to of-fer had I;
3. Noth-ing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All help-less be-fore Him I lay,
4. In Him my gra-cious Re-deem-er, My pro-phet, my Priest and my King;
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy in my soul;

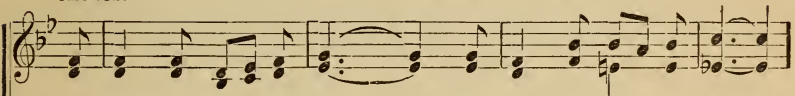




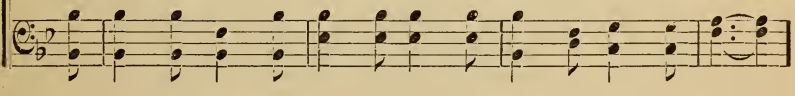
Tho' I had sins with-out num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.
Oft-en His law I had brok-en, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.
But in the pre-cious blood flow-ing He wash'd all my sin-stains a-way.
Mer-cy I find and for-give-ness, My all to His keep-ing I bring.
Prais-ing the love of my Sav-ior, While years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

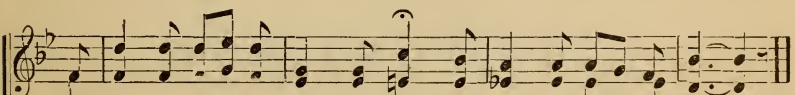


CHORUS.

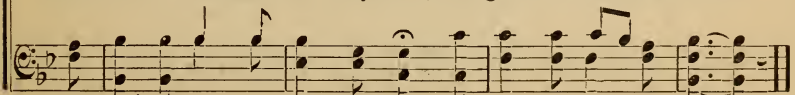


His grace a-bound-eth more, His grace a-boundeth more,
and more.





Tho' sin a-bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.



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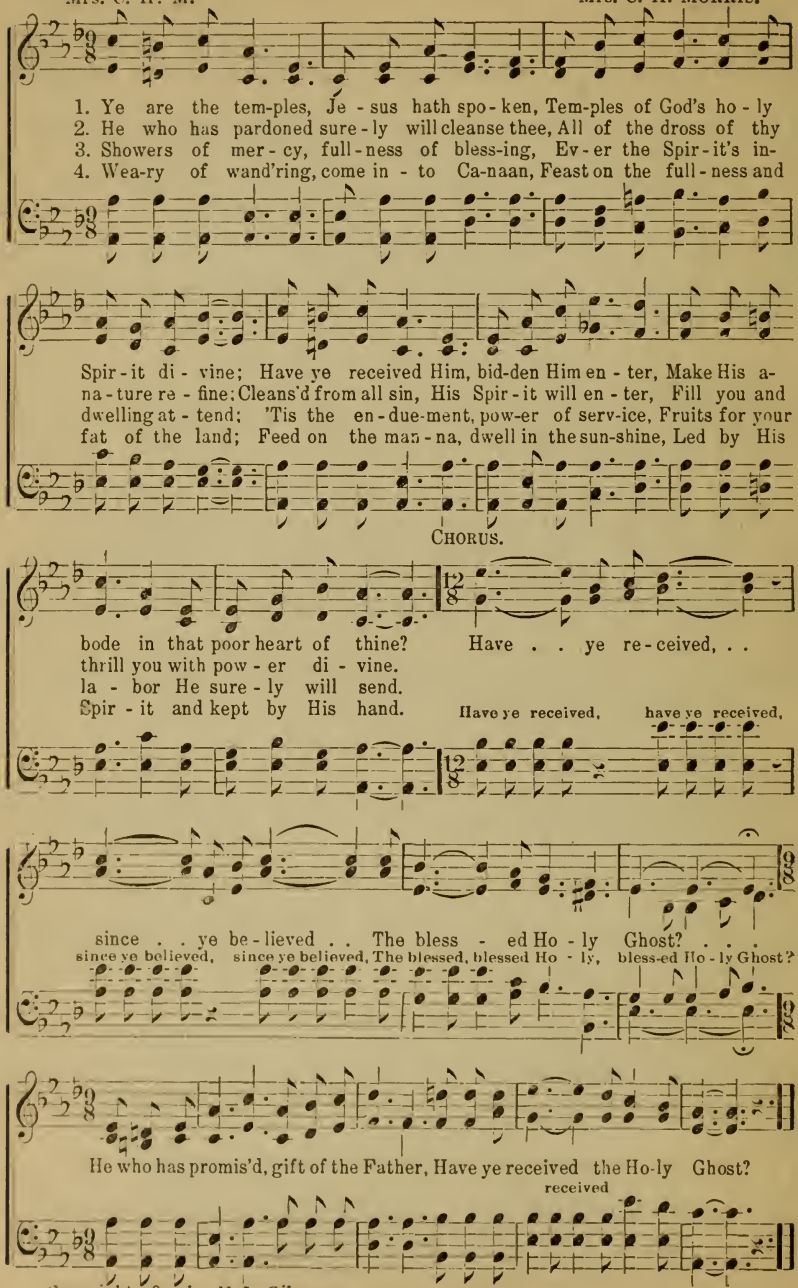
No. 76. Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

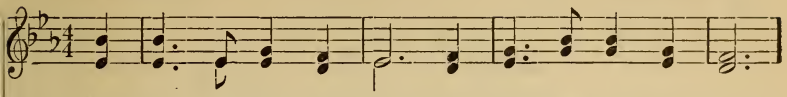
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



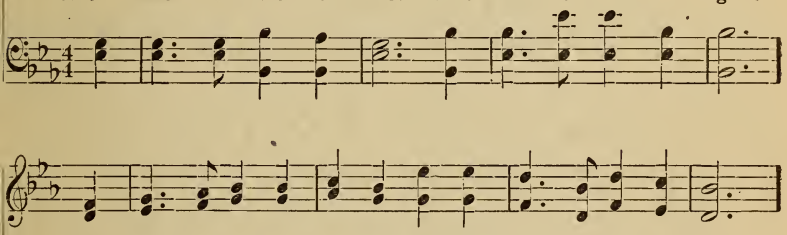
Copyright, 1897, by H. L. Gilmour.

No. 77 Overflowing with His Love.

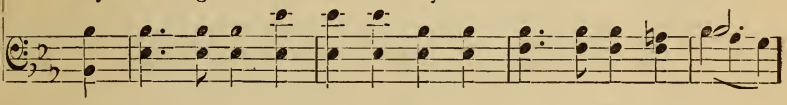
T. O. CHISHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



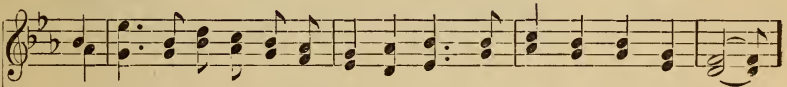
1. My soul is glad to - day, A joy with - in me springs;
2. No sky of deep - est blue, No sun with bright-est beams,
3. No more may earth - ly things My thought and love di - vide;
4. In vain may doubts mo - lest, In vain may fears as - sail,
5. O what a rest is mine! What bliss to me is giv'n



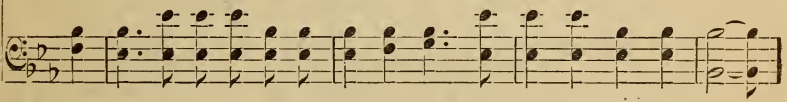
A hap - py song of love and praise My rap - tured spir - it sings.
Could make a day so fair as this, Whose glo - ry o'er me streams.
I've some-thing bet-ter far than these And I am sat - is - fied.
My hope is an-chored sure and fast To that with-in the veil.
My be - ing thrills with ec - sta - cy—A sweet fore-taste of heav'n.

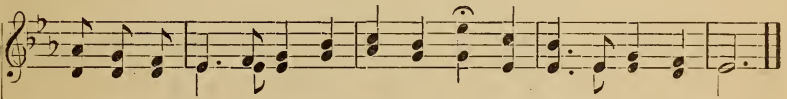


CHORUS.

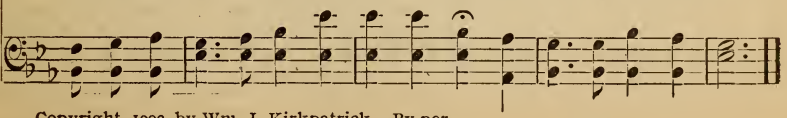


My heart is o - ver-flow-ing with His love, With love and joy di - vine;





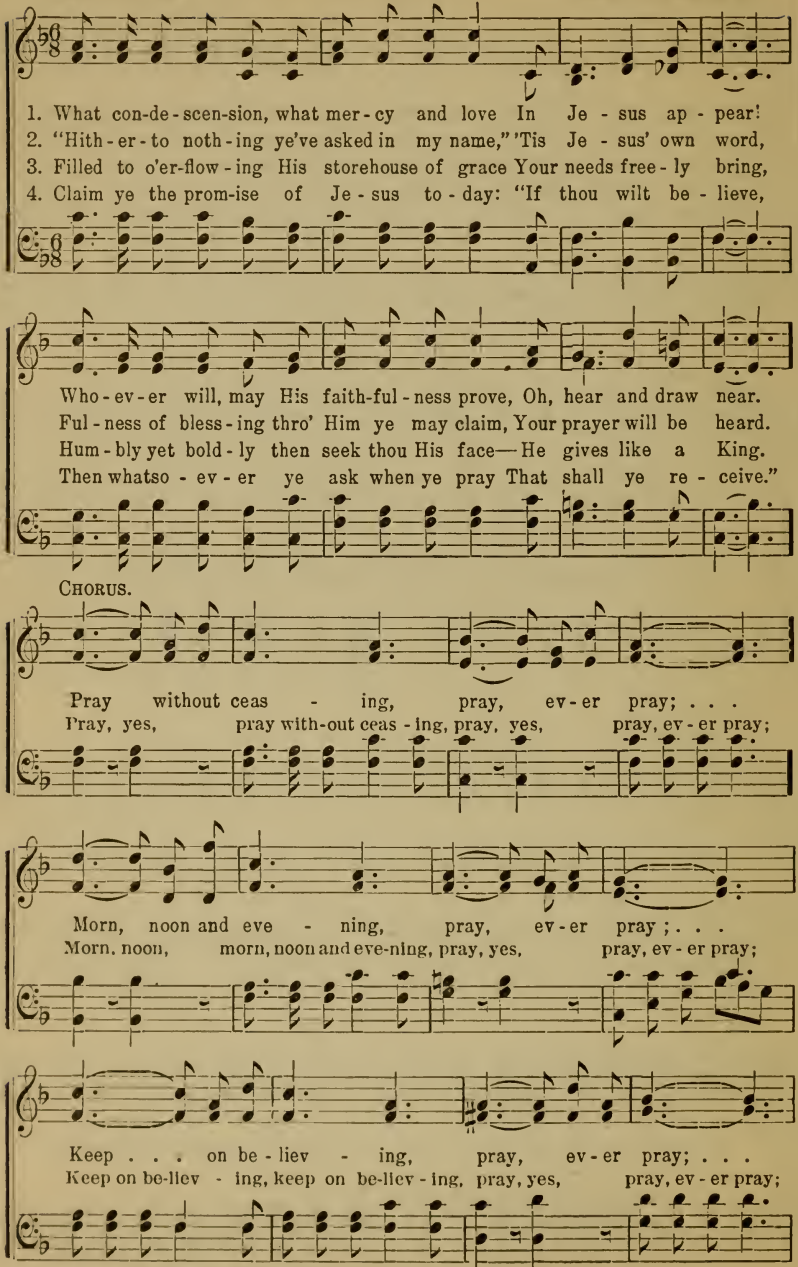
For God has tak - en all my sins a - way, And per-fect peace is mine.



Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

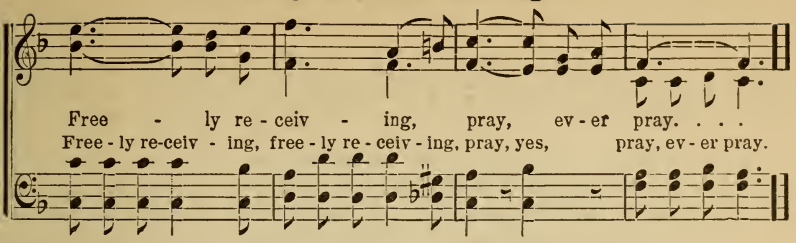
No. 78. Pray Without Ceasing.

Mrs. C. H. M. 1st Thess. 5—17. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



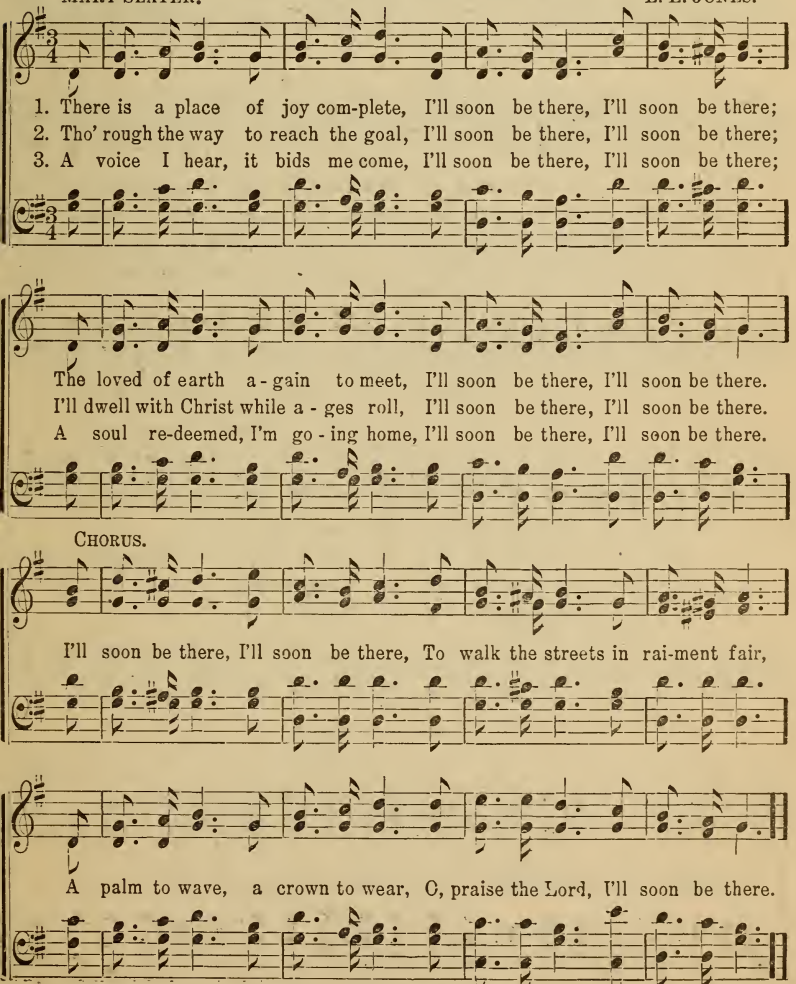
Copyright, 1905, by J. M. Harris, Evanston, Ill.

Pray Without Ceasing.



No. 79. I'll Soon Be There.

MARY SLATER. L. E. JONES.



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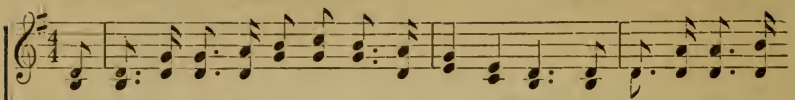
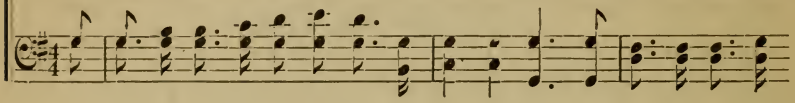
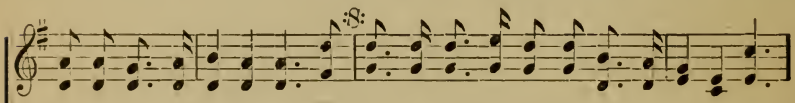
No. 80. I Want To Love Him Better.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

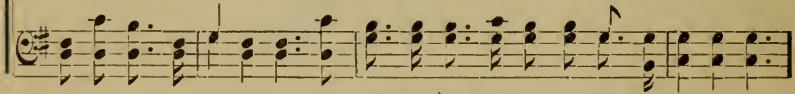


1. I see my Sav - ior hang ing on the blood - y tree, By faith I see Him
2. The light He bro't from heaven, made the darkness flee; No more do types and
3. It veiled the face of na - ture to be - hold Him die; It made the mountains
4. But now He lives in glo - ry, in that home on high, Where an - gels chant the



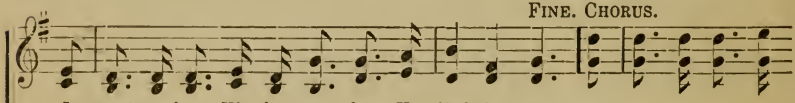


dy - ing there in ag - o - ny; But in His death on Cal-v'ry is my hope and plea,
shadows point to Cal-va-ry; He broke the chains that bound me, when He looked at me,
tremble, when they heard Him cry; He saved my soul from dy-ing as He hung on high,
sto - ry, how He came to die; But 'till I join that chorus with them in the sky,

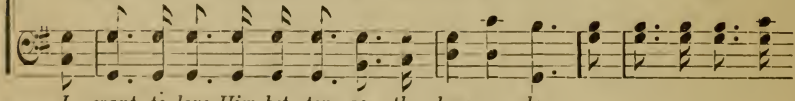


D. S. *want to love Him bet - ter as the moments fly,*

FINE. CHORUS.

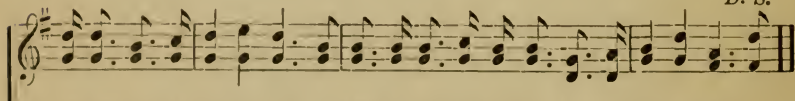


I want to love Him bet-ter, for He died for me.
I want to love Him bet-ter, for He set me free. I want to love Him
I want to love Him bet-ter as the mo-ments fly.
I want to love Him bet-ter as the days go by.

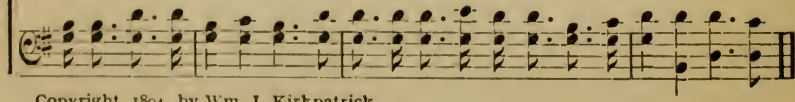


I want to love Him bet - ter as the days go by.

D. S.



bet-ter, for He died for me, I want to love Him better for He set me free; I



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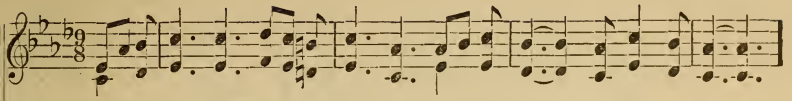
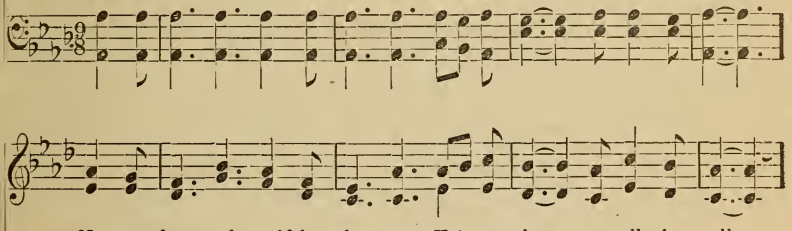
No. 81. I Have Left the World for Jesus.

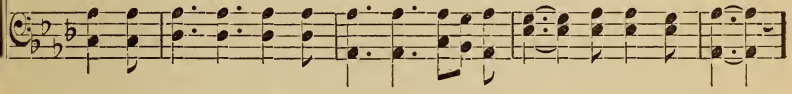
KATE DILL LEE. J. M. HARRIS.



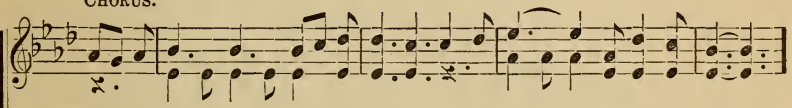
1. I have left the world for Je - sus, Yielded to His lov - ing call;
2. I have left the world for Je - sus, Earthly hopes, am - bi-tions grand,
3. I have left the world for Je - sus; All its tri - als, all its tears,
4. I have left the world for Je - sus, Tread with Him the nar - row way,



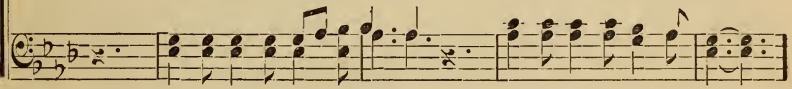
No more hours of world-ly pleas-ure, He's to be my all in all.
To be sub - ject to His lead - ing, Guid-ed by His lov - ing hand.
Are but steps to lead me up-ward, Since the Sav - iour calms my fears.
And the path I once tho't lone - ly, Bright-er grows from day to day.

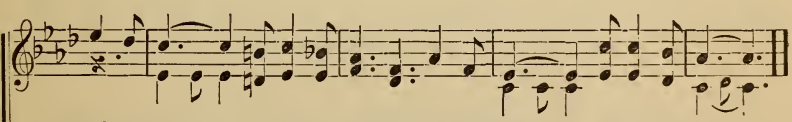


CHORUS.

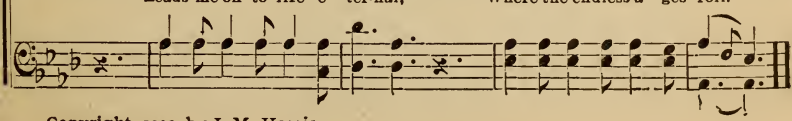


I have left the world for Je-sus, And He sweet - ly saves my soul;
I have left the world for Je - sus, And He sweetly saves my soul;





Leads me on to life e - ternal, Where the end - less a - ges roll.
Leads me on to life e - ter-nal, Where the endless a - ges roll.



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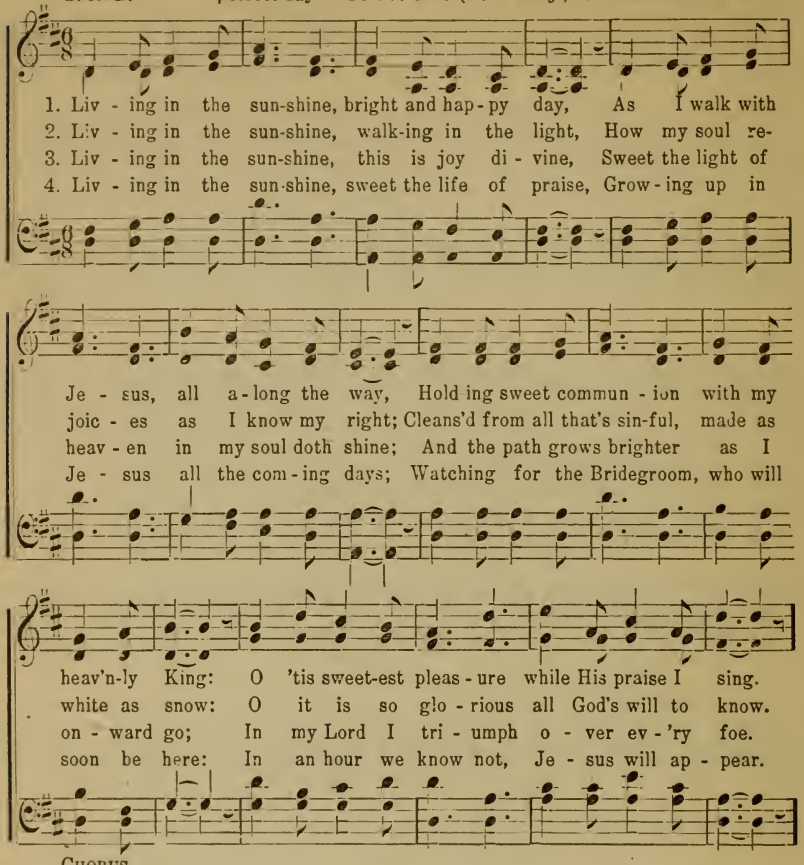
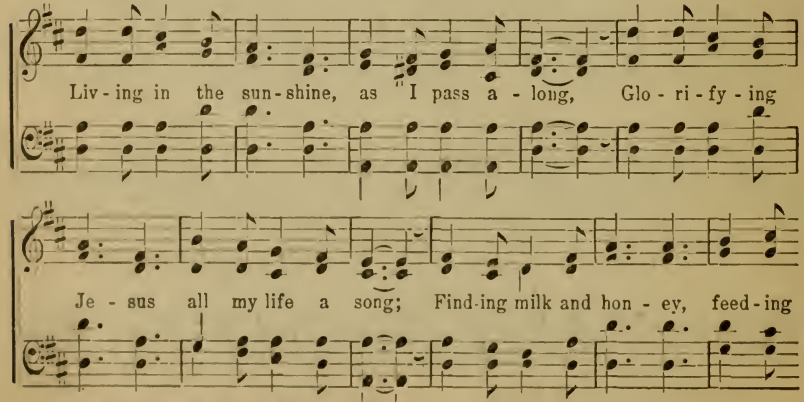
No. 82. Living in the Sunshine.

"The path of the righteous is as the light of dawn, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. 4: 18 (*R. V. marg.*)

S. H. B. S. HENRY BOLTON.



CHORUS.



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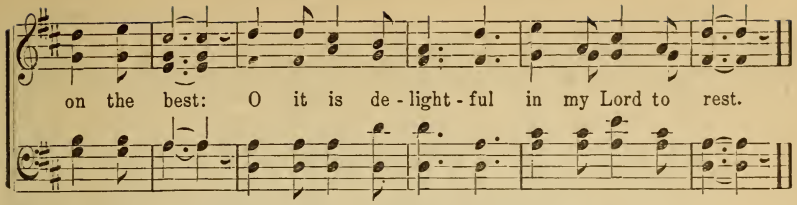
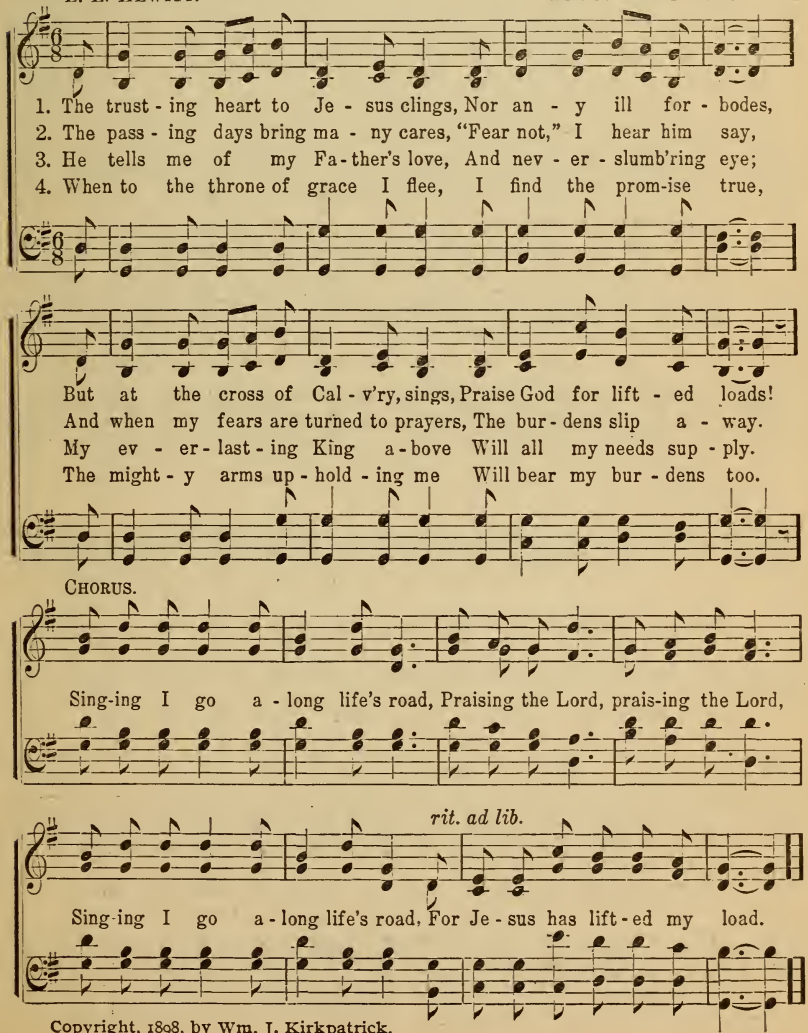
Living in the Sunshine.



No. 83. Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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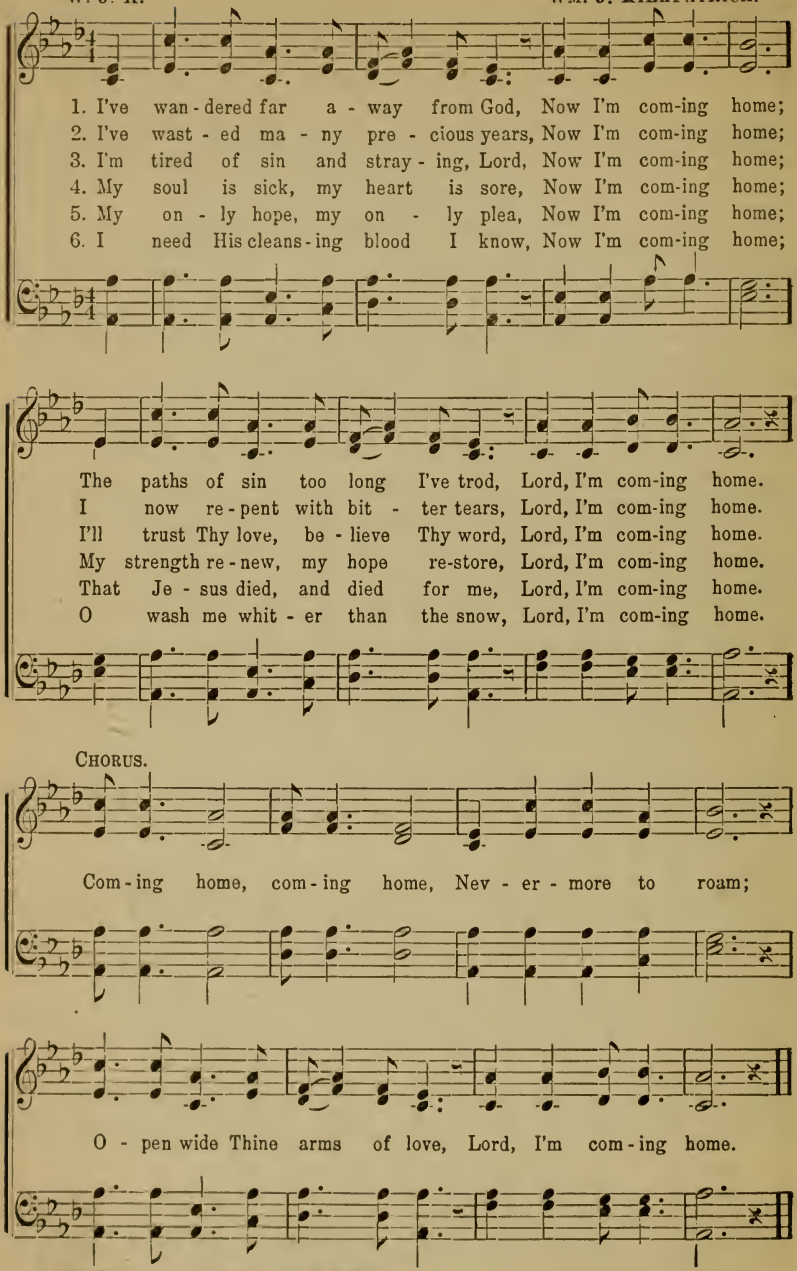
No. 84. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

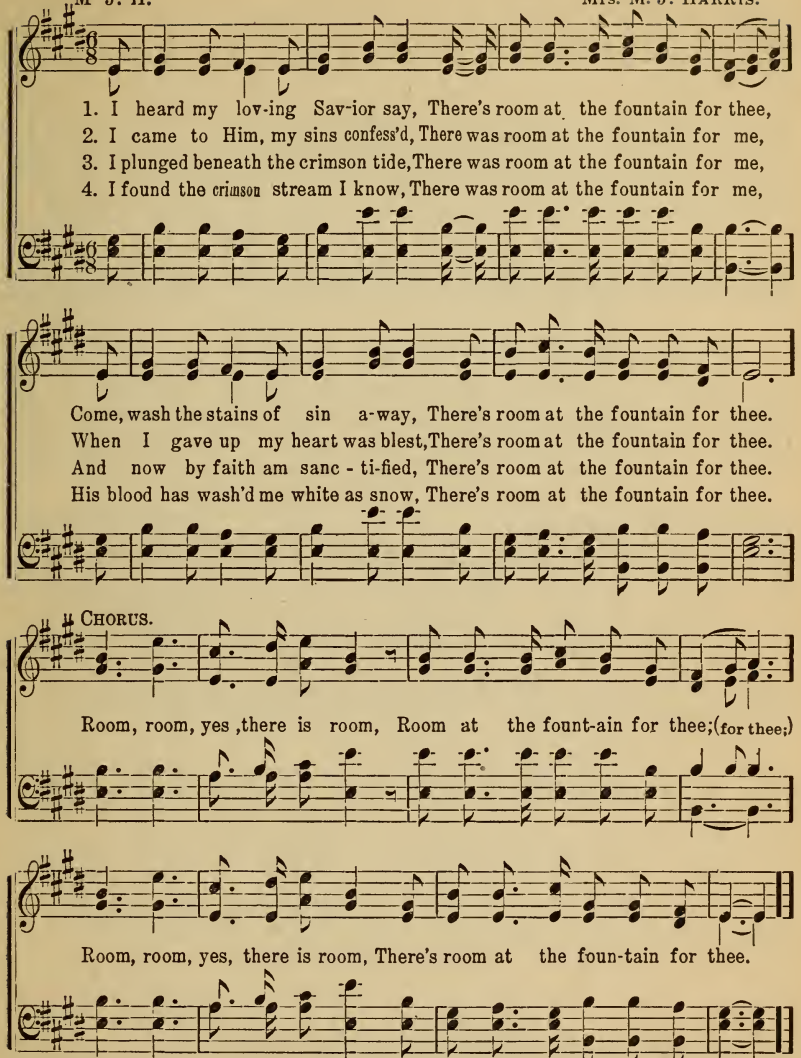
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1892, by Wm, J, Kirkpatrick.

No. 85. Room at the Fountain.

M J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



5 He cleansed my heart from imbred sin,
There was room at the fountain for me,
And now He keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee,

6 I'll praise Him while he gives me breath,
There was room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

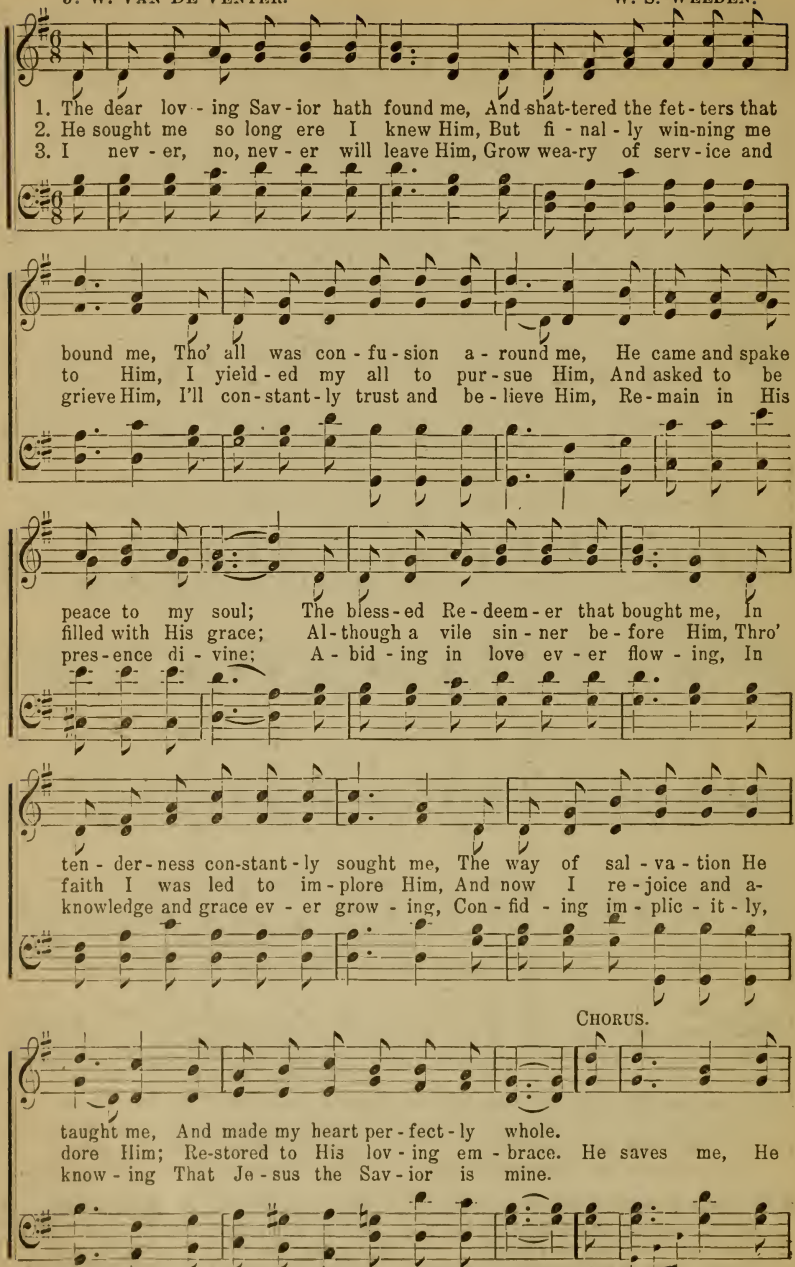
7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And praise Him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

Copyright, 1897, by Mrs. M. J. Harris.

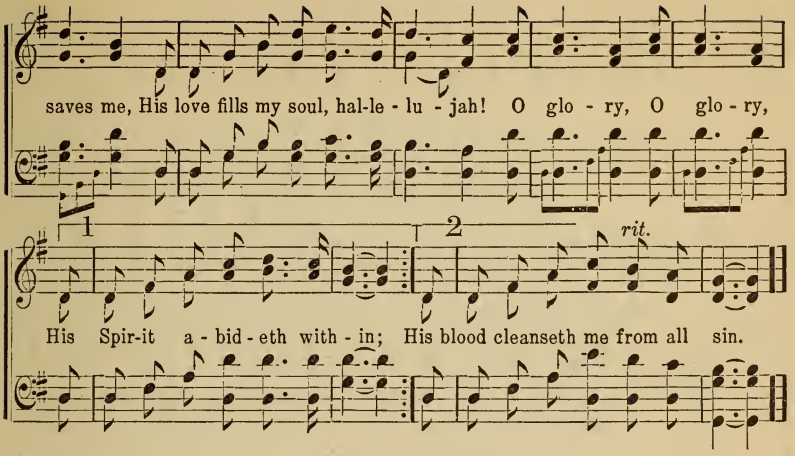
No. 86. He Saves Me.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.



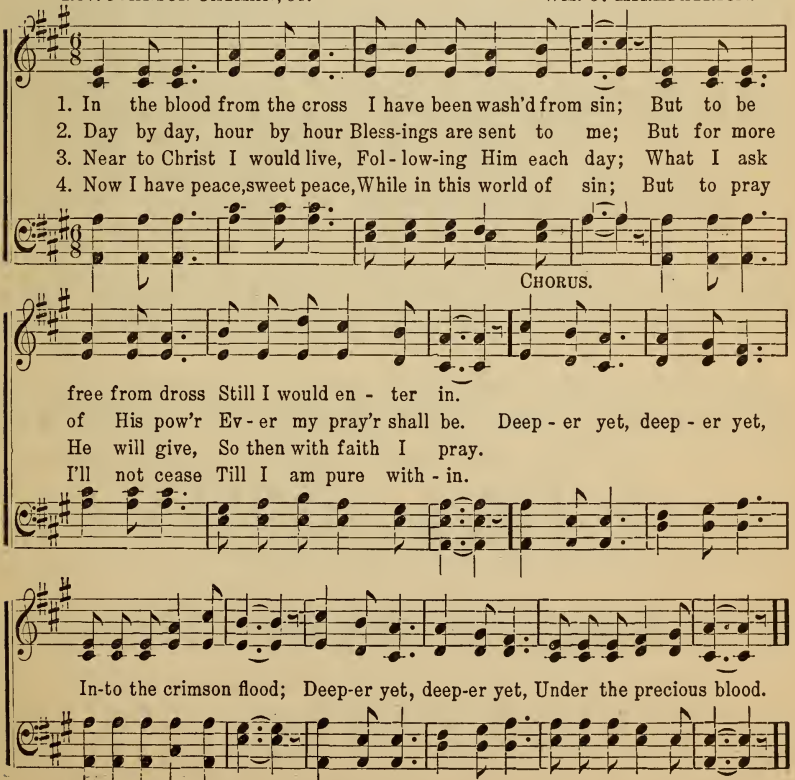
Copyright, 1895, by J. Weeden and Van De Venter.

He Saves Me.



No. 87. Deeper Yet.

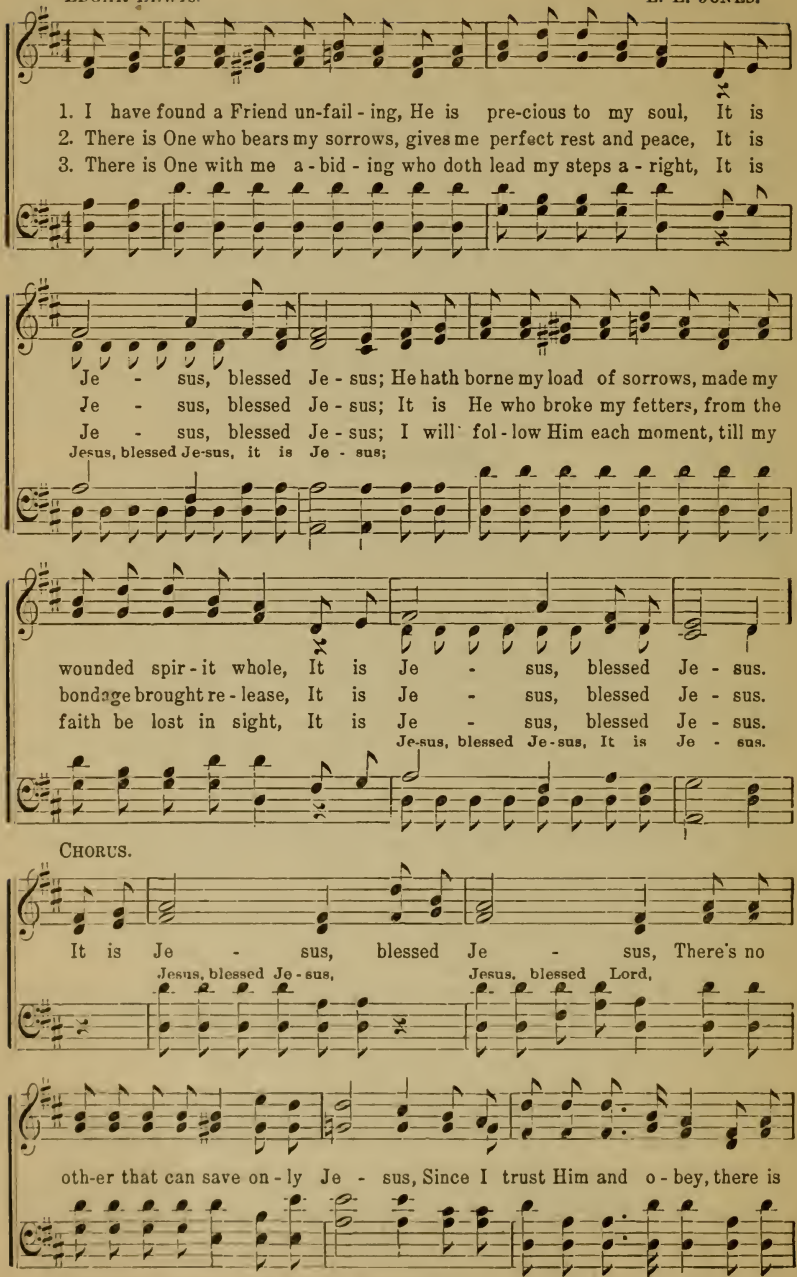
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 88. It is Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.



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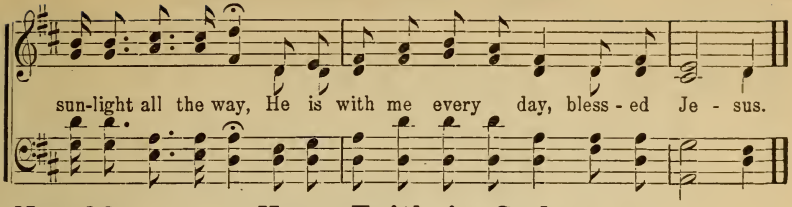
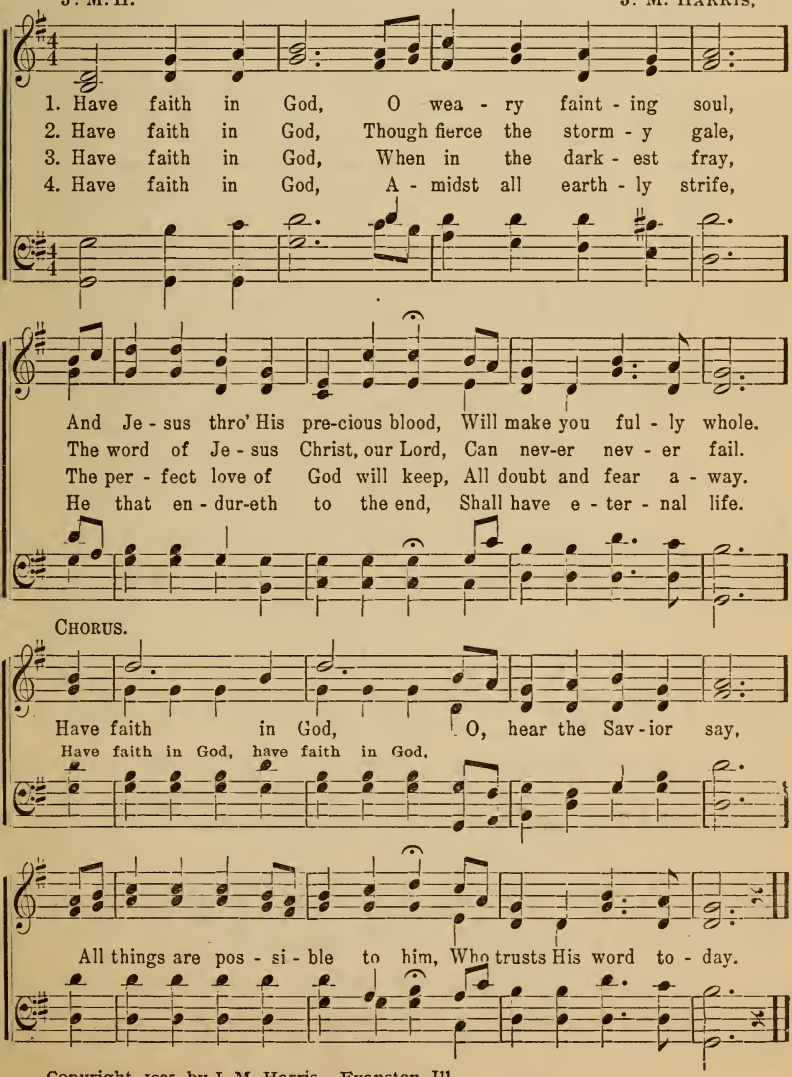


No. 89. Have Faith in God.

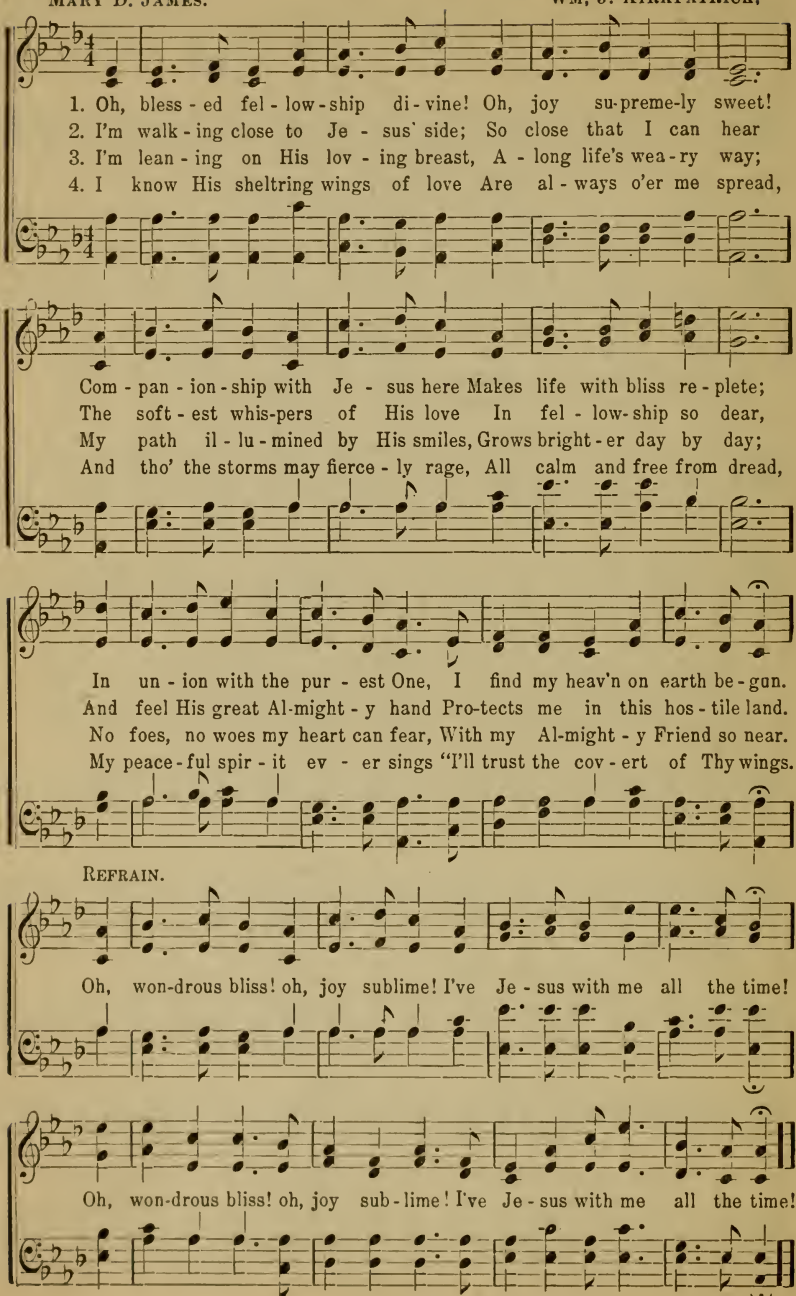
J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.



Copyright, 1905, by J. M. Harris. Evanston, Ill,

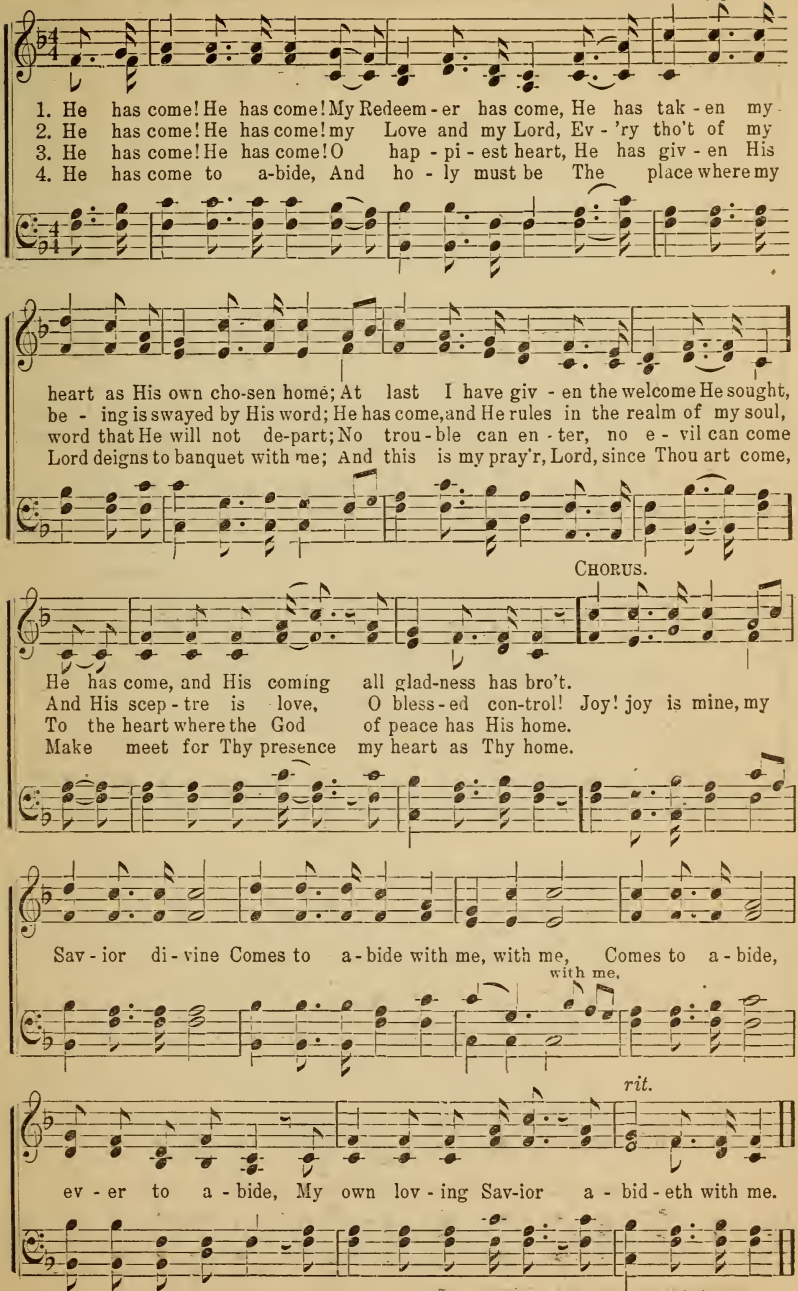
No. 90. Companionship With Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 91. He Has Come.

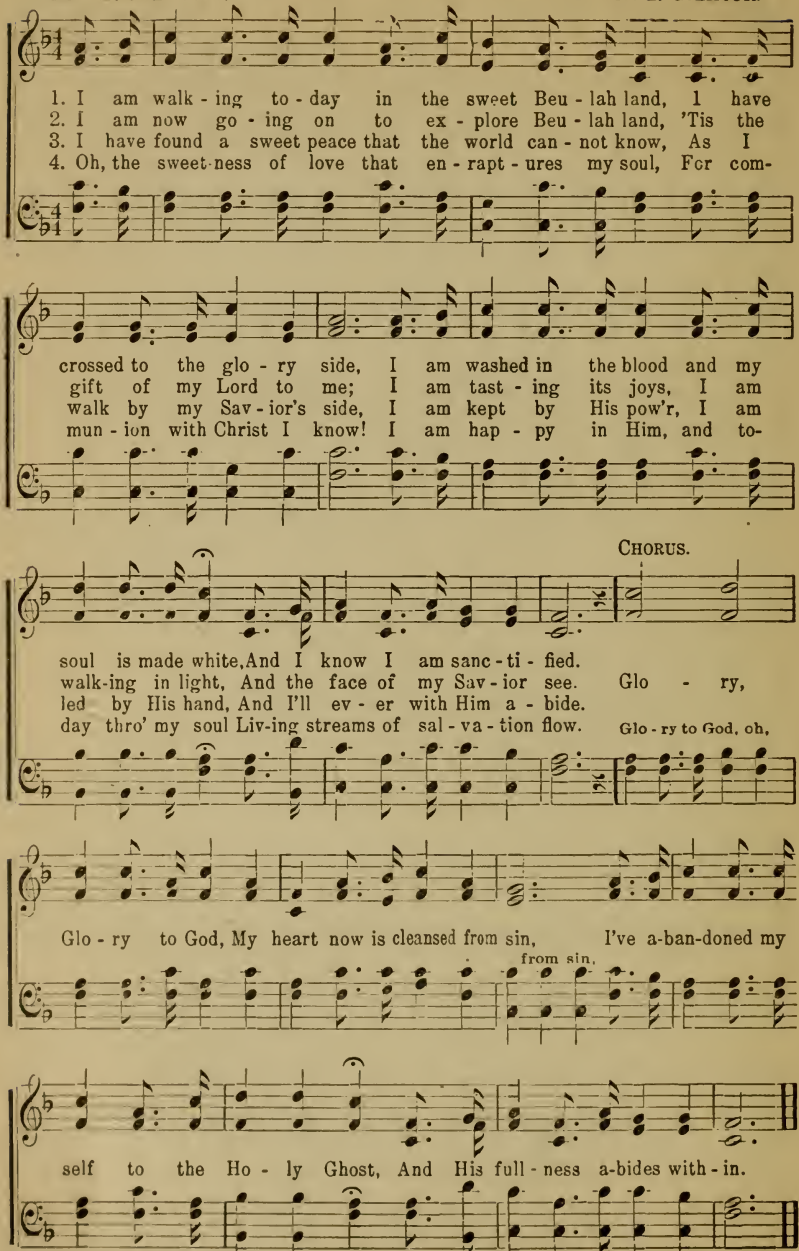
Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. Zech. ix. 9. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



No. 92. The Sweet Beulah Land.

"Let us go up at once and possess it." Nu. 14: 30.

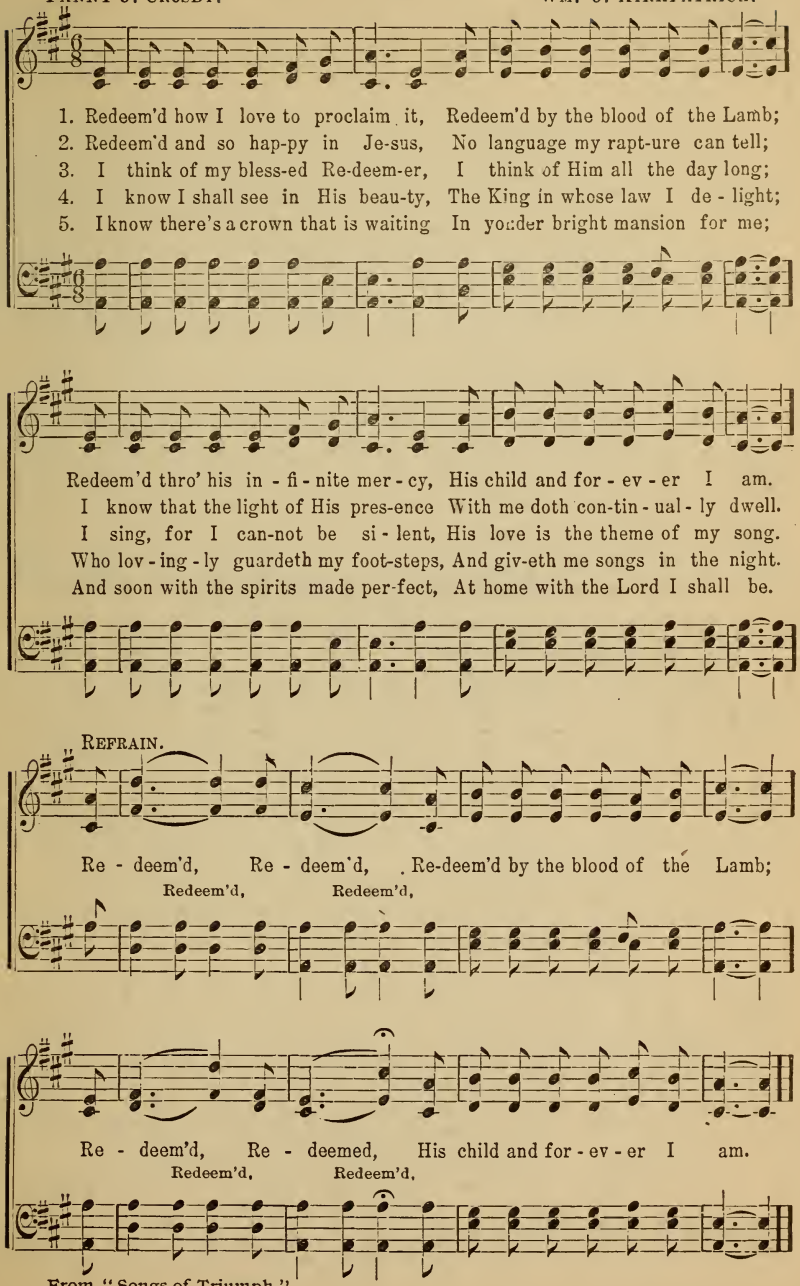
Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.



Copyright, 1891, by H. L. Gilmour. By per,

No, 93. Redeemed.

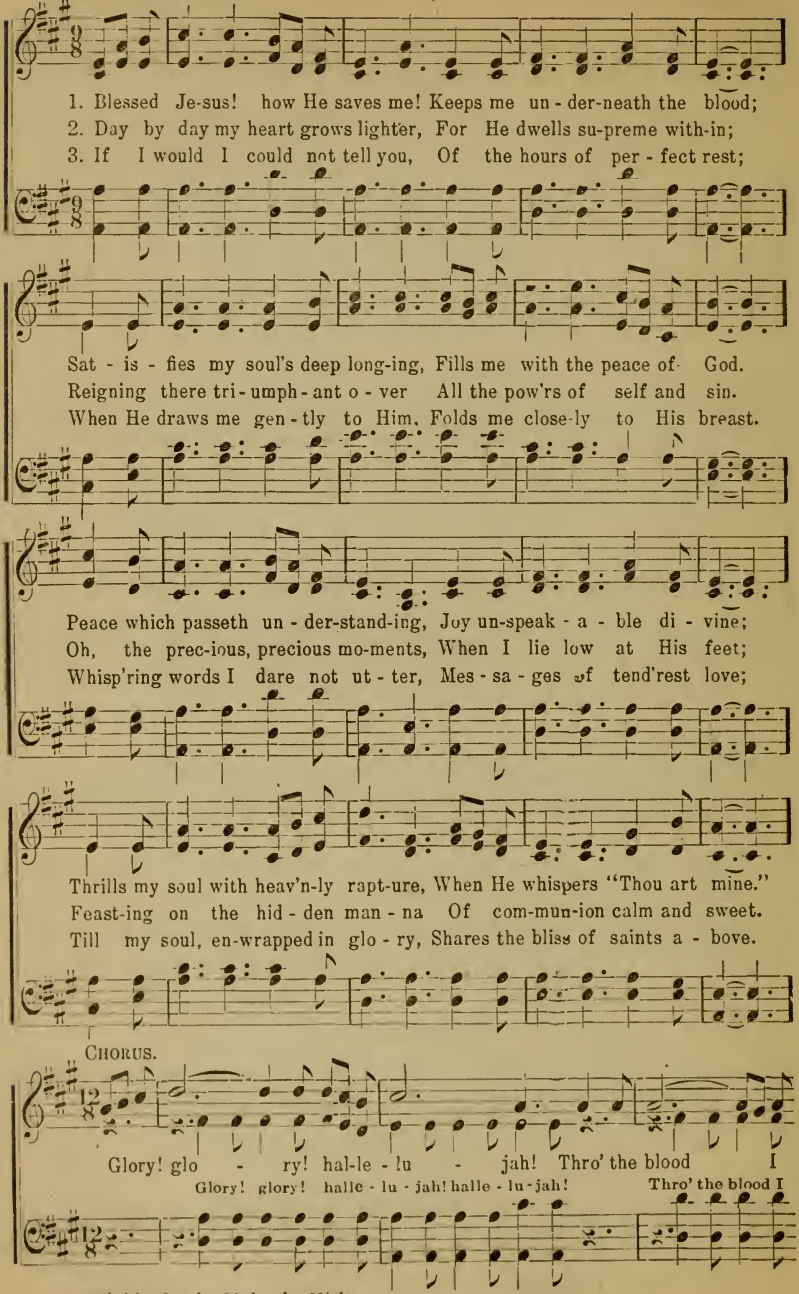
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



From "Songs of Triumph."

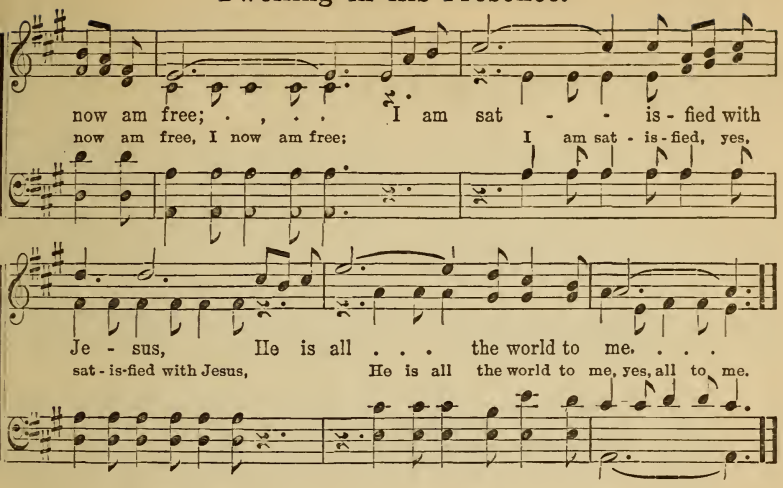
No. 94. Dwelling in His Presence.

MRS. WESLEY RICE. Psa. 15; 11. JAS. M. KIRK.



Copyright, 1894, by Myland & Kirk.

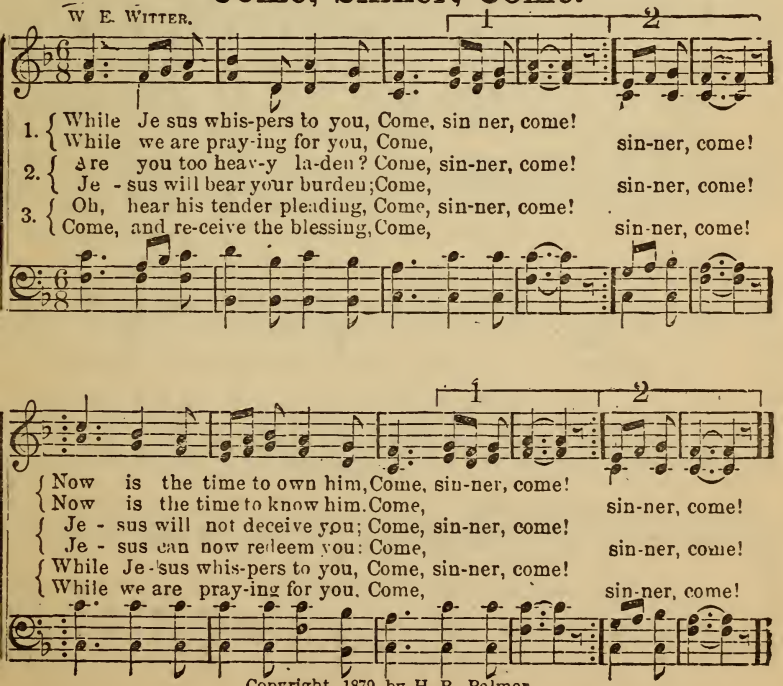
Dwelling in His Presence.



No. 95.

Come, Sinner, Come.

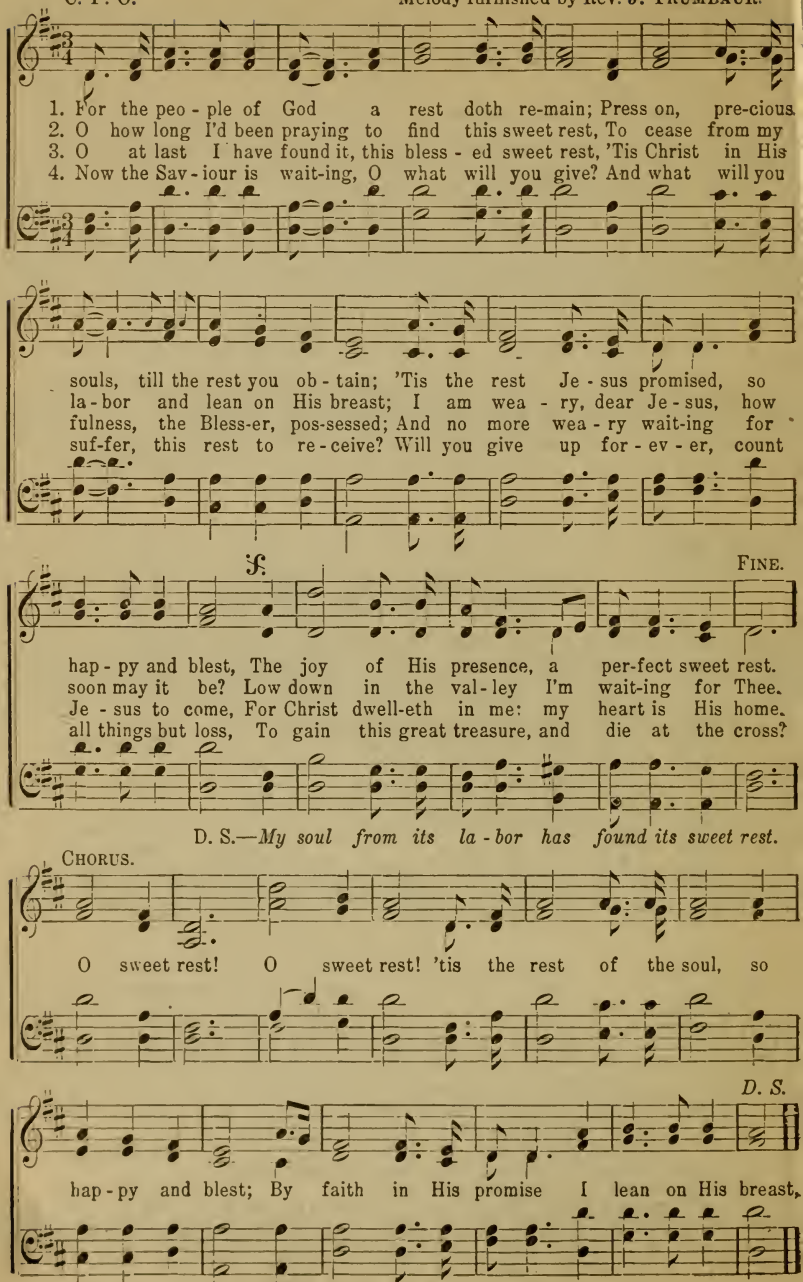
W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.



Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

No. 96. O Sweet Rest.

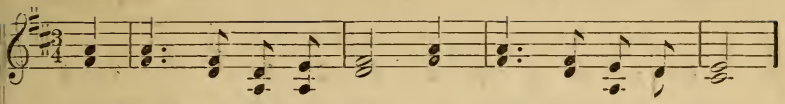
C. F. O. Melody furnished by Rev. J. TRUMBAUR.



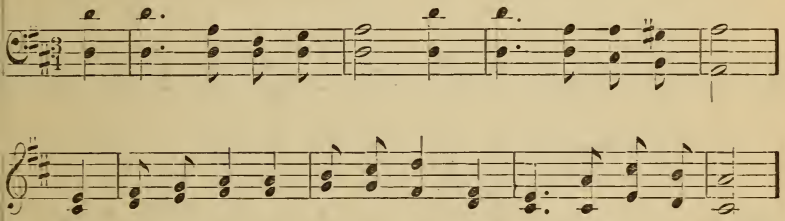
Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 97. Refreshing.

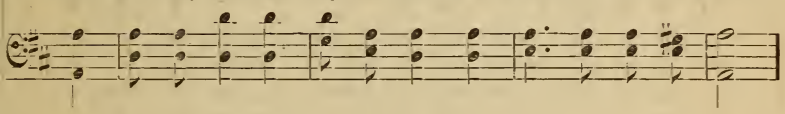
FANNY J. CROSBY. S. M. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



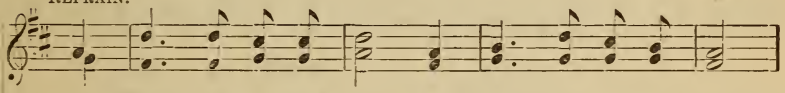
1. Come, Lord, and let Thy pow'r On each and all de - scend,
2. Come, Lord, and let Thy pow'r Each thought of self re - move;
3. Our wait - ing, long - ing eyes, Are look - ing up to Thee;
4. Come, Lord, Thy pow'r a - lone The work of grace can do;
5. Be ours, with fer - vent zeal, Thy blood-stained cross to bear;



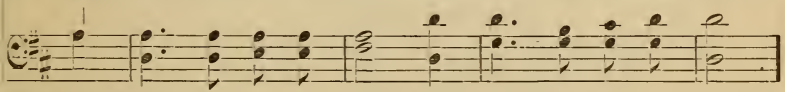
While gather'd in Thy ho - ly name, Be - fore Thy throne we bend.
And may we feel as ne'er be - fore Thy pure and per - fect love.
O may we in Thy smil - ing face, Our Fa - ther's glo - ry see.
Now let it con - se - crate to Thee Our hearts and lives a - new.
Till at Thy feet we lay it down, A crown of life to wear.

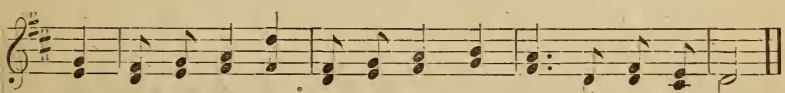


REFRAIN.

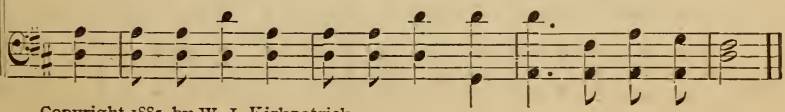


Re - fresh our wait-ing souls, Our fee - ble faith in - spire,





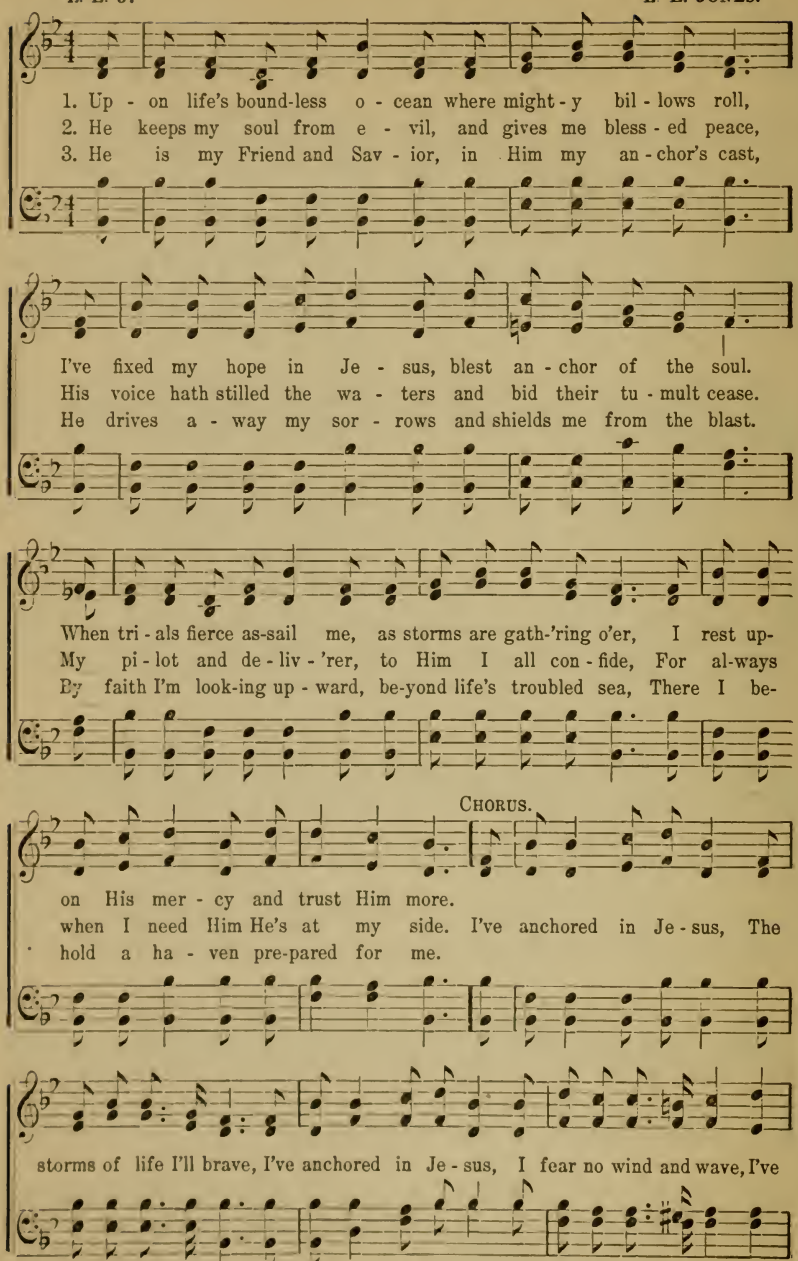
And from Thine al - tar touch our hearts With coals of sa - cred fire.



Copyright 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

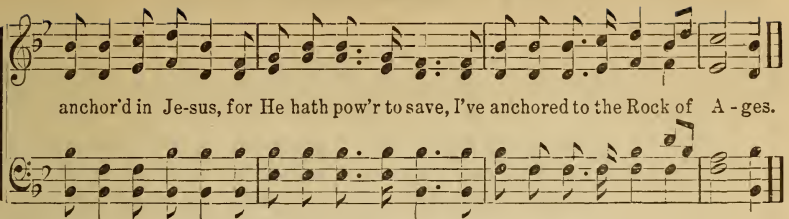
No. 98. I've Anchored in Jesus.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.



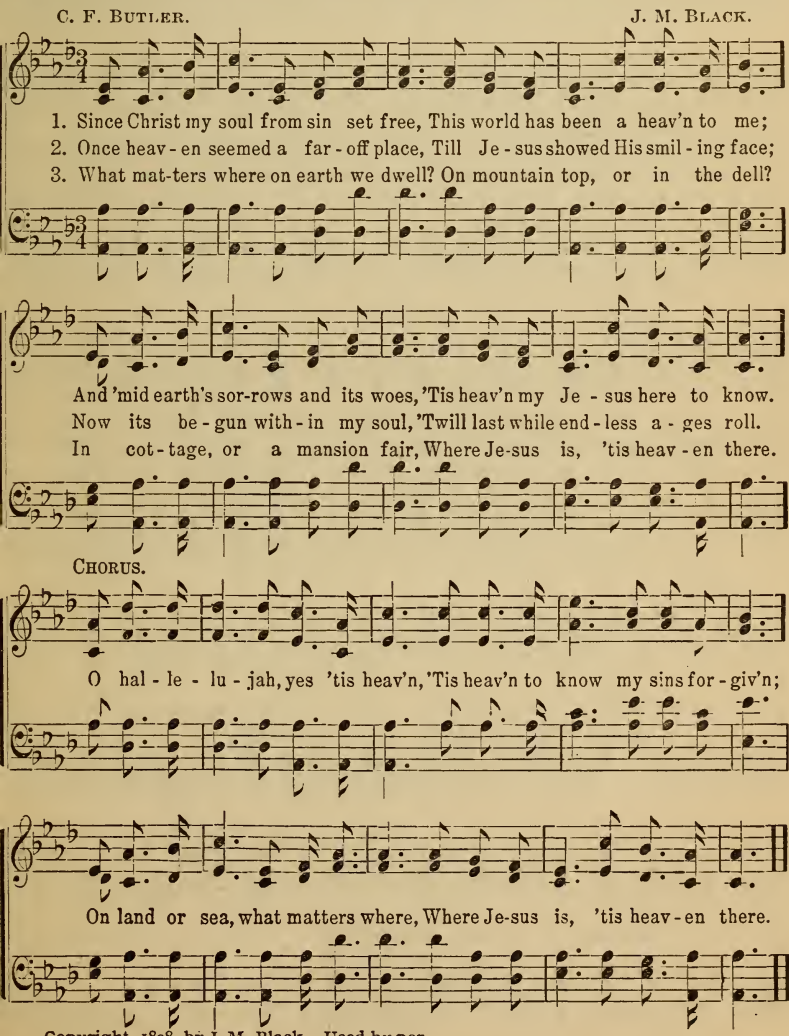
Copyright, 1901, by Hall-Mack Co.

I've Anchored in Jesus.



No. 99. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

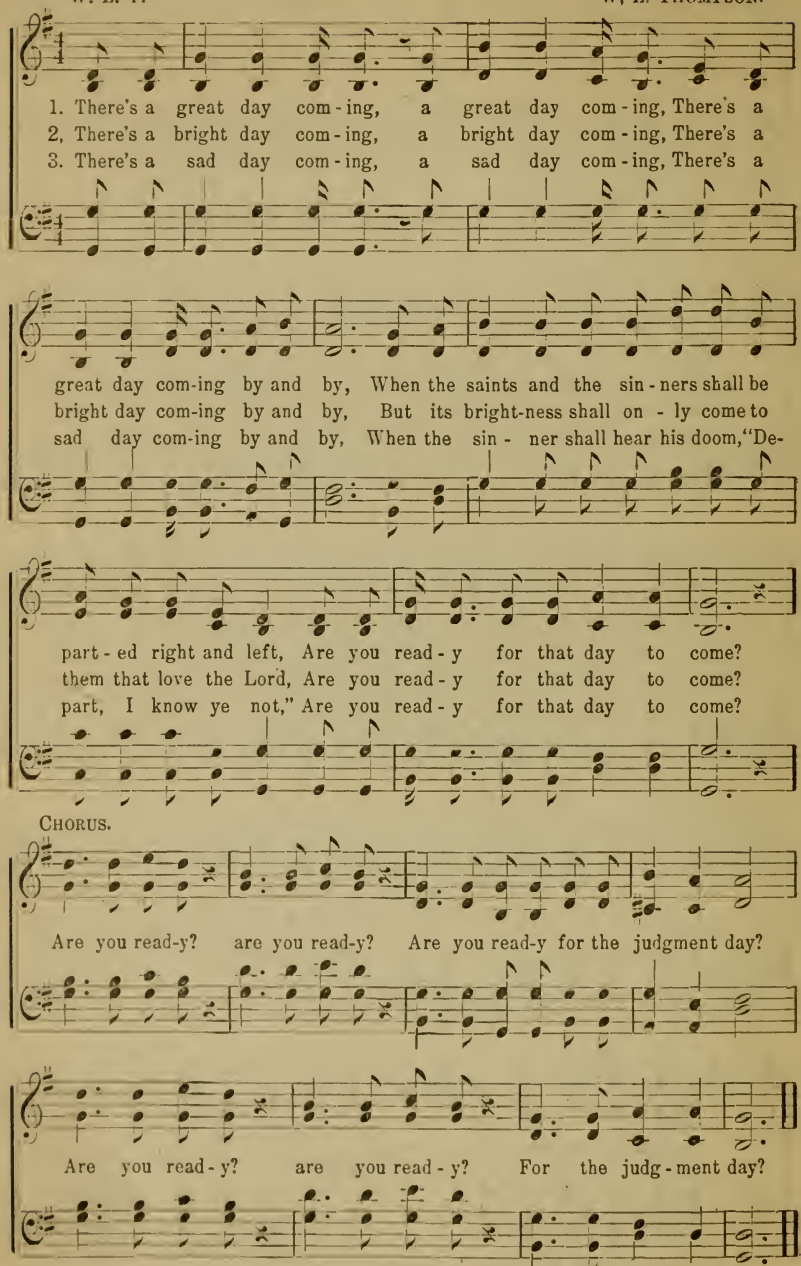
C. F. Butler. J. M. Black.



Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Black. Used by per.

No. 100. There's a Great Day Coming.

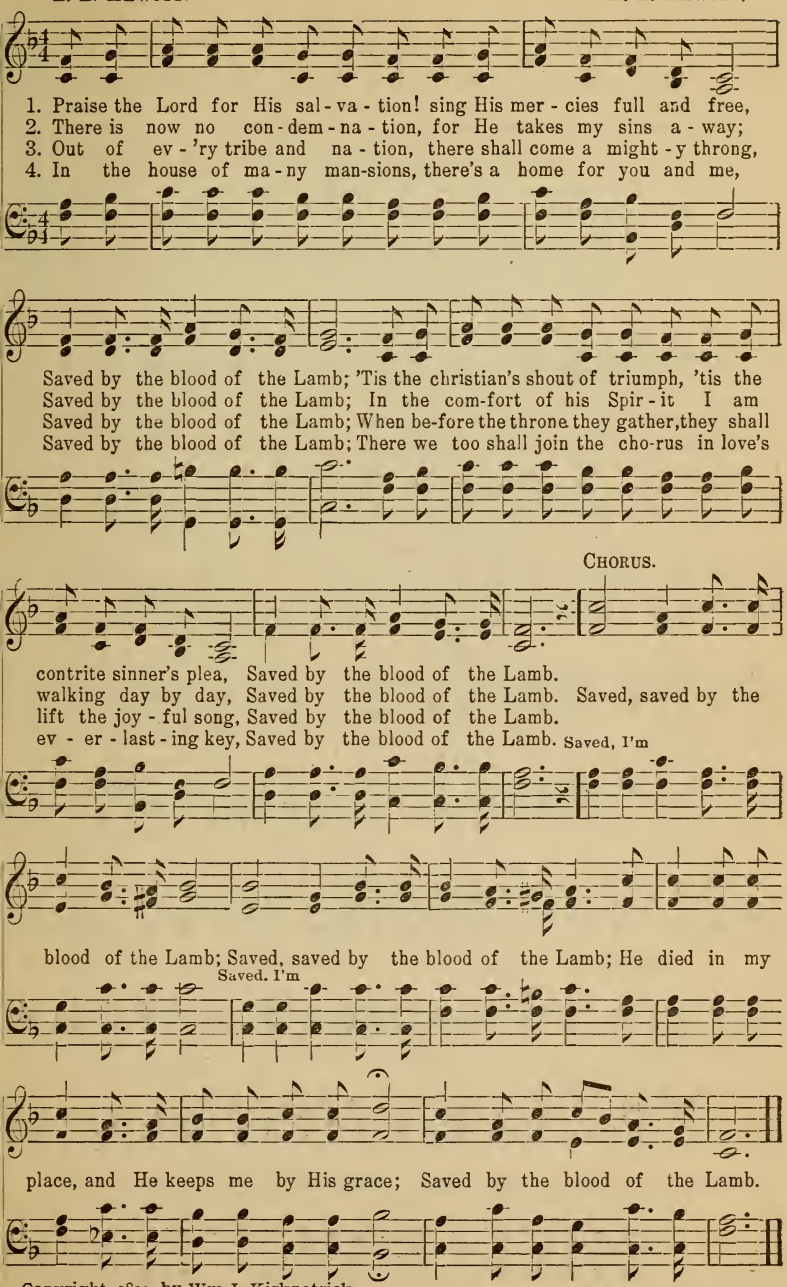
W. L. T. W, L. THOMPSON.



By permission of Will L. Thompson and Co., East Liverpool, Ohio.

No. 101. Saved by the Blood of the Lamb.

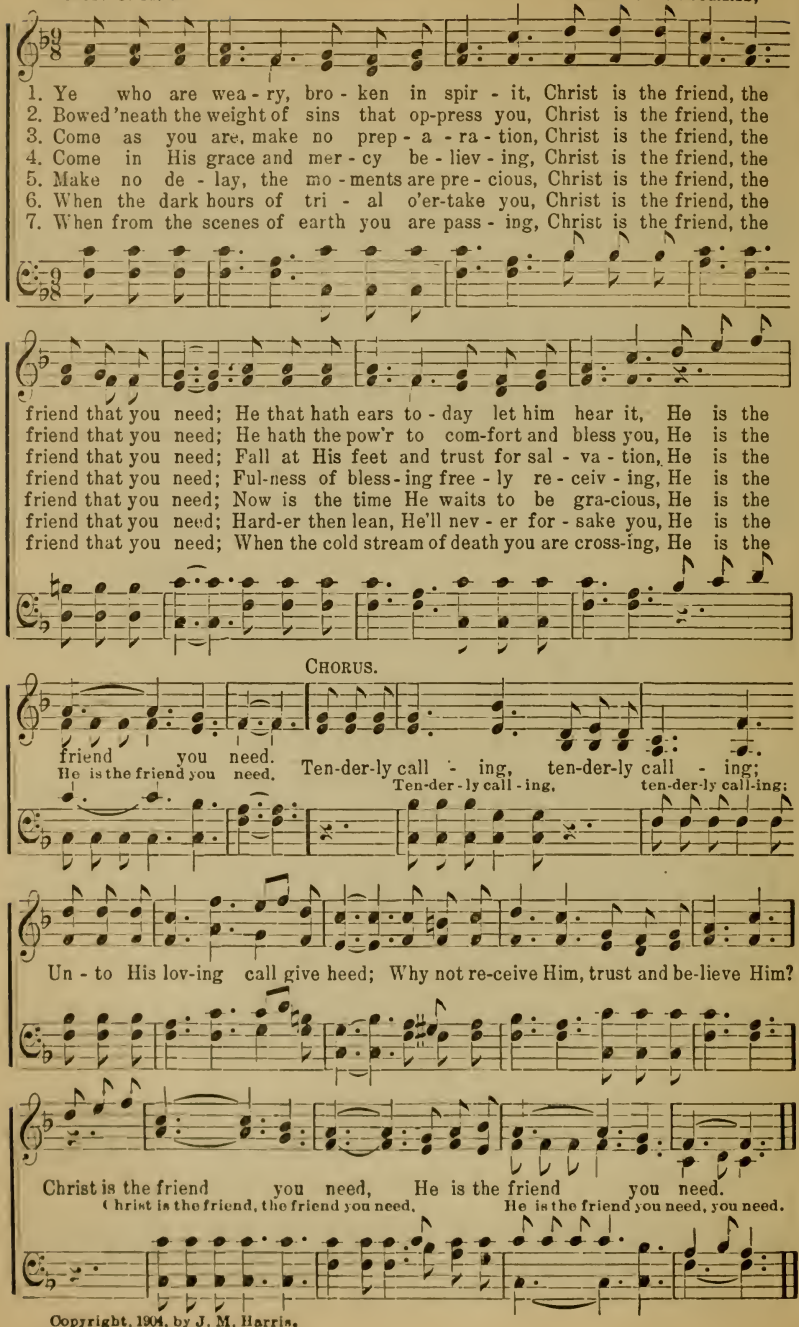
E. E. Hewitt. E. E. Hewitt.



Copyright, 1899, by Wm J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 102. The Friend You Need.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris,

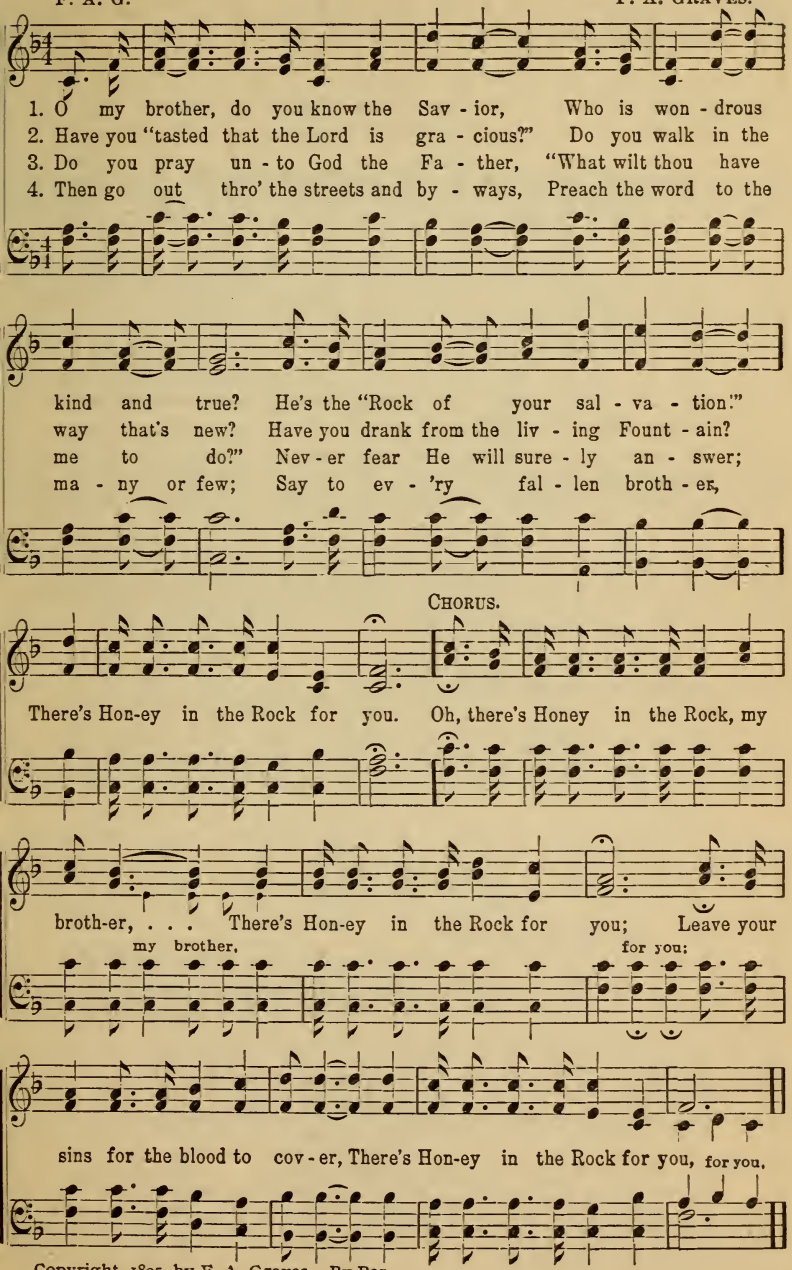


Copyright, 1904, by J. M. Harris.

No. 103. Honey In The Rock.

"And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."—Ps. 81: 16.

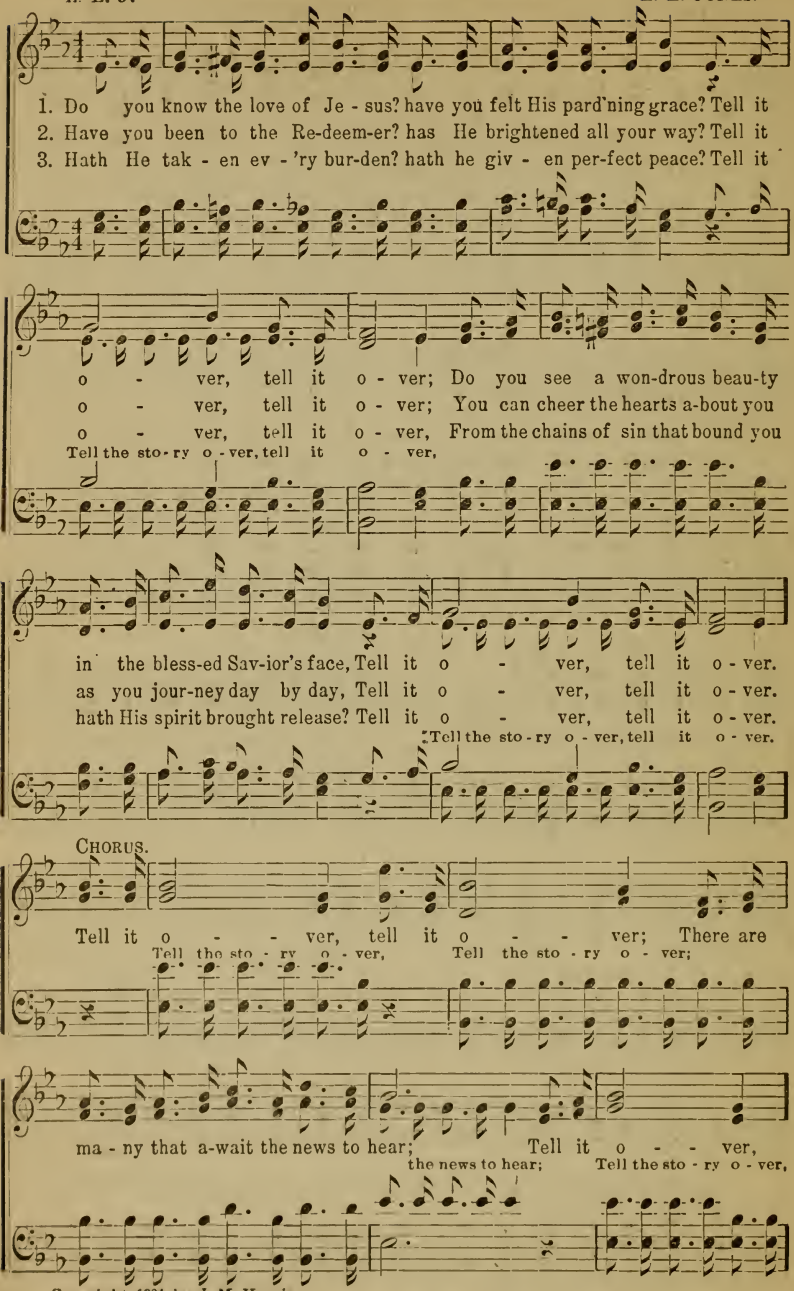
F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.



Copyright, 1895, by F. A. Graves. By Per.

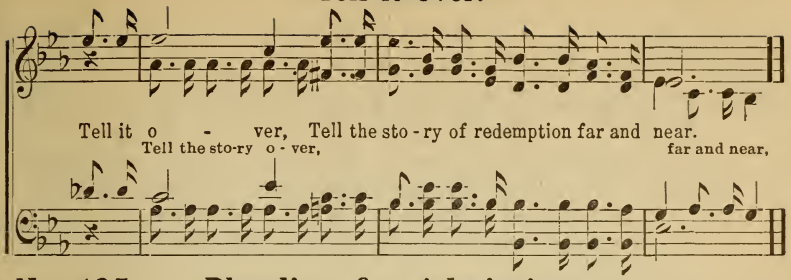
No. 104. Tell It Over.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.



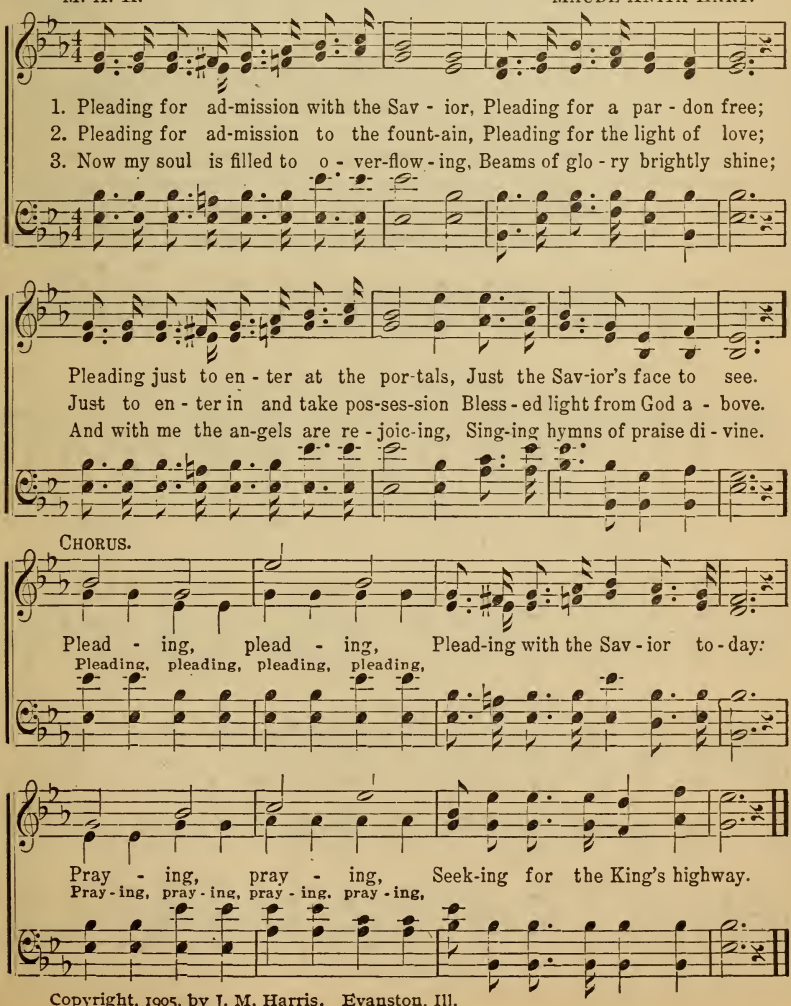
Copyright, 1904, by J. M. Harris.

Tell it Over.



No. 105. Pleading for Admission.

M. A. H. MAUDE ANITA HART.

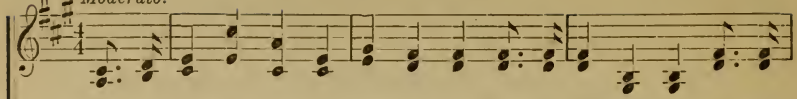


Copyright, 1905, by J. M. Harris. Evanston, Ill.

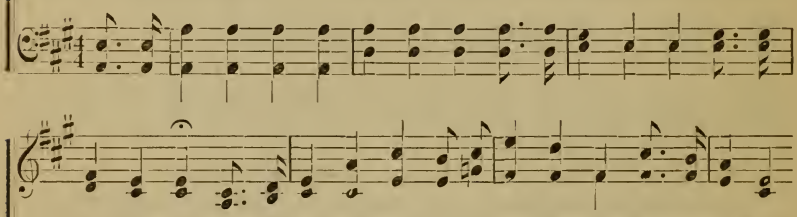
No. 106. Running Over.

E. E. H. "My cup runneth over." E. E. HEWITT.

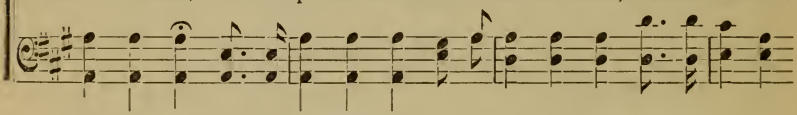
Moderato.



1. O, a glad-some song is mine to sing, For I took my cup to the
2. 'Twas a lit - tle cup I brought to Him, For my faith was small, and my
3. As I come a - new, from day to day, As I work and wait, as I
4. O, the won-ders of my Sav-ior's love! O, the rich sup - plies of my



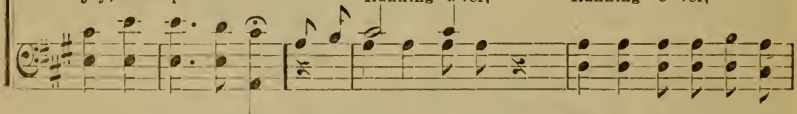
living Spring; From the riven Rock flows the fountain free, From the cross where
hopes were dim; Though it larg-er grows, as He fills it more; Still with grace di-
watch and pray; Still His blessings flow in ex-haust-less store, with His roy-al
home a-bove; For the promise-word is still "more and more," 'till with Heaven's



CHORUS.

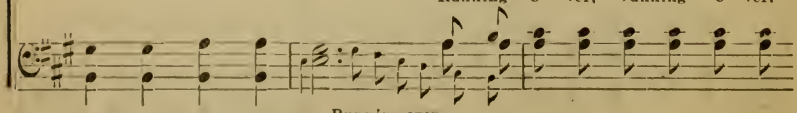
Je - sus died for me.
vine, 'tis running o'er. Run-ning o - ver, run-ning o - - ver, How His
gifts my cup runs o'er.
joy, the cup runs o'er.

Running o-ver, Running o-ver,



love my spir - it thrills! Running o - - - - - ver,

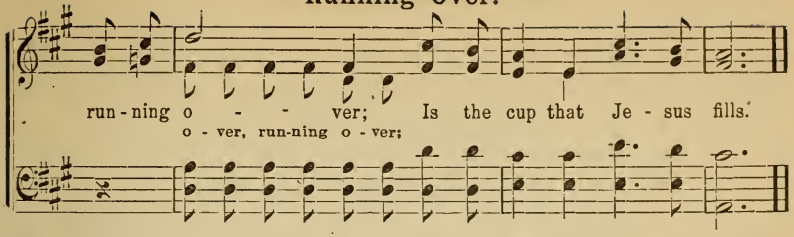
Running o - ver, running o - ver.



Running over,

Cypyright 1894, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

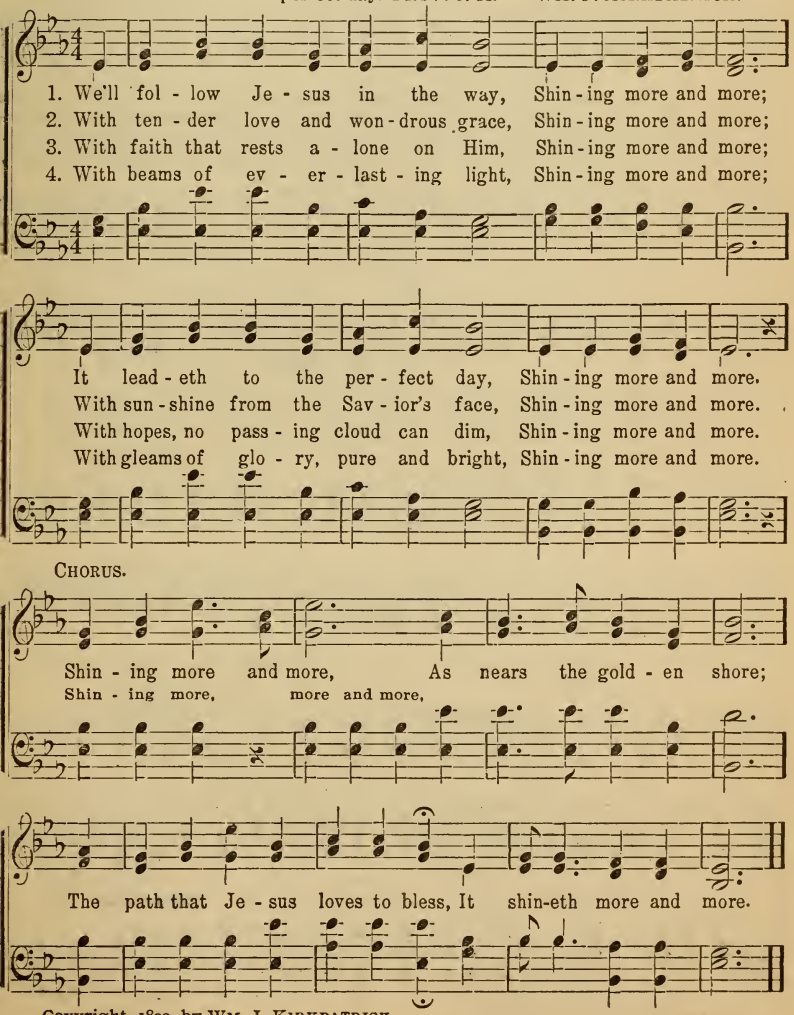
Running Over.



No. 107. Shining More and More.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. 4: 18.

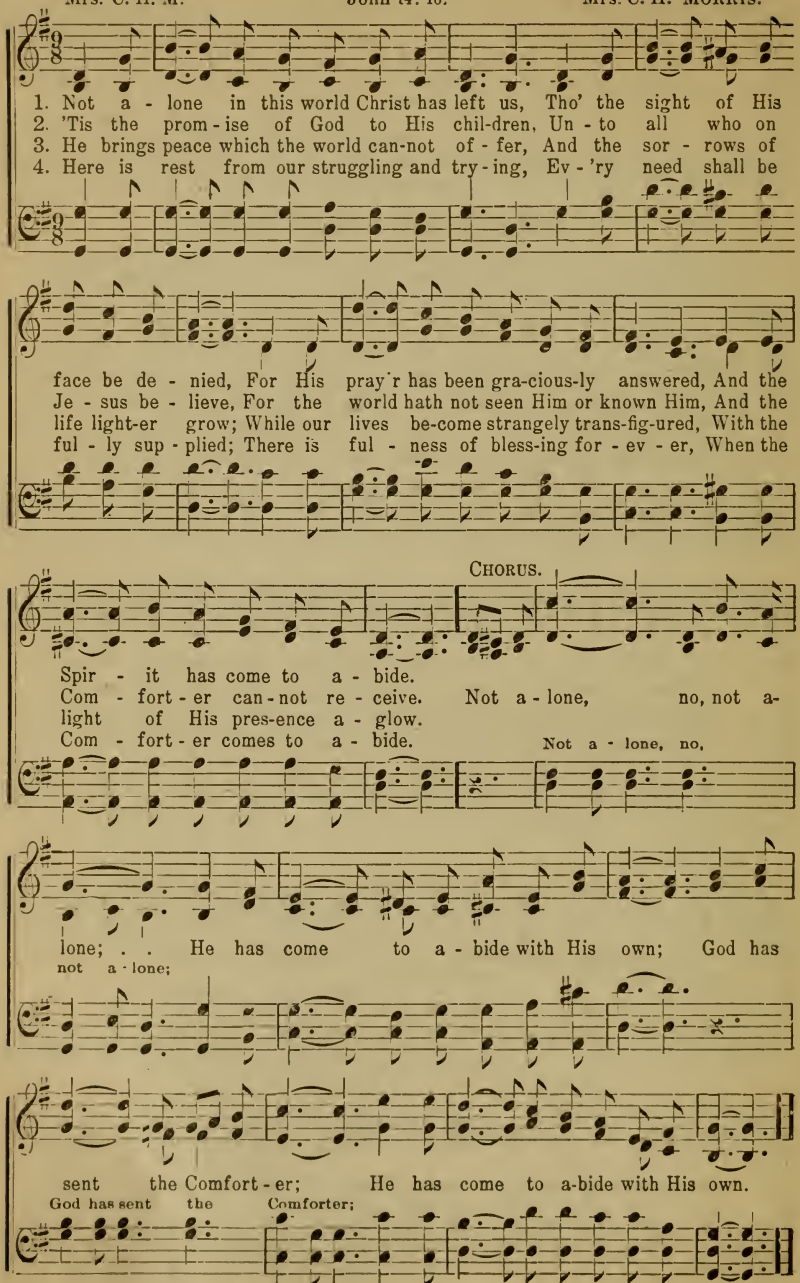
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 108. The Abiding Comforter.

Mrs. C. H. M. John 14: 16. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



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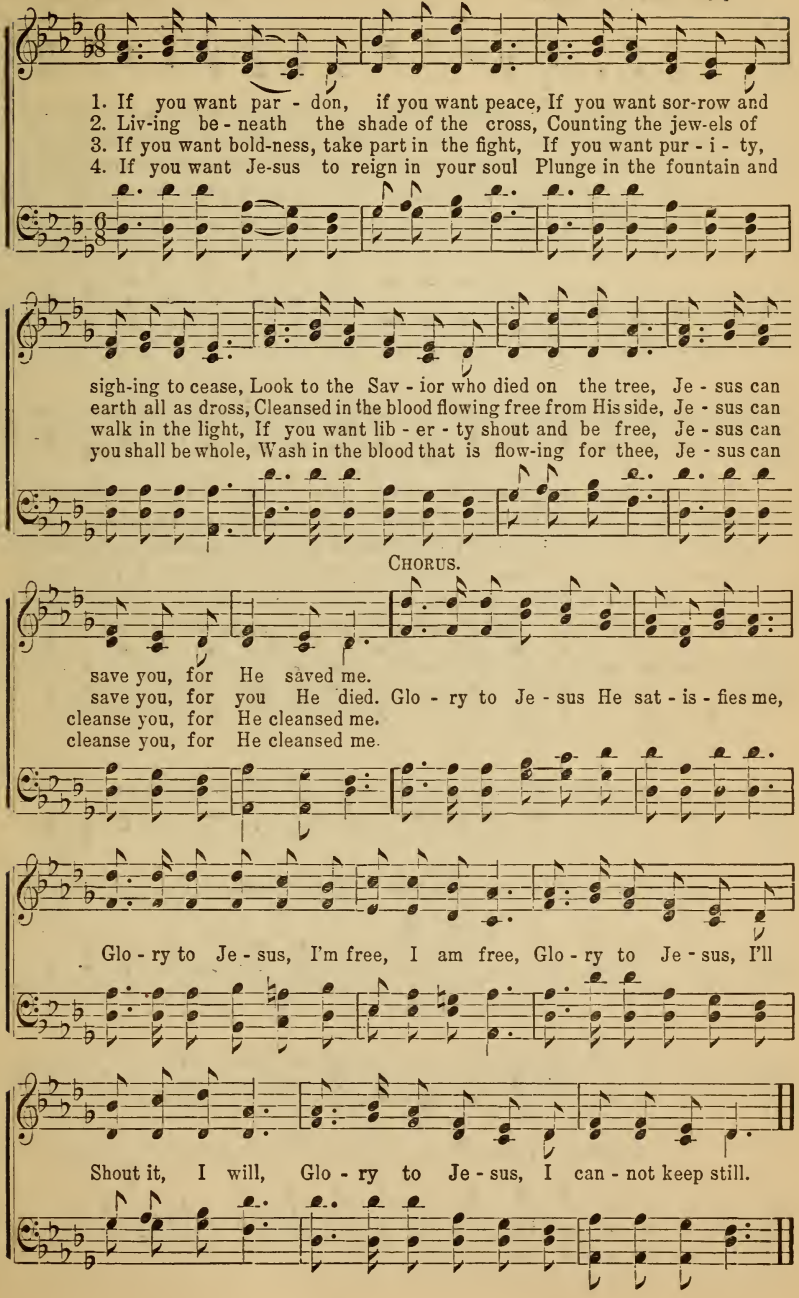
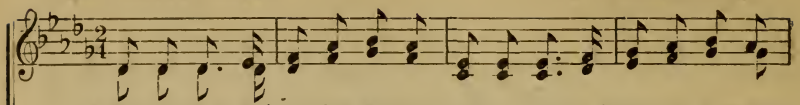
No. 109. Glory to Jesus.

A. F. M.. Arr. A. F. Myers. By per.

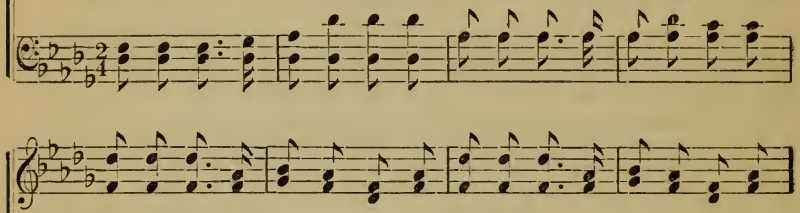


No. 110. Jesus Comes.

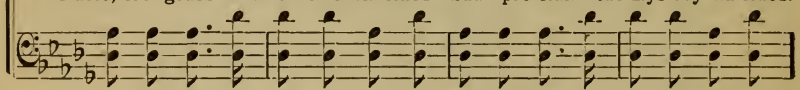
MRS. PHOEBE PALMER WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Watch ye saints with eye-lids waking, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shak-ing;
2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav-ior: Par-don'd sin and pur-chas'd fa vor,
3. King-doms at their base are crumbling, Hark, His chariot wheels are rumbling;
4. Nations wane,tho' proud and stately, Christ His King-dom hasteneth greatly;
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and lowly, Ju - dah's Li - on!—high and ho - ly;
6. Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in - ter - ced-ing;



Keep your Lamps all trimmed and burning, Rea-dy for your Lord's re-turn-ing.
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glo-ry; Haste to tell re-demp-tions sto-ry.
Tell, O, tell of grace a-bound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her lat - est pangs is sum-ming, Shout,ye saints, your Lord is coming.
Lo! the bride comes forth to meet Thee, All in blood-wash'd robes to greet Thee.
Haste, ere grace and time di-min-ished Shall pro-claim the mys-t'ry fin-ished.



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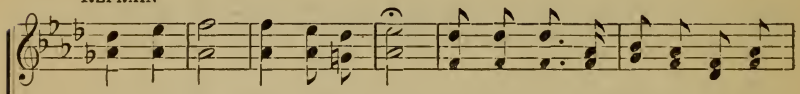
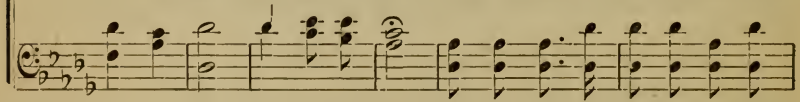
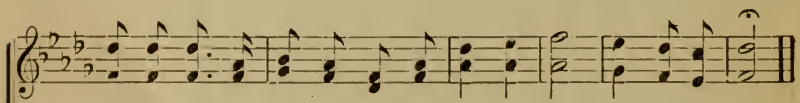
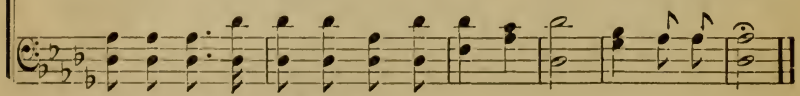


Lo! He comes, lo! Je - sus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all glorious!





Je - sus comes to reign vic - to - rious, Lo! He comes, yes, Je - sus comes.



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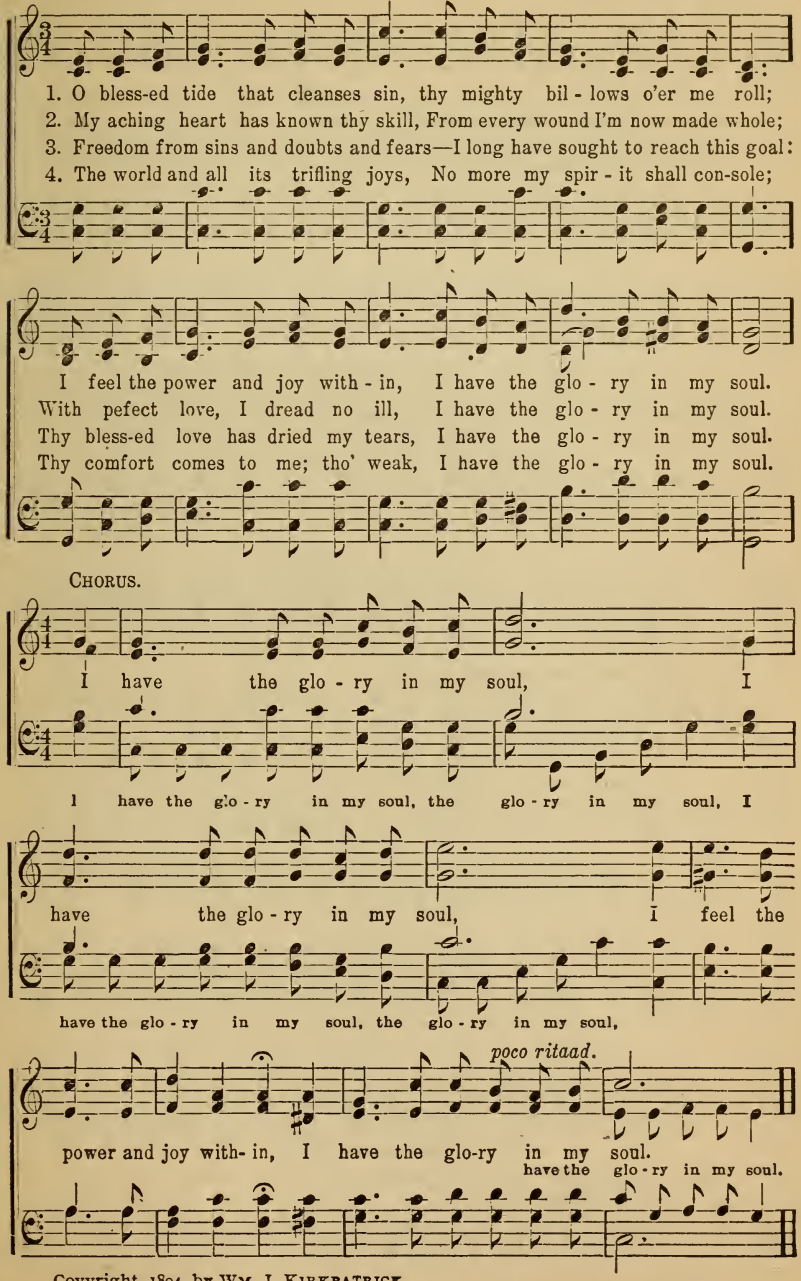
No. 111. I Have the Glory in My Soul.

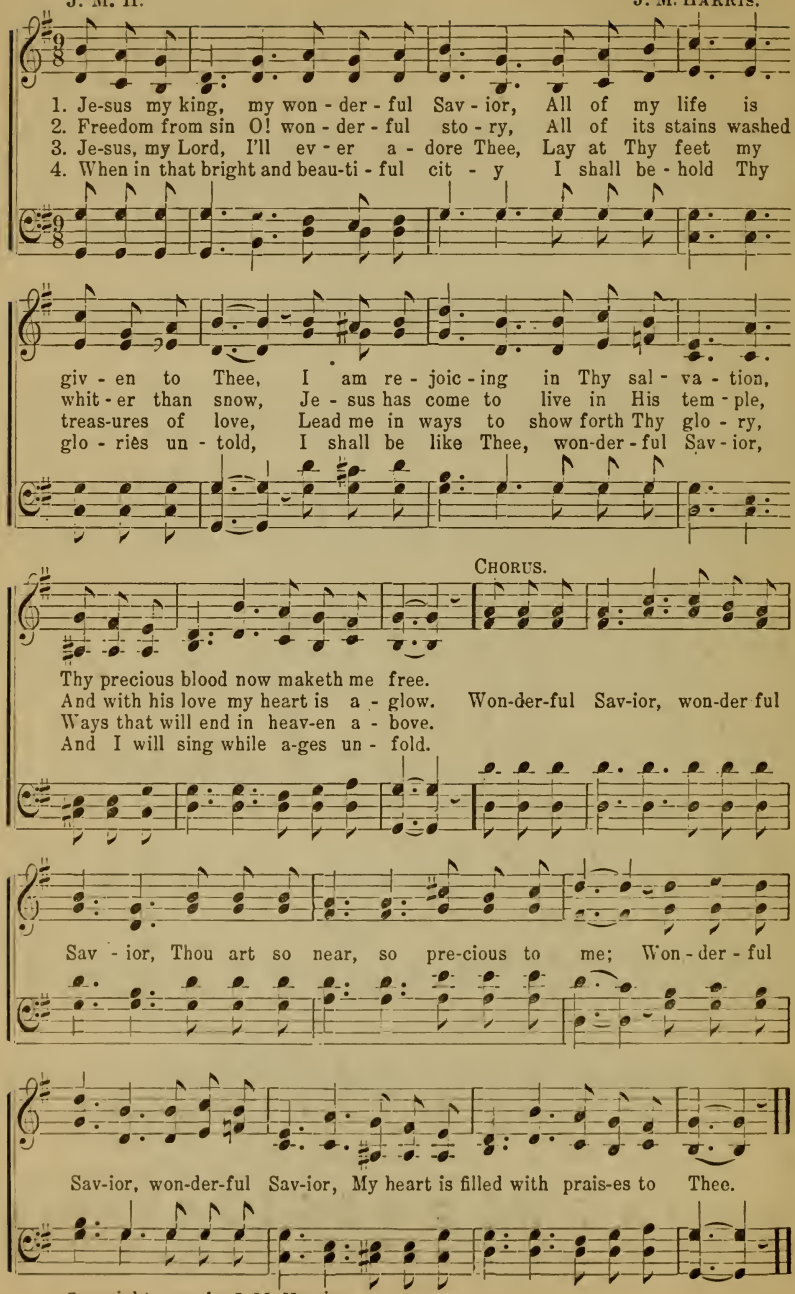
REV. GEO. A. McLAUGHLIN. Re-arranged WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Coyyright, 1894, by WM, J, KIRKPATRICK,

No. 112. Wonderful Savior.

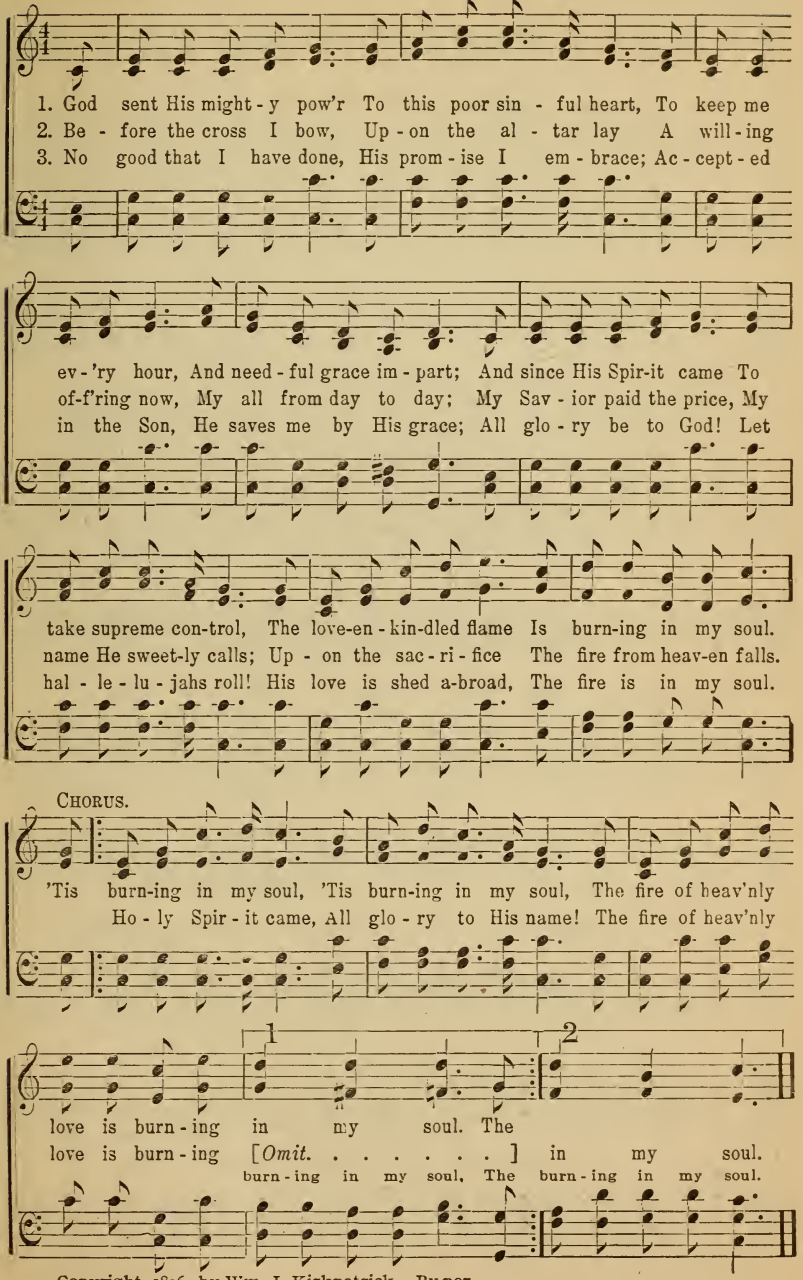
J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.



Copyright, 1905, by J. M. Harris.

No. 113. 'Tis Burning In My Soul.

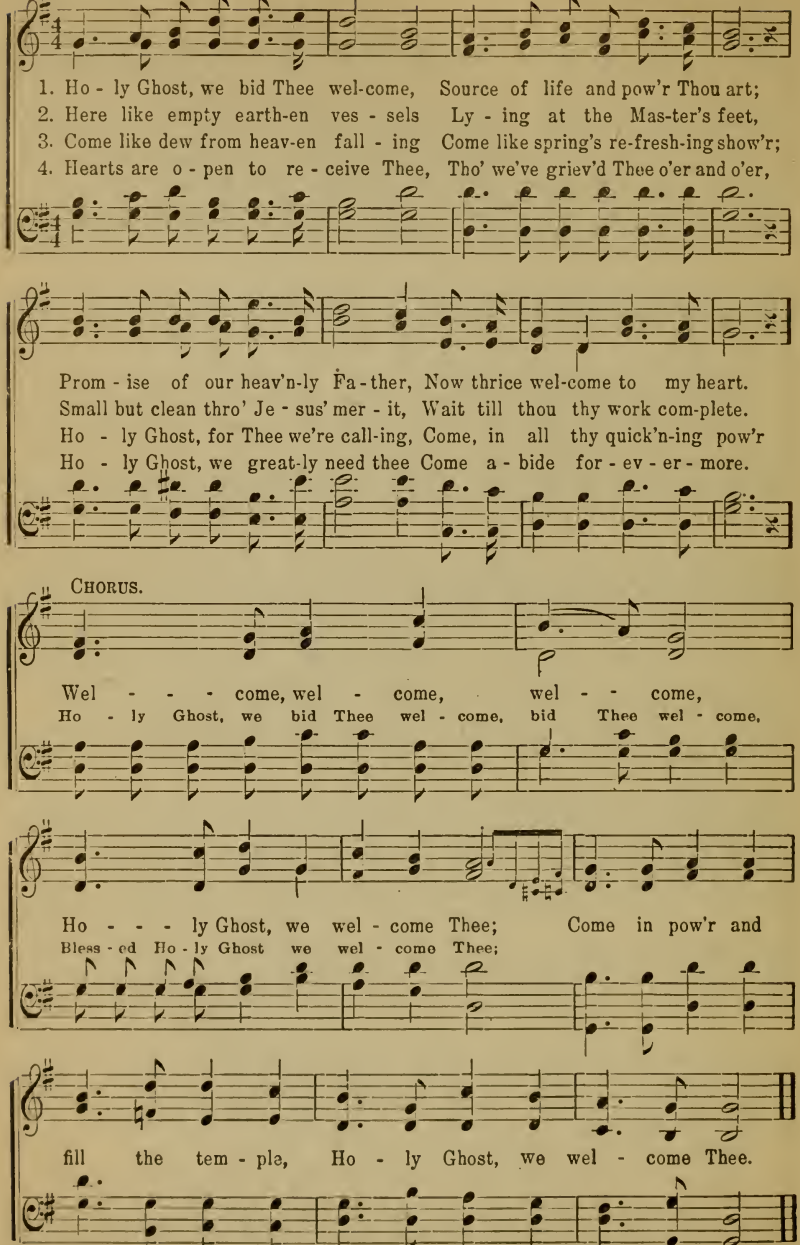
DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 114 Holy Ghost, We Bid Thee Welcome.

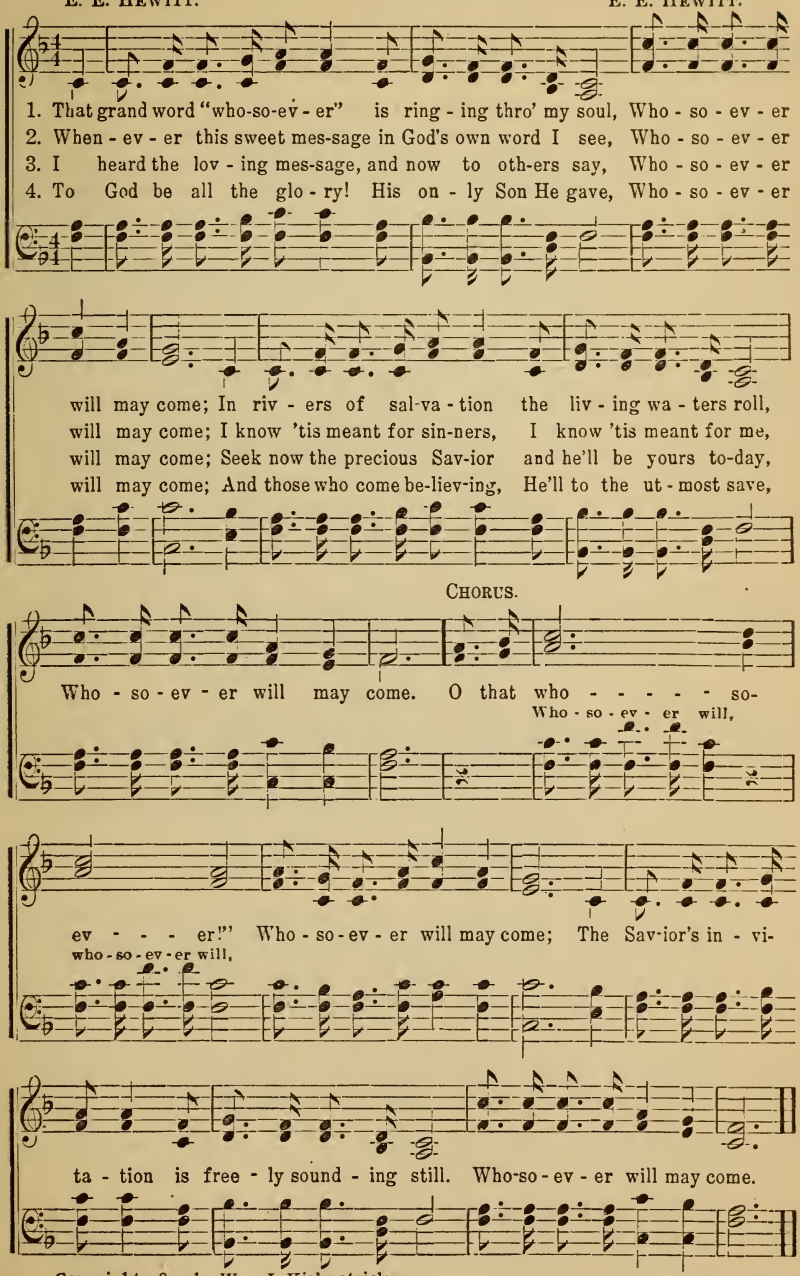
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

No. 115 That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. Hewitt. E. E. Hewitt.



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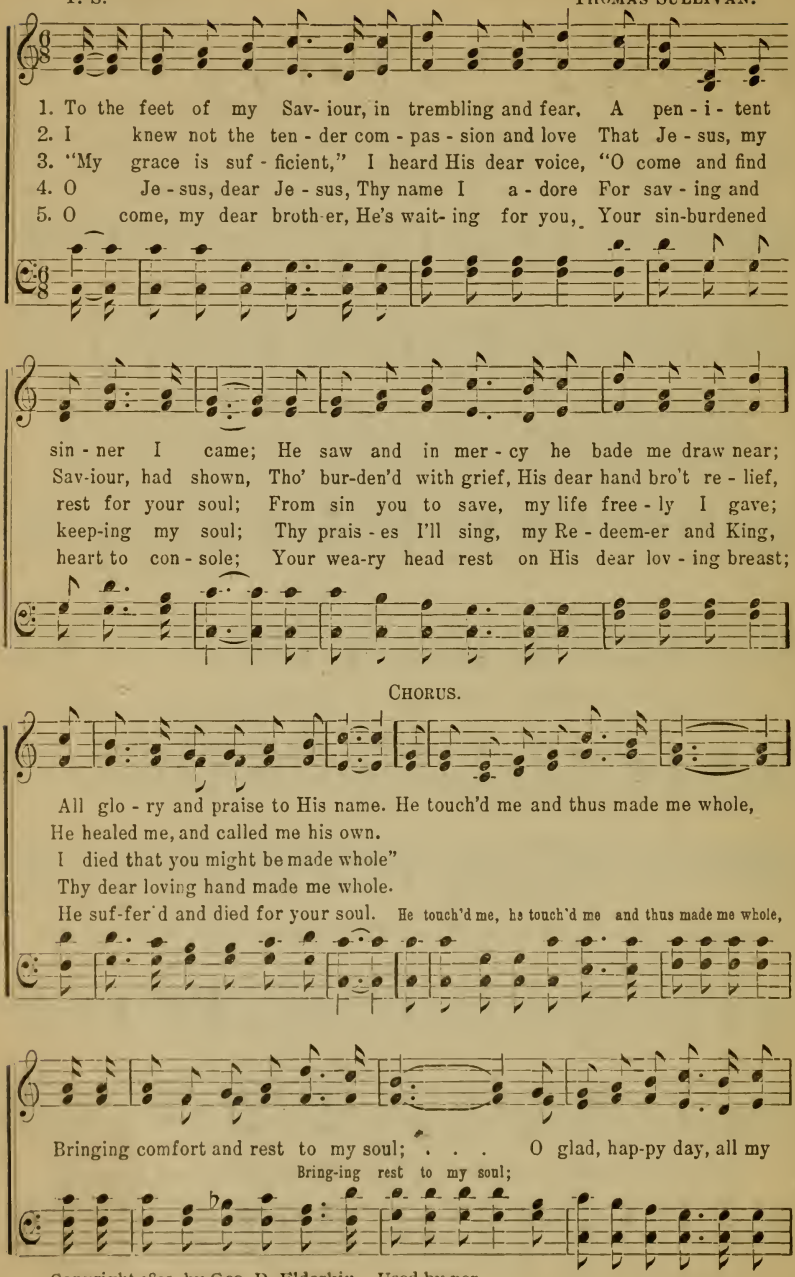
No. 116. He Touched Me and Made Me Whole.

T. S. THOMAS SULLIVAN.



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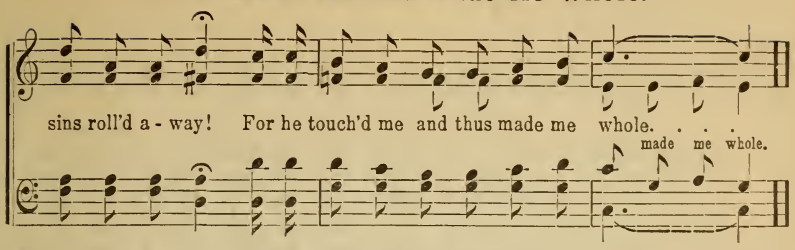
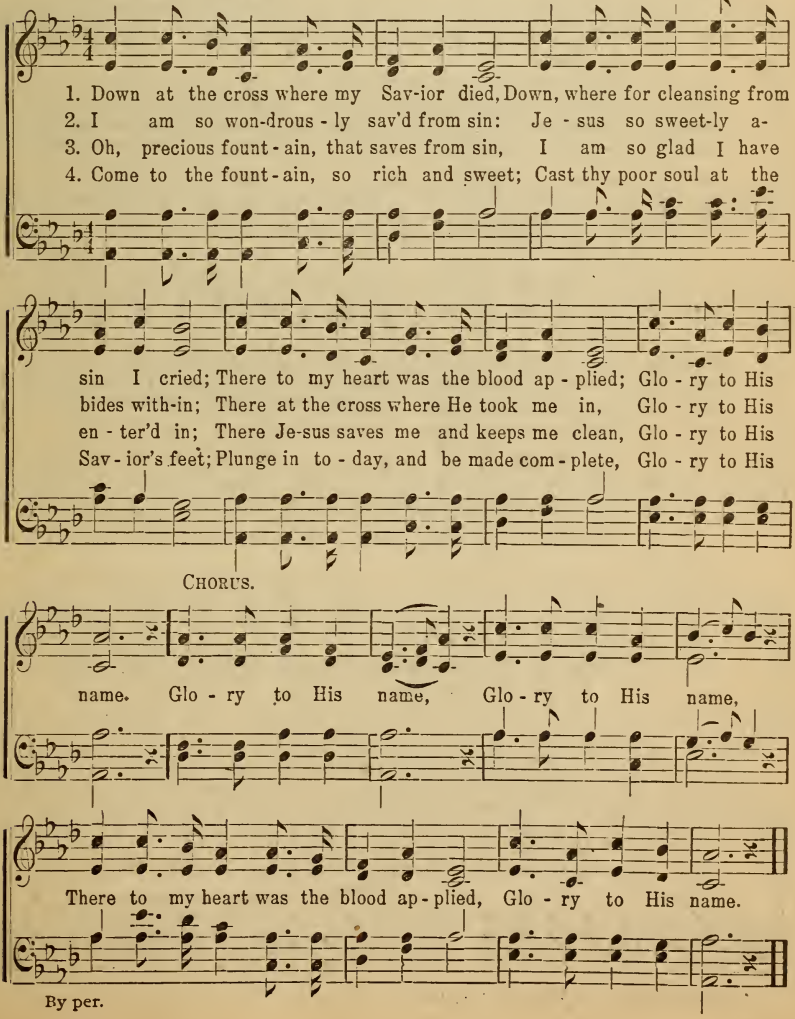
He Touched Me and Made Me Whole.



No. 117. Glory to His Name.

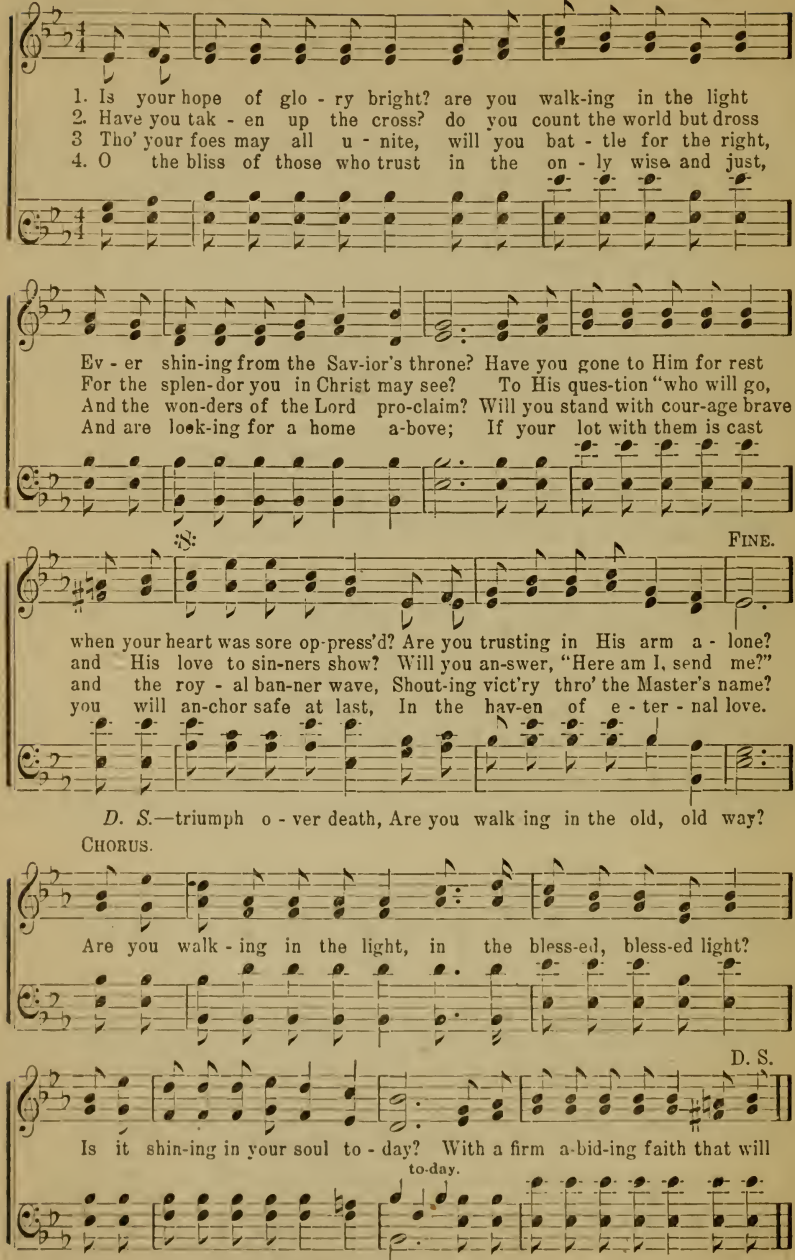
Rev. ELISHA HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



By per.

No. 118 The Old, Old Way.

FANNY J. CROSBY, CHAS. BENTLEY.



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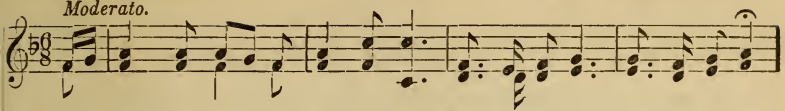
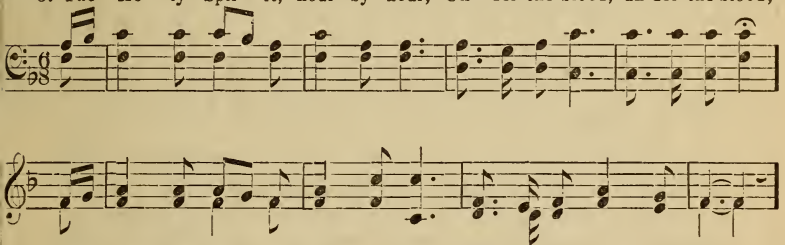
No. 119. Under the Blood.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

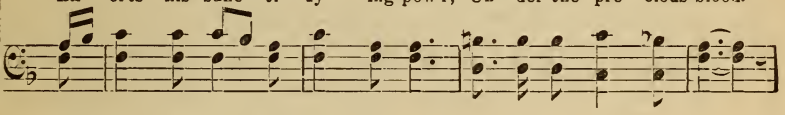
Moderato.



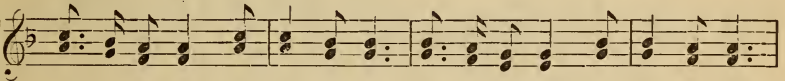
1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un - der the blood, un-der the blood;
2. The sin - ner's ref - uge here a - lone, Un - der the blood, un-der the blood;
3. Lord, with Thy-self my spir - it fill, Un - der the blood, un-der the blood;
4. Sweet peace a - bides with - in the heart, Un - der the blood, un-der the blood;
5. The Ho - ly Spir - it, hour by hour, Un - der the blood, un-der the blood;



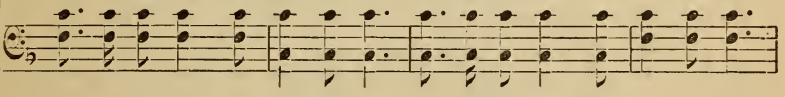
Take doubt and fear and sin a - way, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
Here Je - sus makes sal - va - tion known, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
And work in me to do Thy will, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
And gifts di - vine their joy im - part, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
Ex - erts his sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r, Un - der the pre - cious blood.

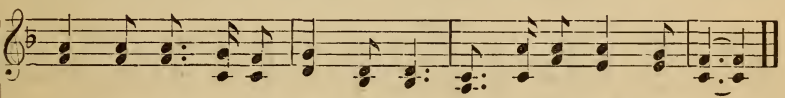


Chorus.

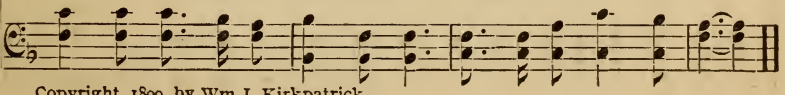


Un-der the blood, the pre-cious blood, Un - der the cleansing, heal-ing flood;





Keep me, Sav - ior, from day to day, Un - der the pre - cious blood.



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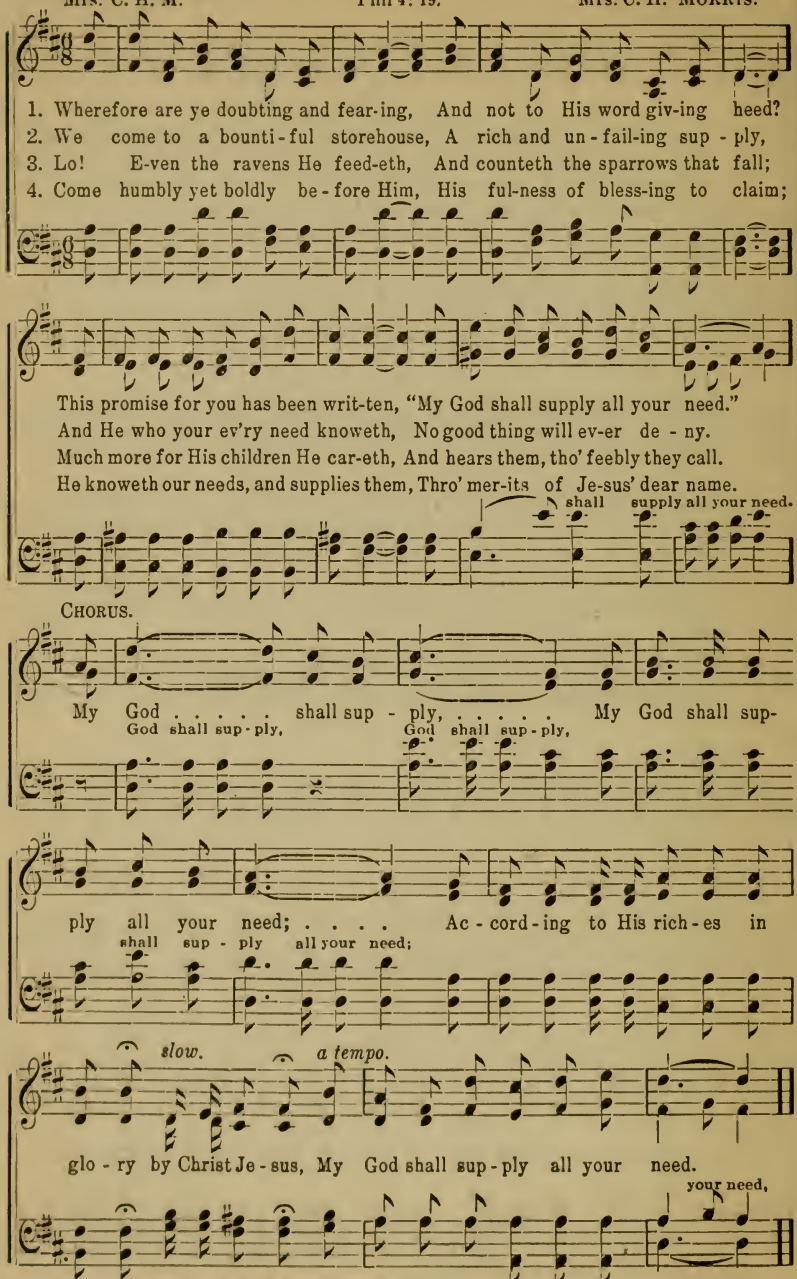
No. 120. "My God Shall Supply Your Need."

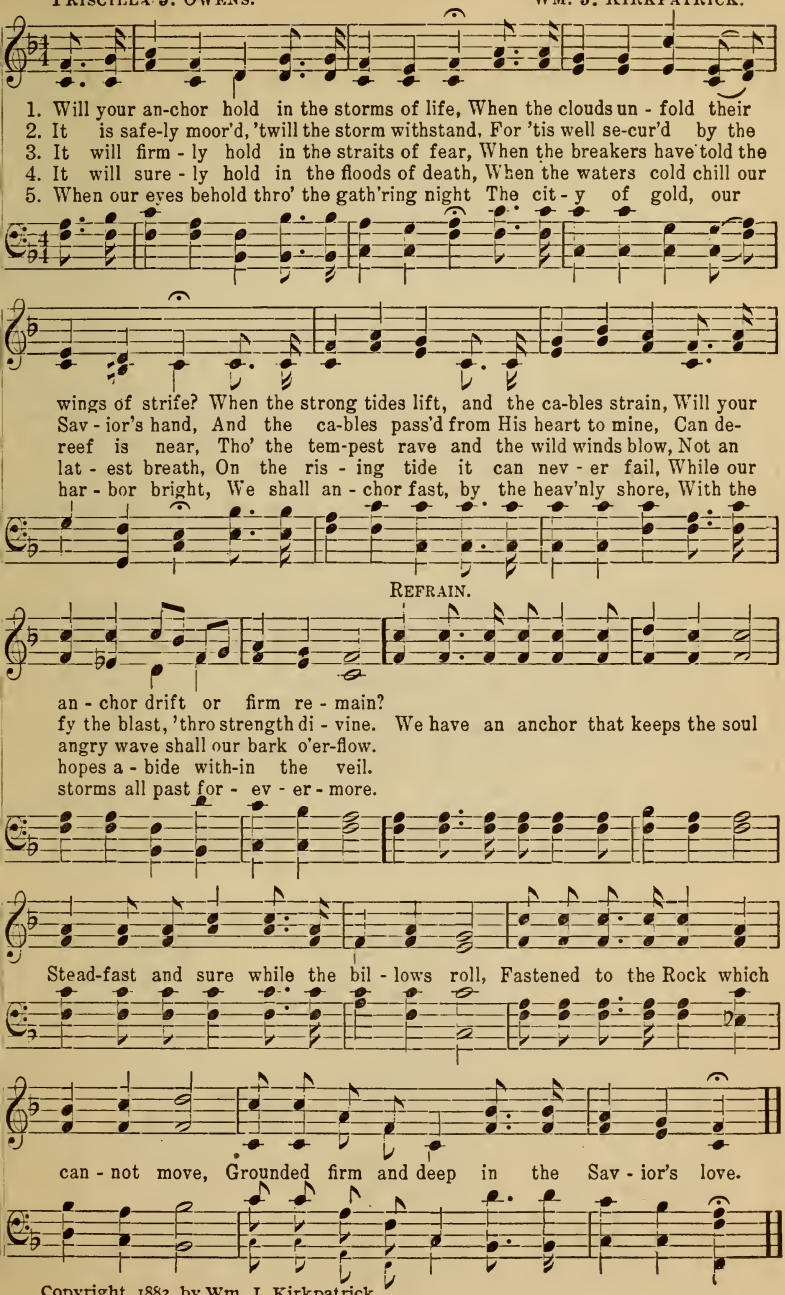
Mrs. C. H. M. Phil 4: 19. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Harris, Evanston, Ill.

No. 121. We Have an Anchor.

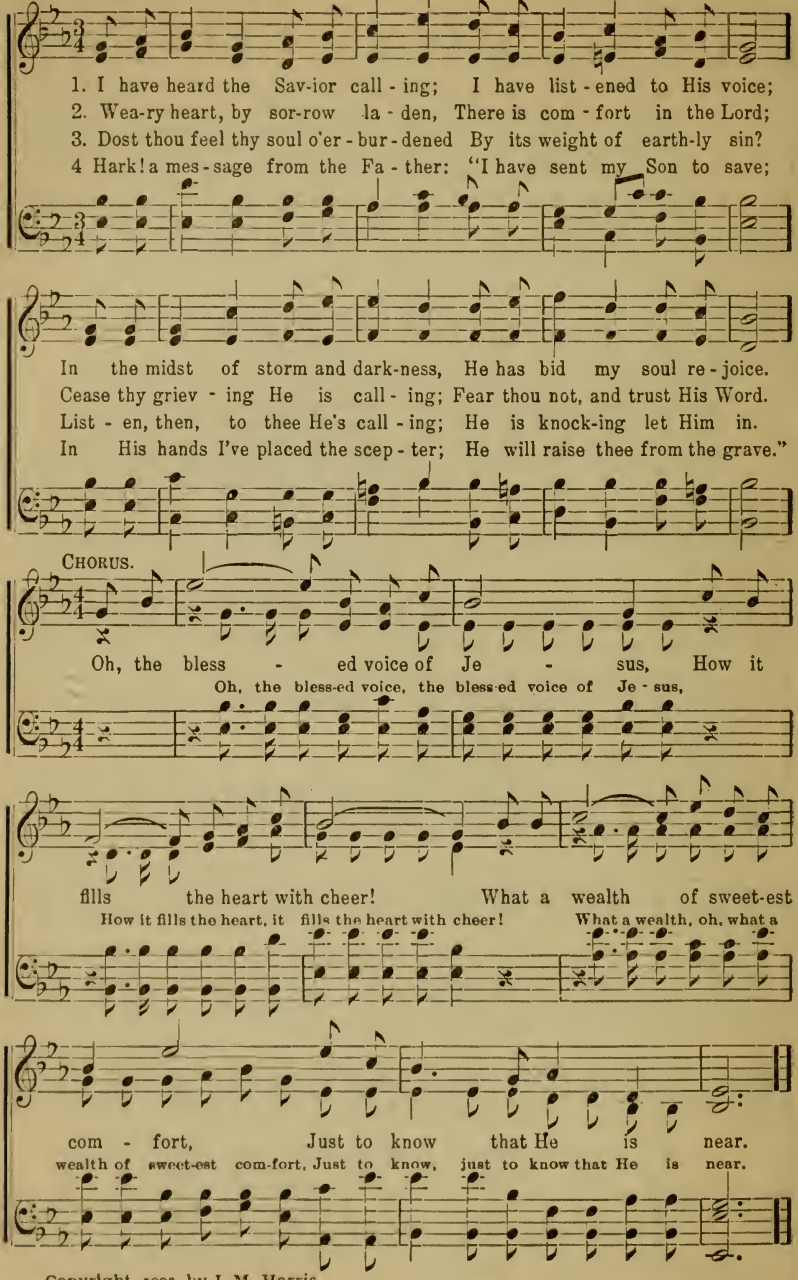
PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1882, by Wm, J, Kirkpatrick.

No. 122. The Voice of Jesus.

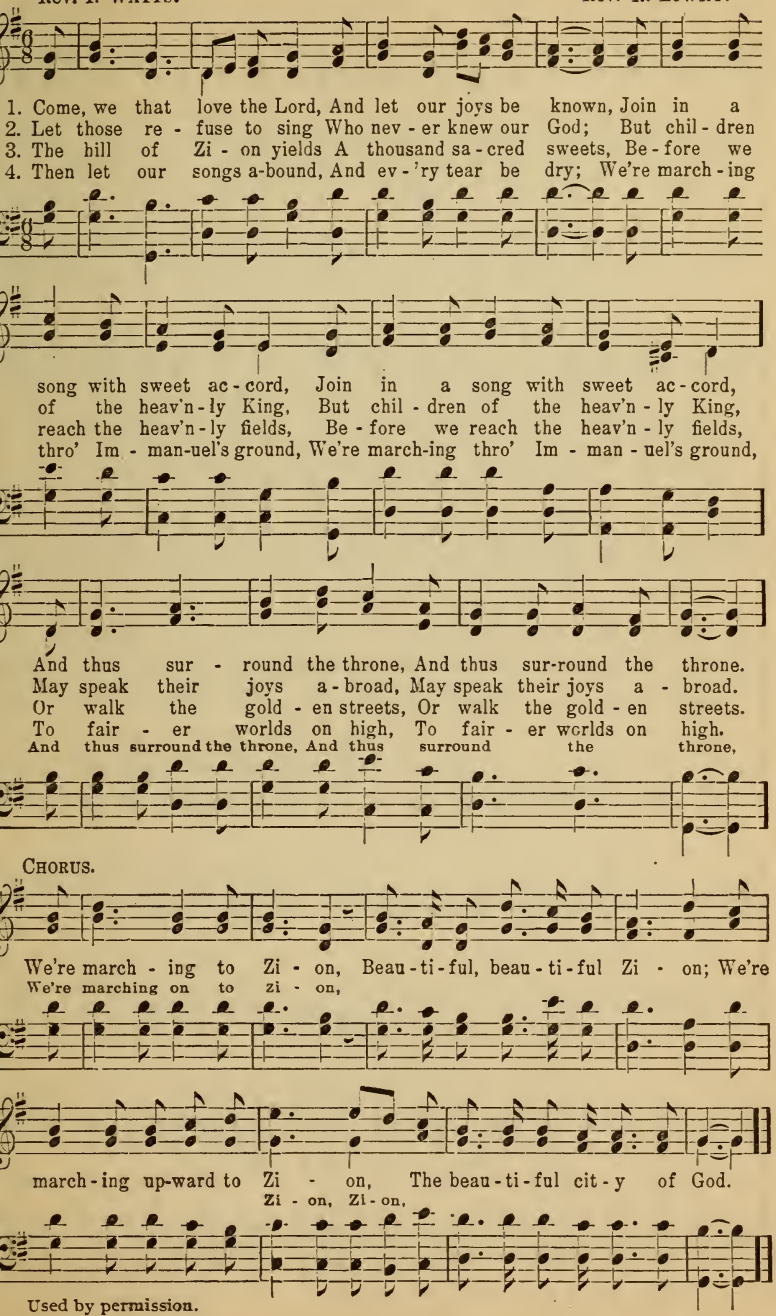
Dr. M. Victor Staley. Mrs. M. J. Harris.



Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Harris.

No. 123. We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. Watts. Rev. R. Lowry.



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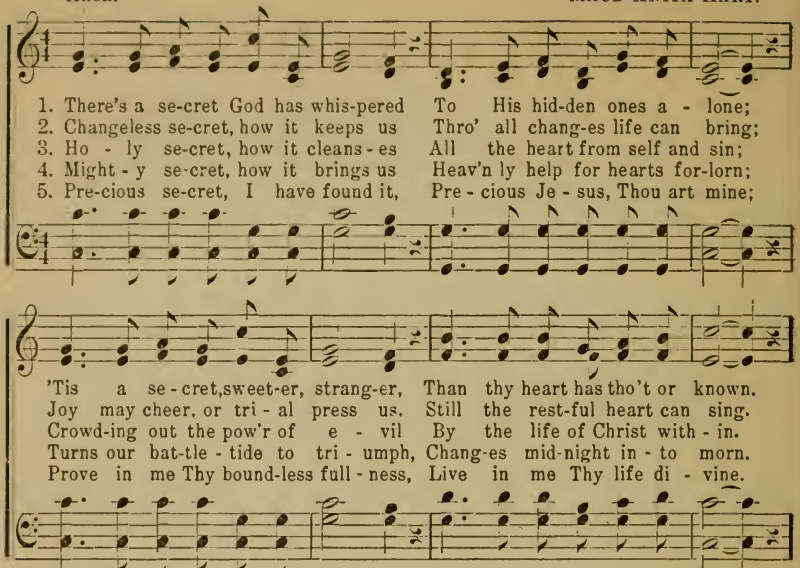
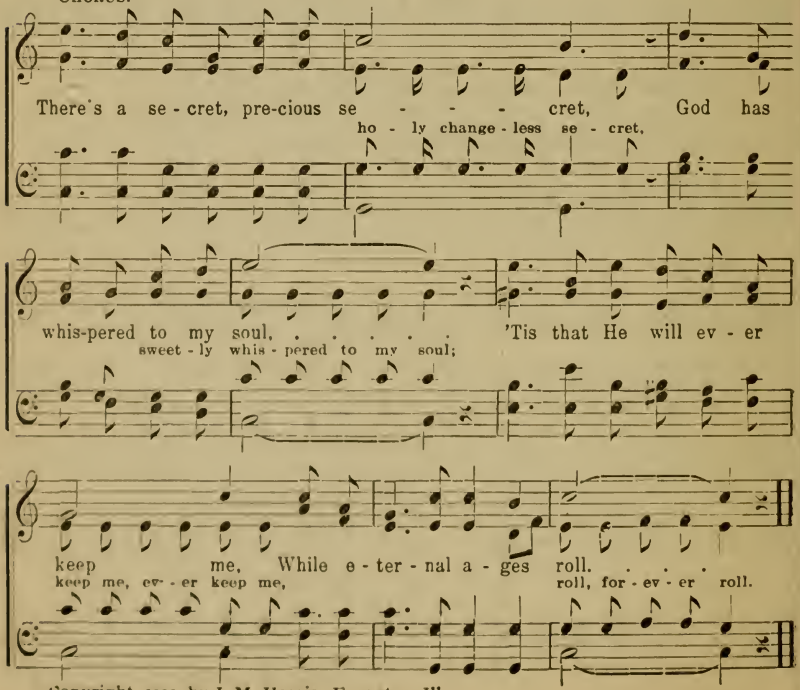
No. 124. The Secret of the Lord.

Anon. MAUD ANITA HART.



CHORUS.

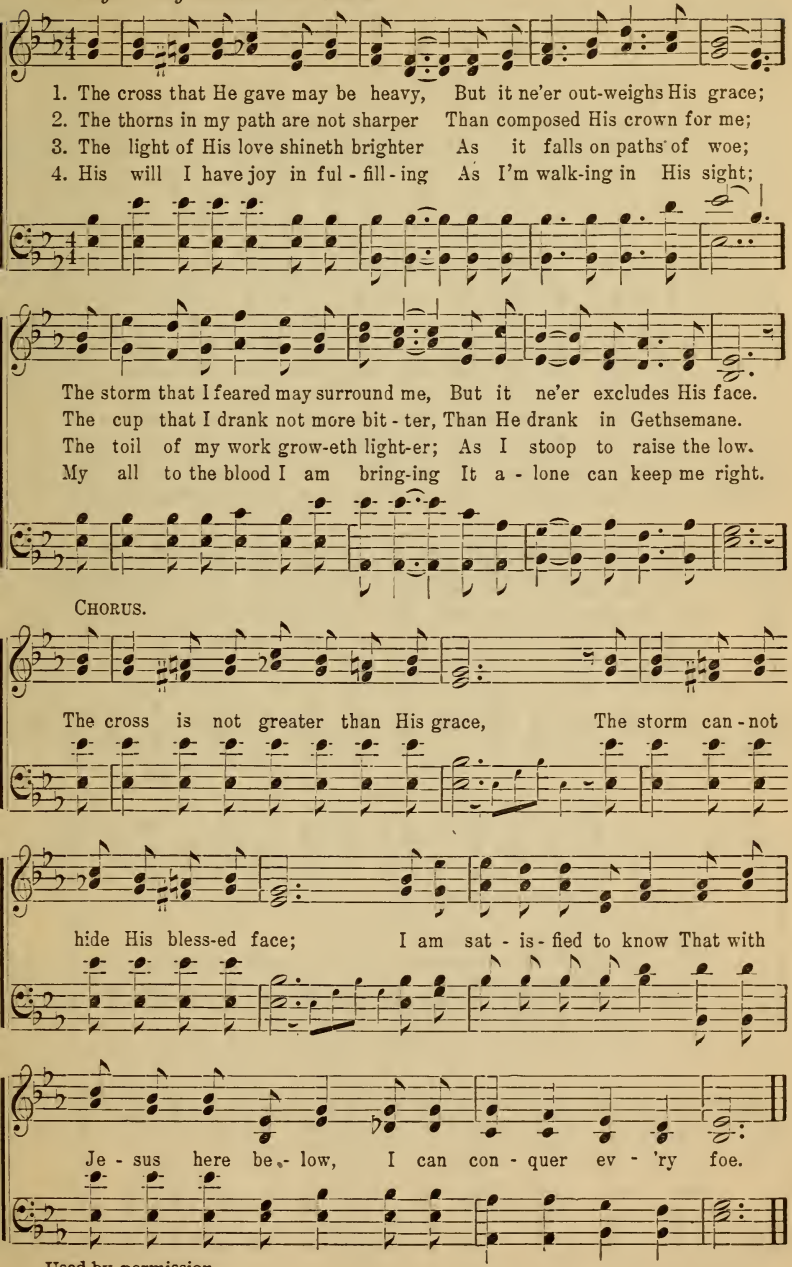


Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Harris. Evanston, Ill.

No. 125. The Cross is Not Greater.

COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH. Arr. by W. J. K.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.



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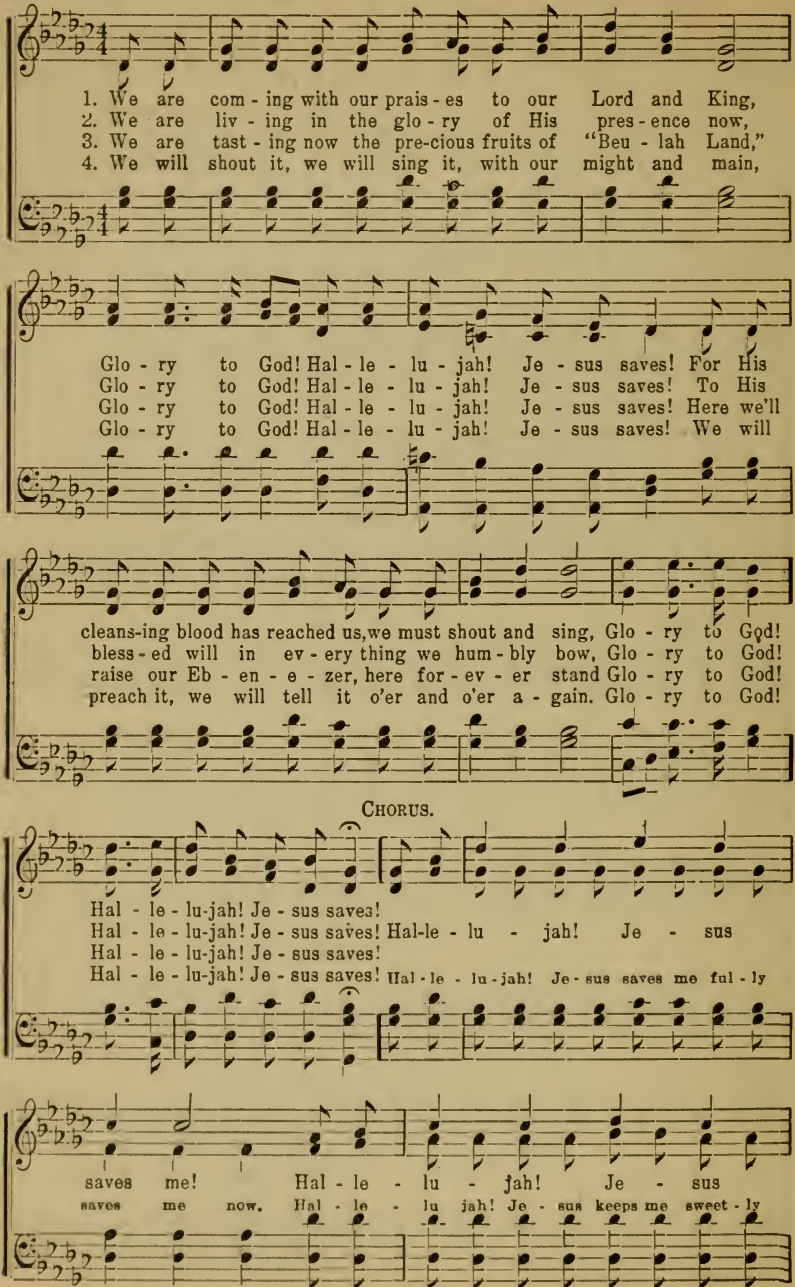
No. 126. Hallelujah! Jesus Saves Me.

F. E. HILL. F. E. HILL.



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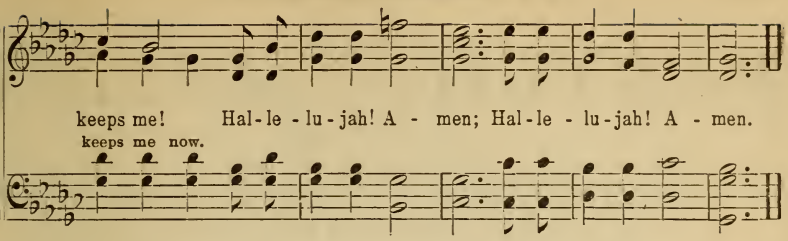
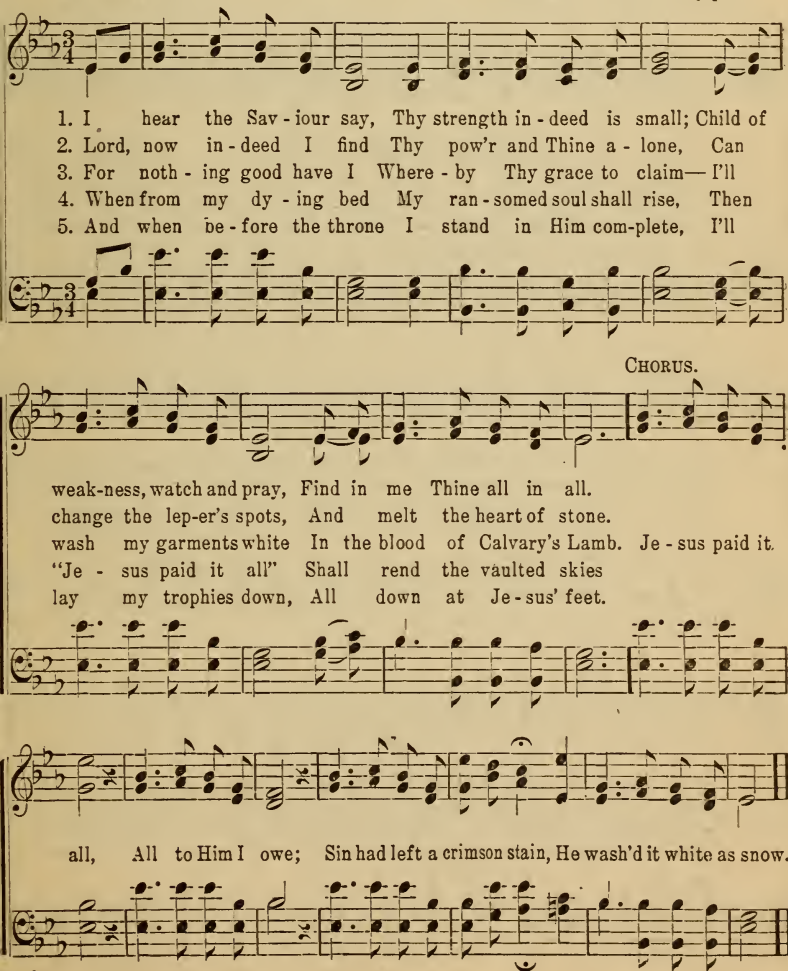
Hallelujah! Jesus Saves Me.



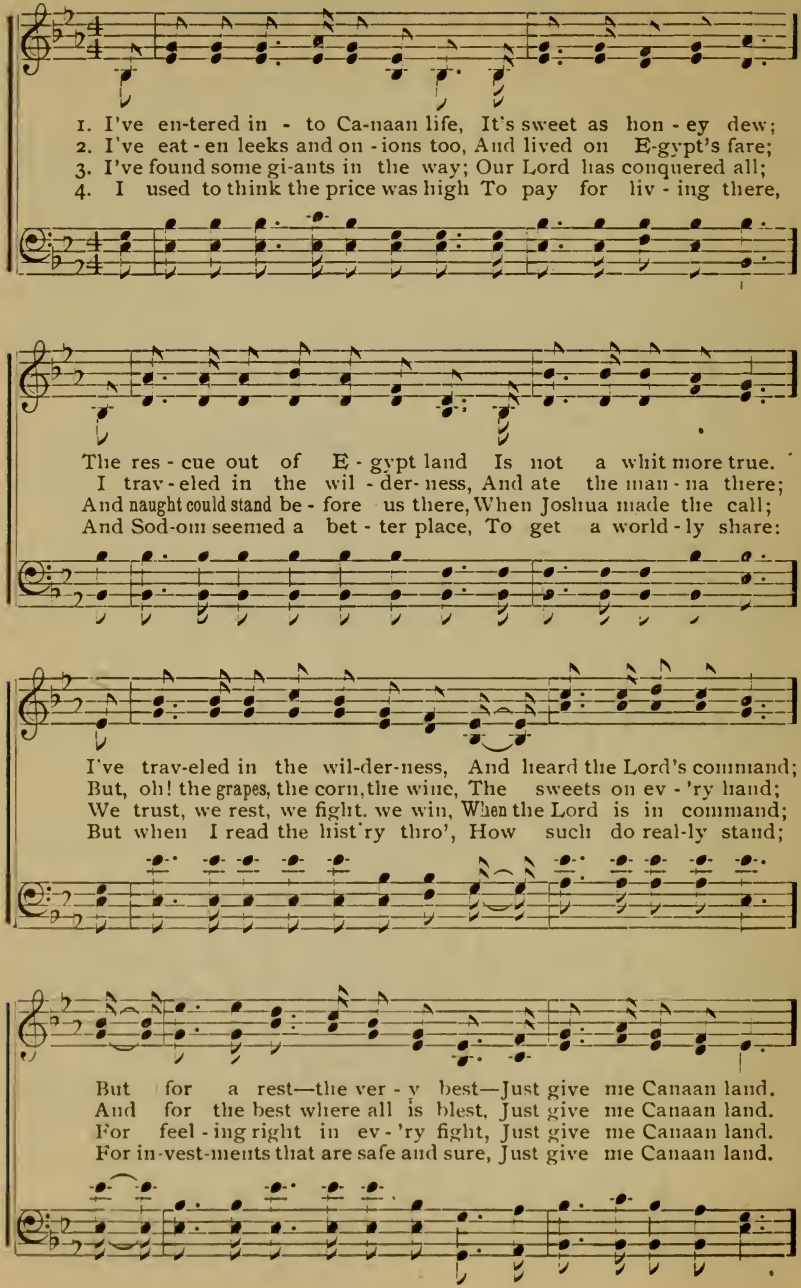
No. 127. All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape. By per.

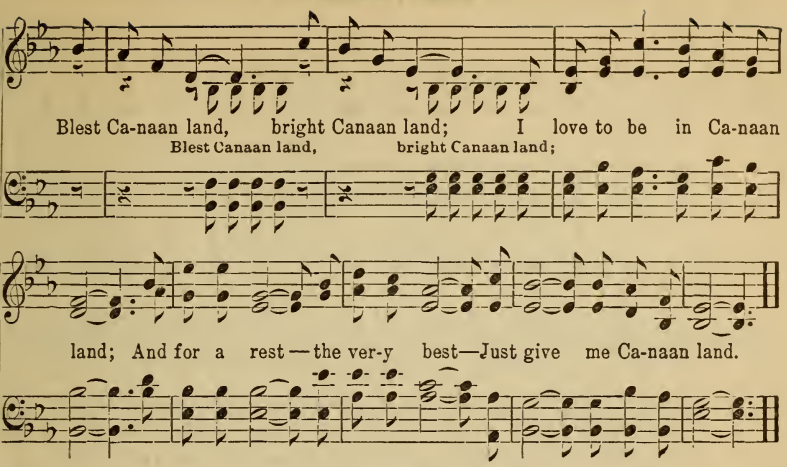


Canaan Land.

LESLIE F. GAY. CLEMIE M. GAY.

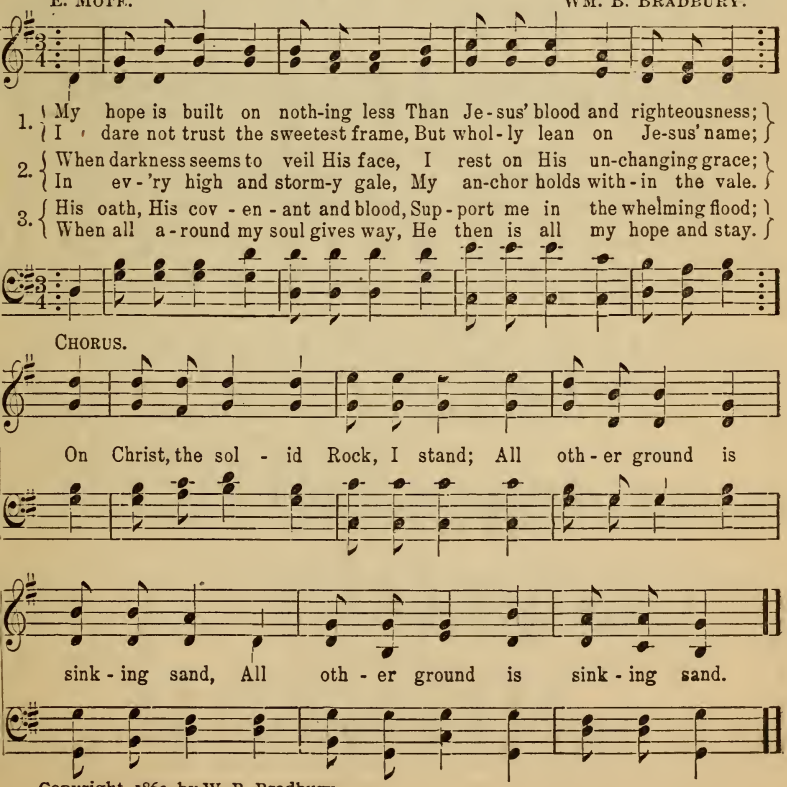


Canaan Land.



No. 129. The Solid Rock.

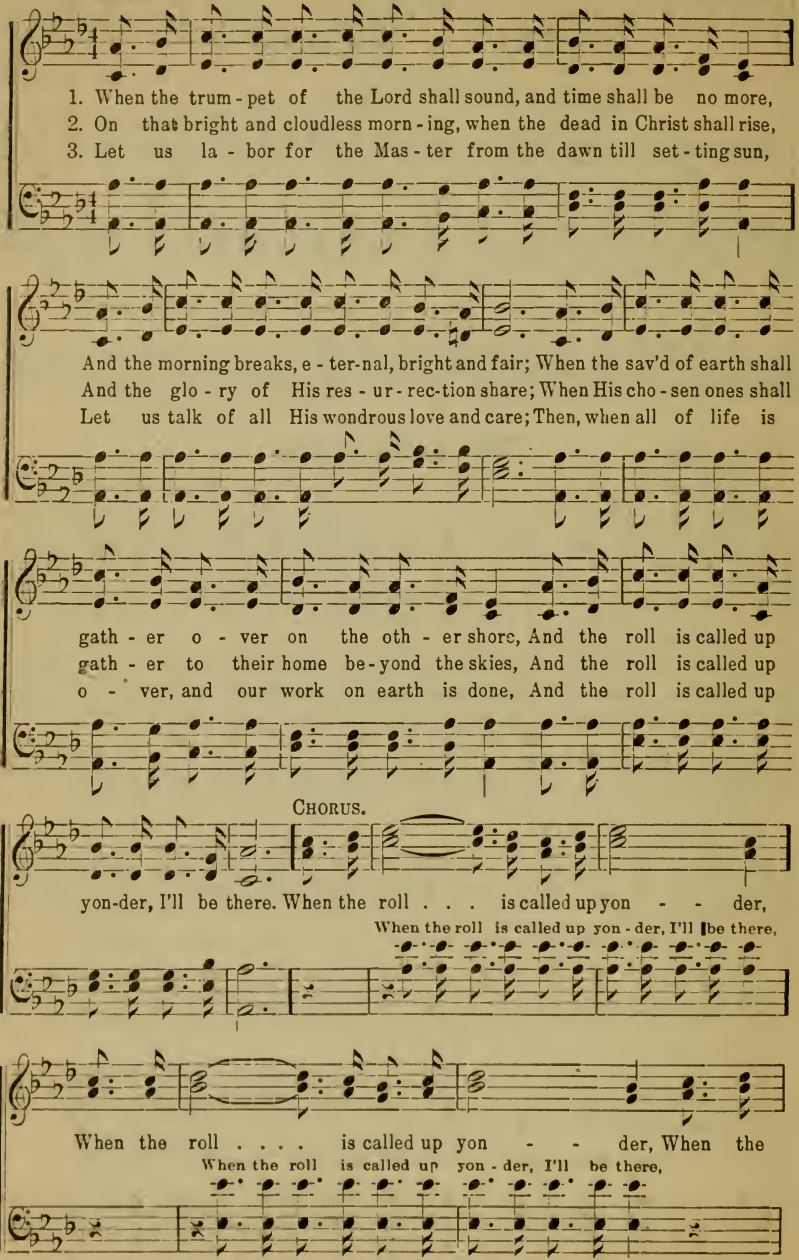
E. Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.



Copyright, 1863, by W. B, Bradbury.

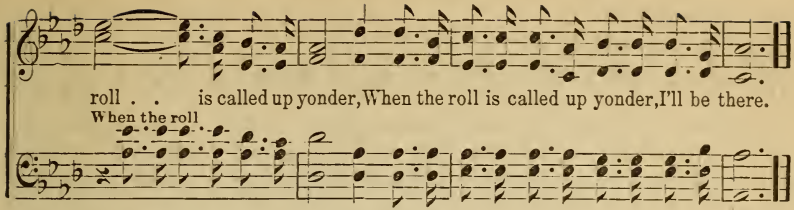
No. 130. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.



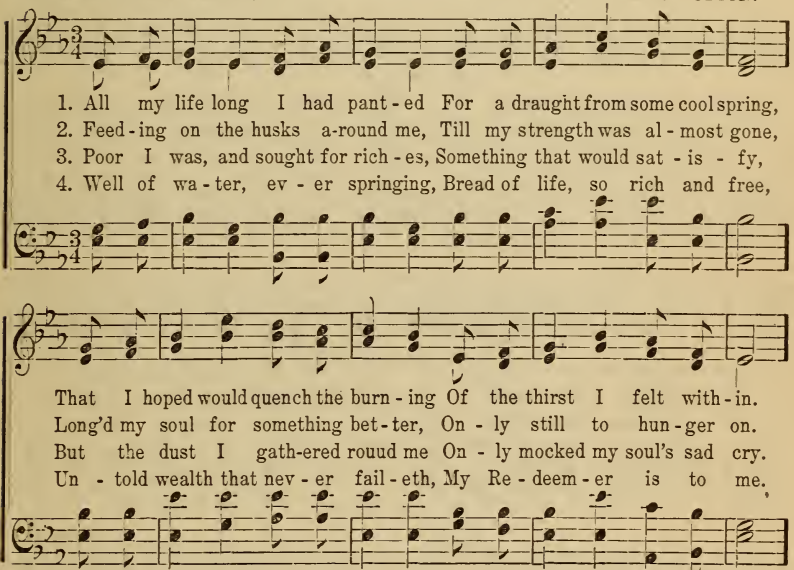
Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per. J. M. Black, owner.

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

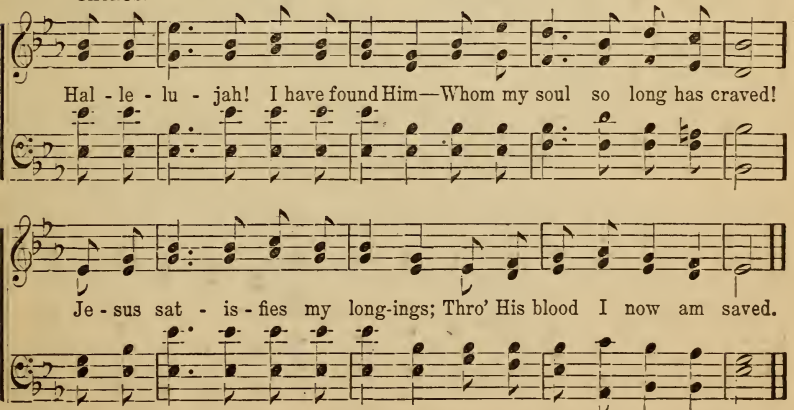


No. 131. Satisfied.

MISS CLARA TEARE. R. E. HUDSON.



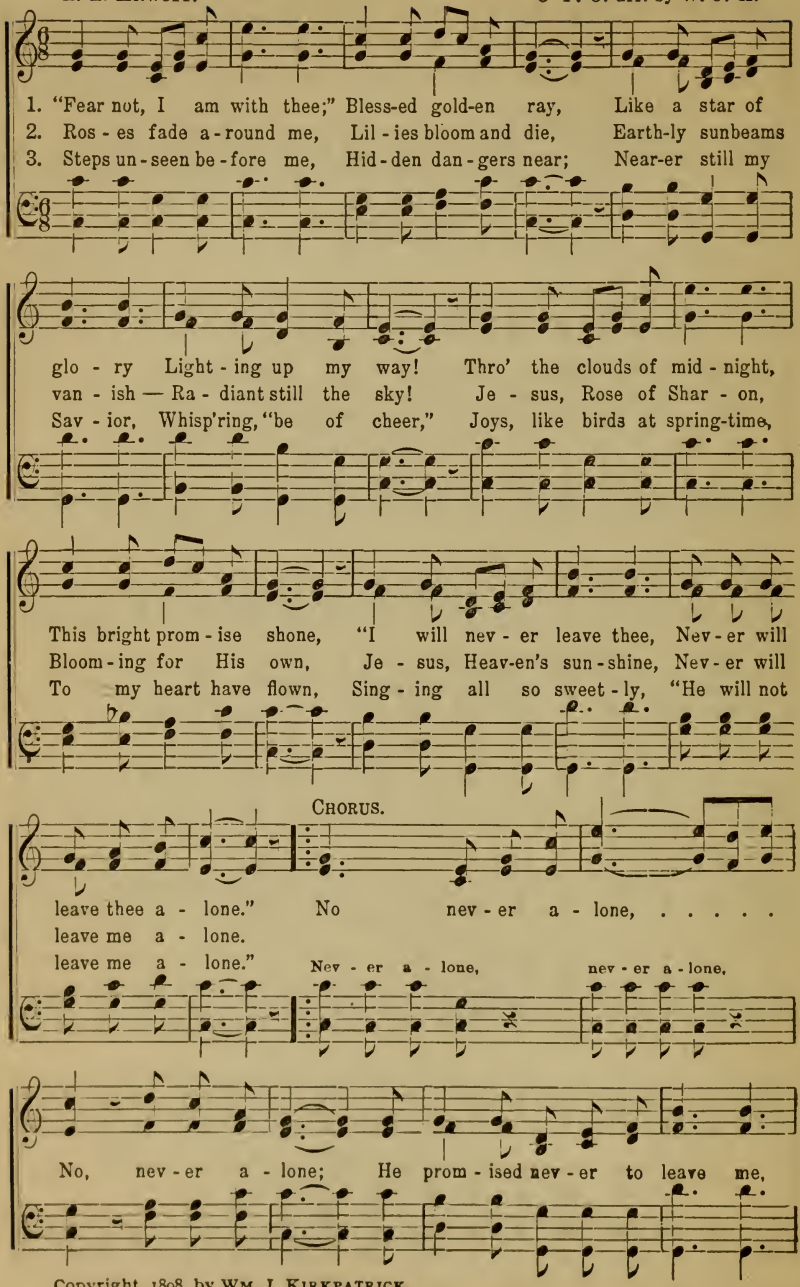
CHORUS.



From "Gems of Gospel Songs." By per.

No. 132. Never Alone.

E. E. Hewitt. C F. O. arr. by W. J. K.



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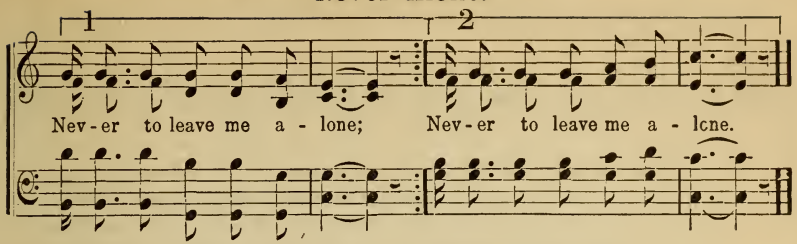
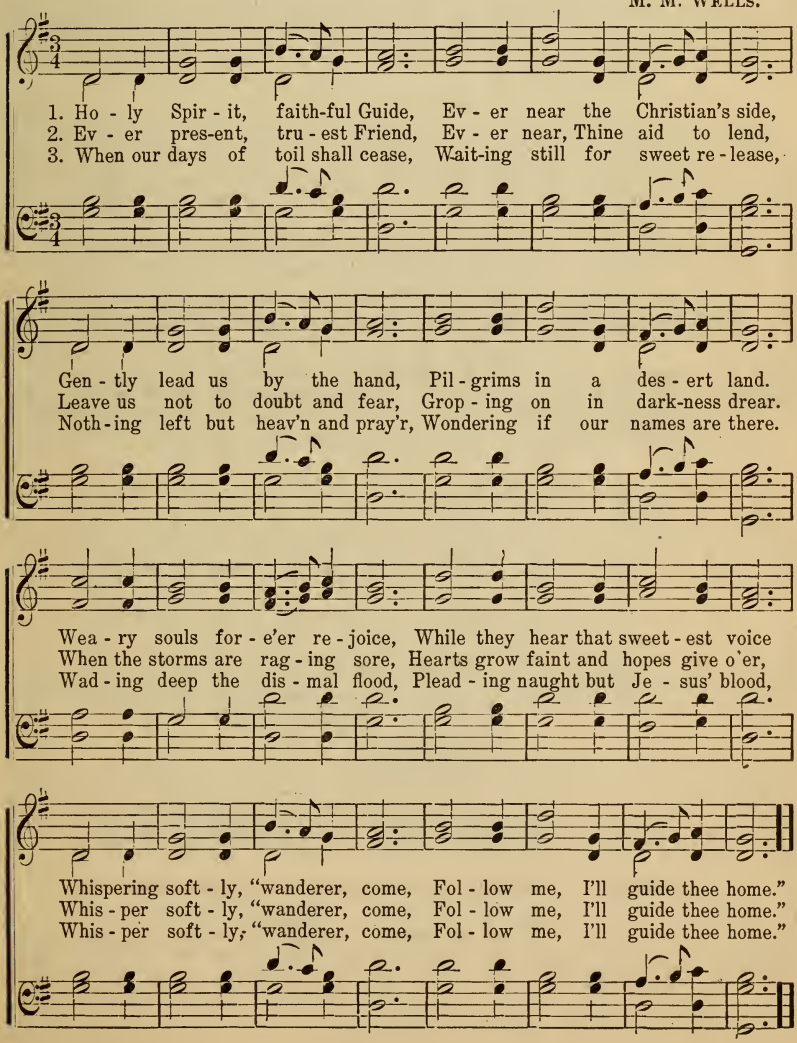
Never Alone.



No. 133. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

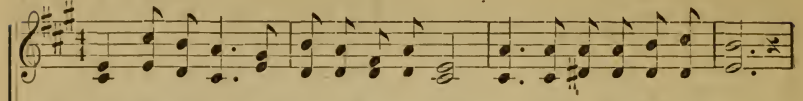
M. M. WELLS.



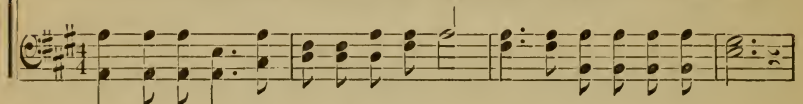
No. 134. Since the Holy Ghost Abides.

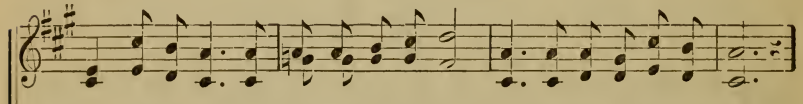
He shall give you another Comforter that He may abide with you forever.—John 14: 16.

Rev. F. E. HILL. Mrs. F. E. HILL.

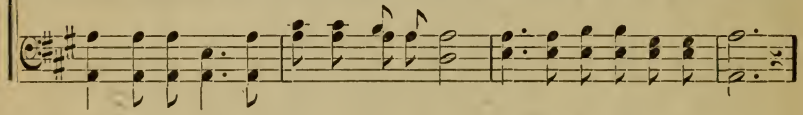


1. Peace, blessed peace is fill-ing now my soul, Since He par-don'd all my sin;
2. Rest, perfect rest now all my nature stills, Since His promis'd grace is mine;
3. Fire, ho-ly fire is burn-ing in my heart, And the glo - ry rolls in tides;
4. Light, perfect light shines on this ho-ly way; Twice He touch'd my blinded eyes;

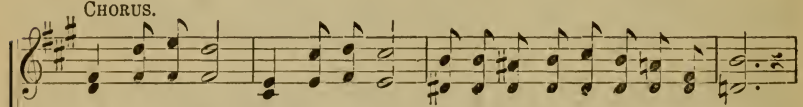




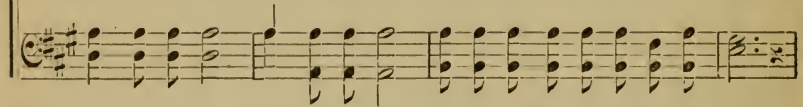
Love, perfect love in bil-lows o'er me roll, Since He cleans'd my heart with-in.
Joy, perfect joy my hap-py spirit thrills, Since the day I said, "I'm Thine."
Pow'r, ho - ly pow'r is fill-ing ev-'ry part, Since the Ho-ly Ghost a - bides.
Sight, perfect sight my vis-ion has to-day, Healed by blood that sanc-ti-fies.

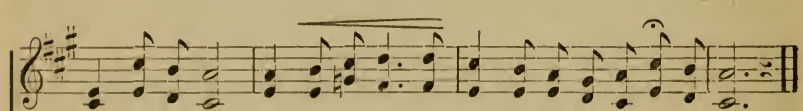


CHORUS.

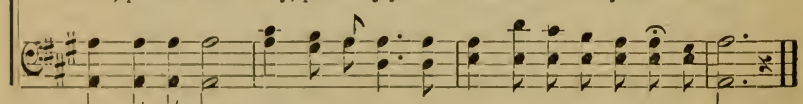


Peace, perfect peace! Love perfect love! Sweeping o'er my soul in heav'n-ly tides!





Rest, perfect rest! Joy, perfect joy! is mine since the Holy Ghost a-bides.



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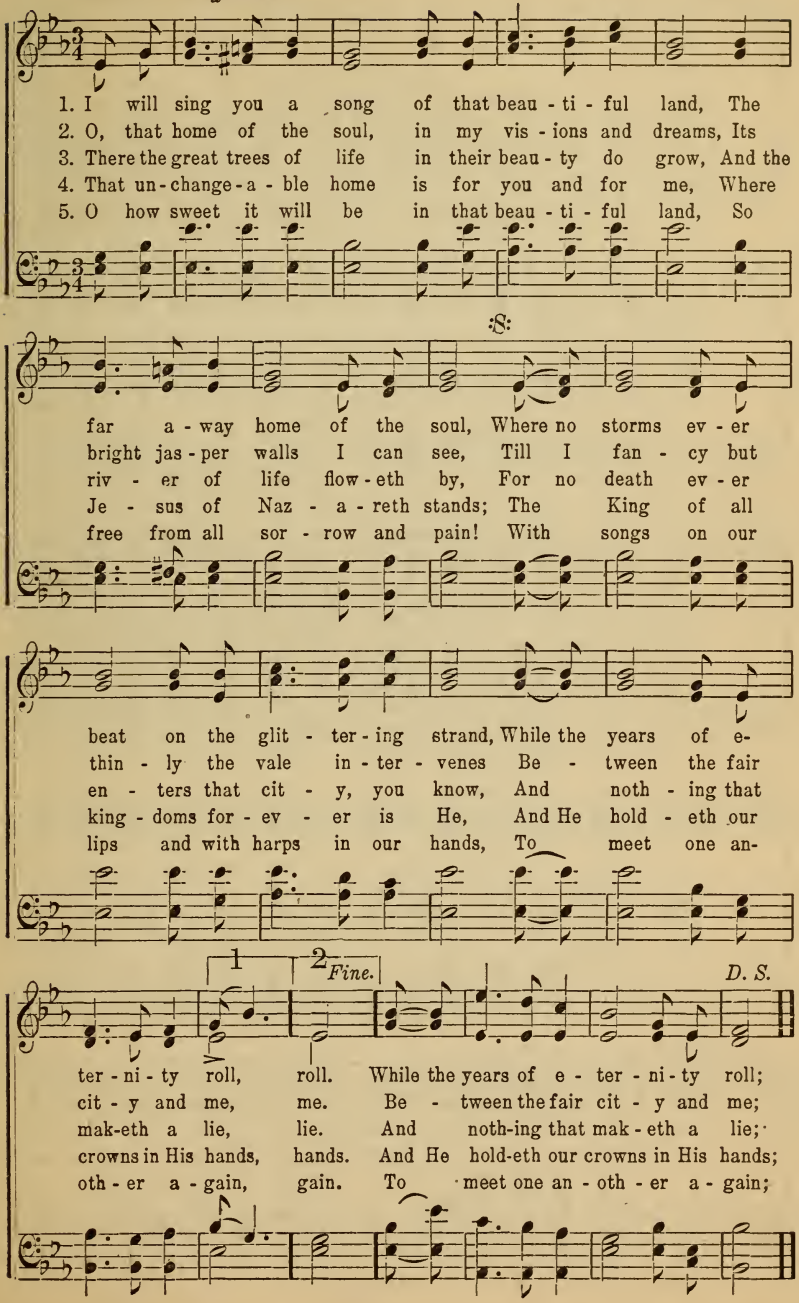
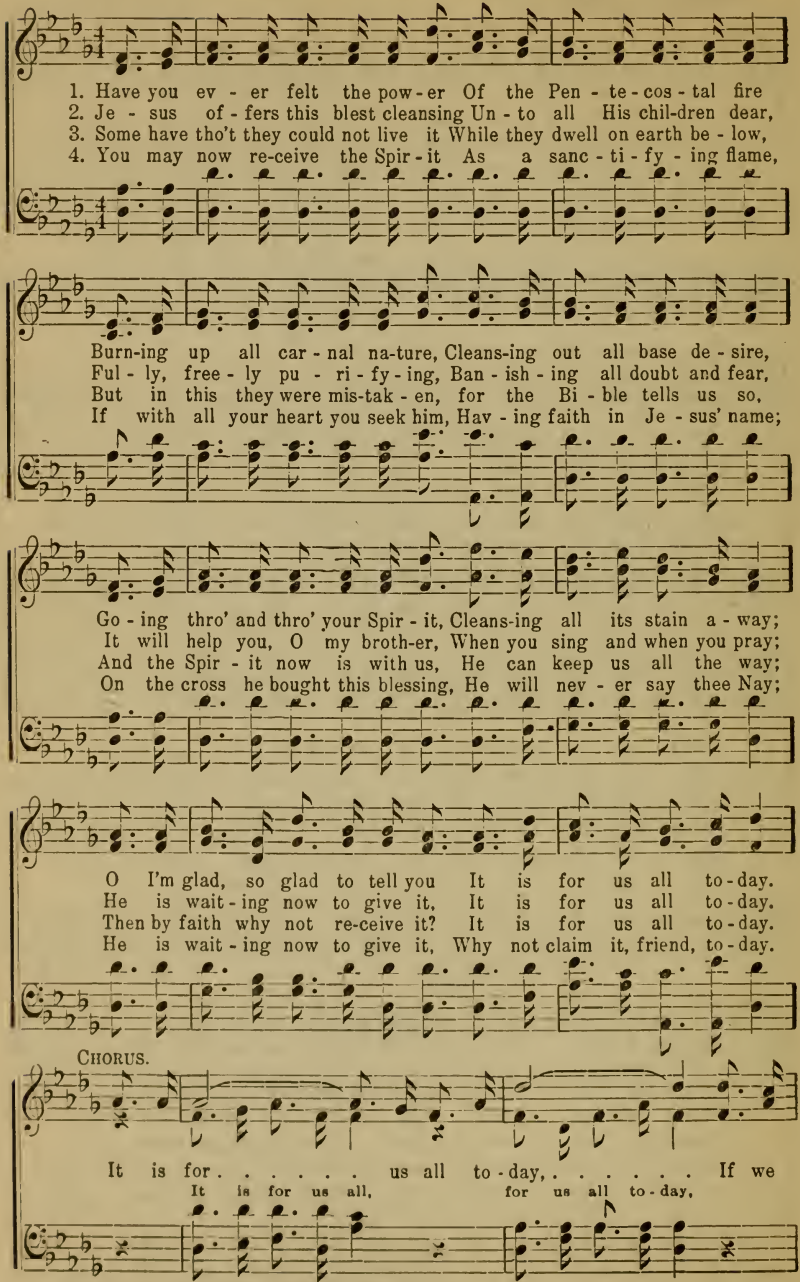
No. 135. Home of the Soul.

Moderato and effectuoso. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 136. It Is for Us All To-Day.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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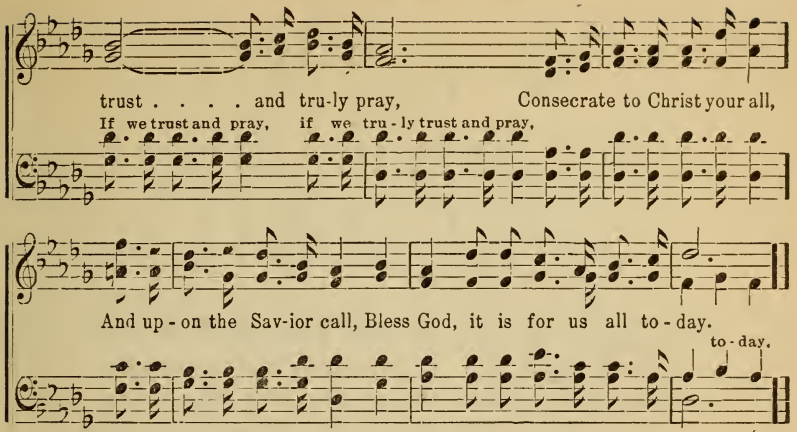
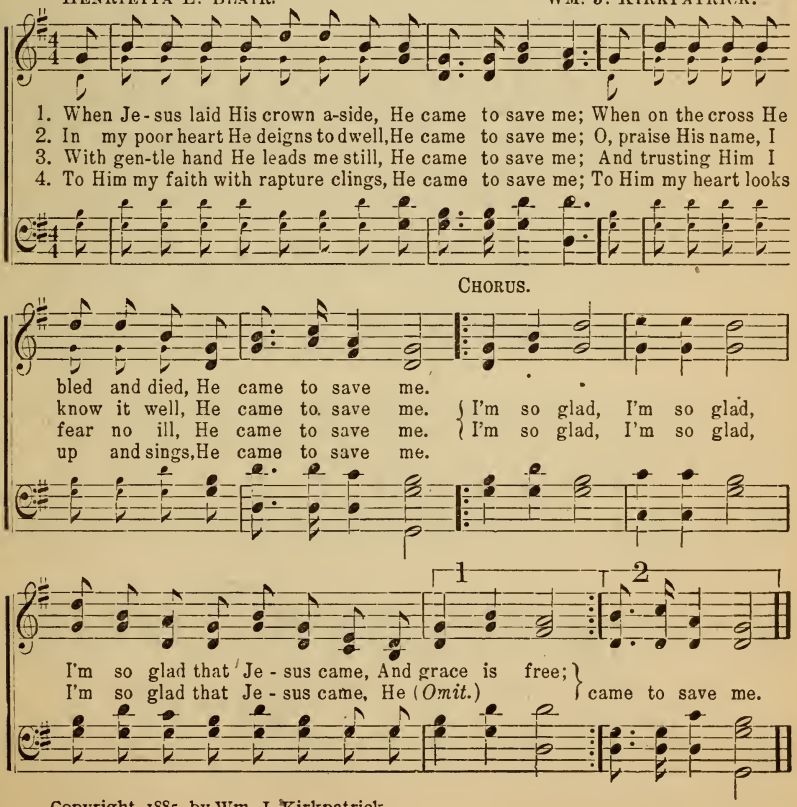
It Is For Us All To-day.



No. 137. He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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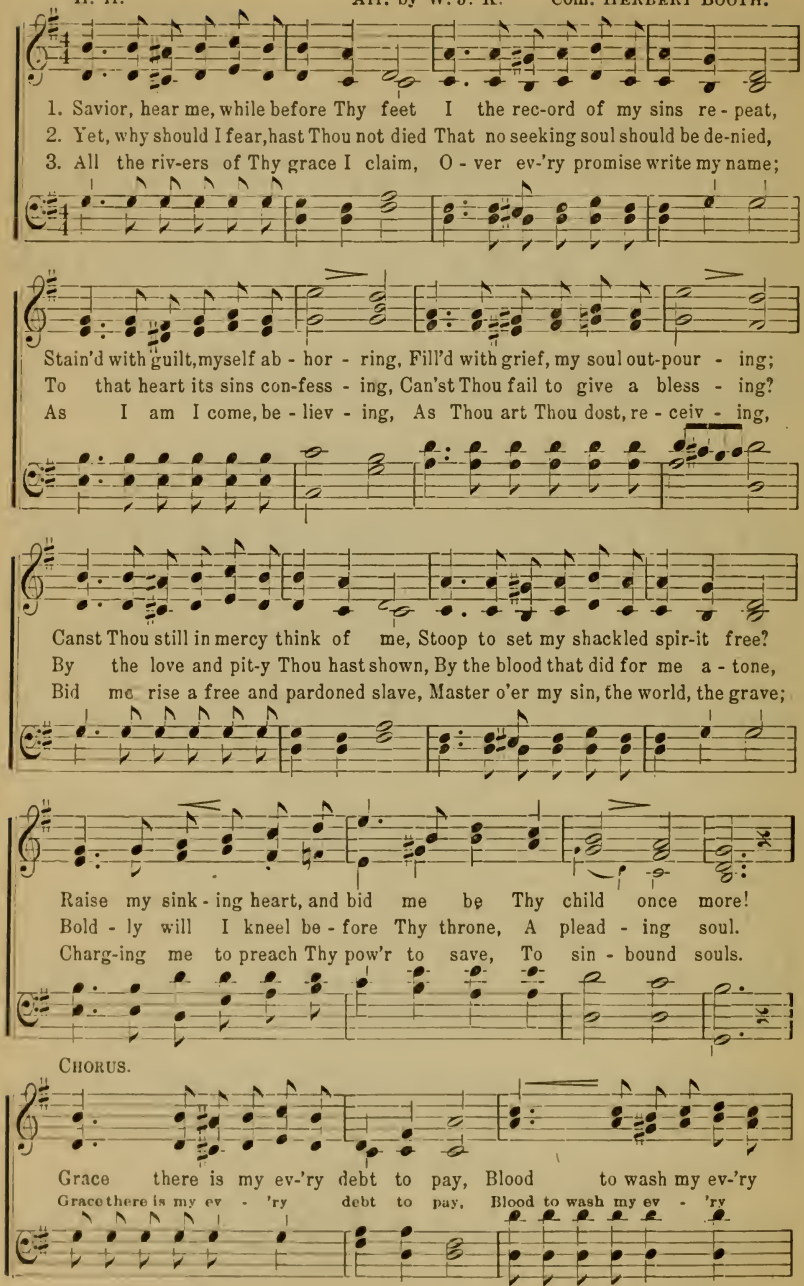
No. 138. The Penitent's Plea.

H. H. Arr. by W. J. K. Com. HERBERT BOOTH.



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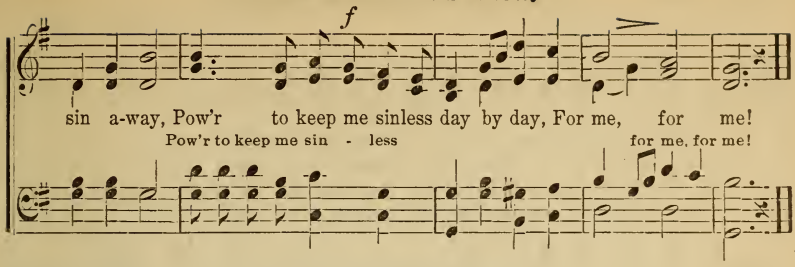
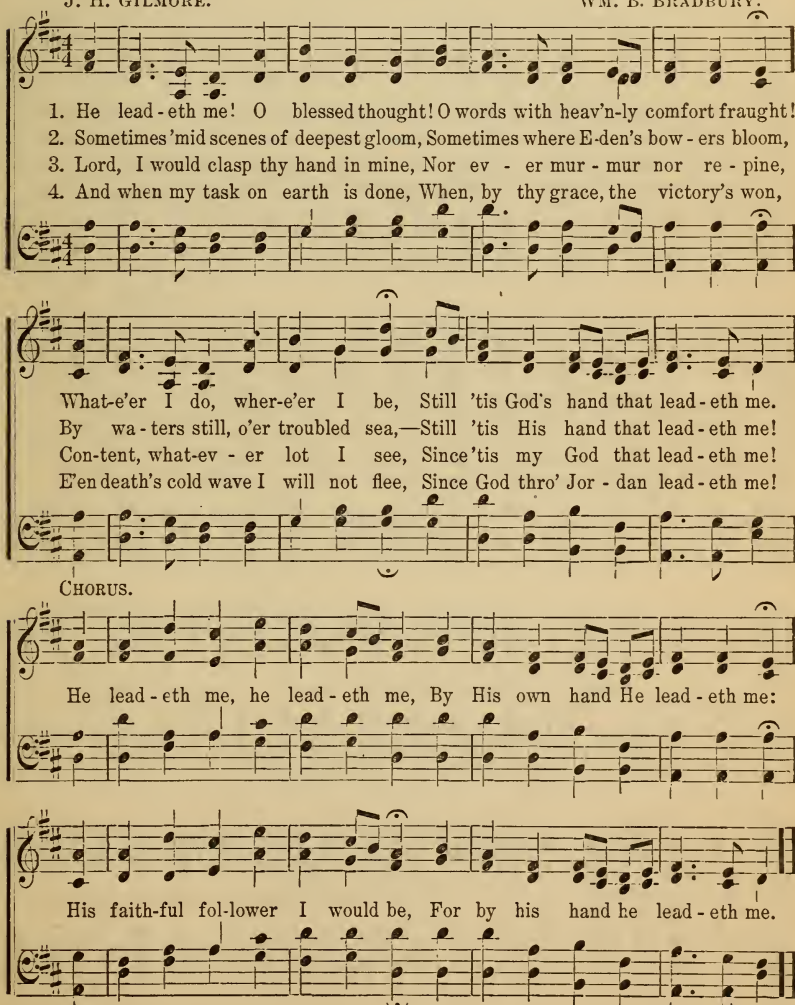
The Penitent's Plea.



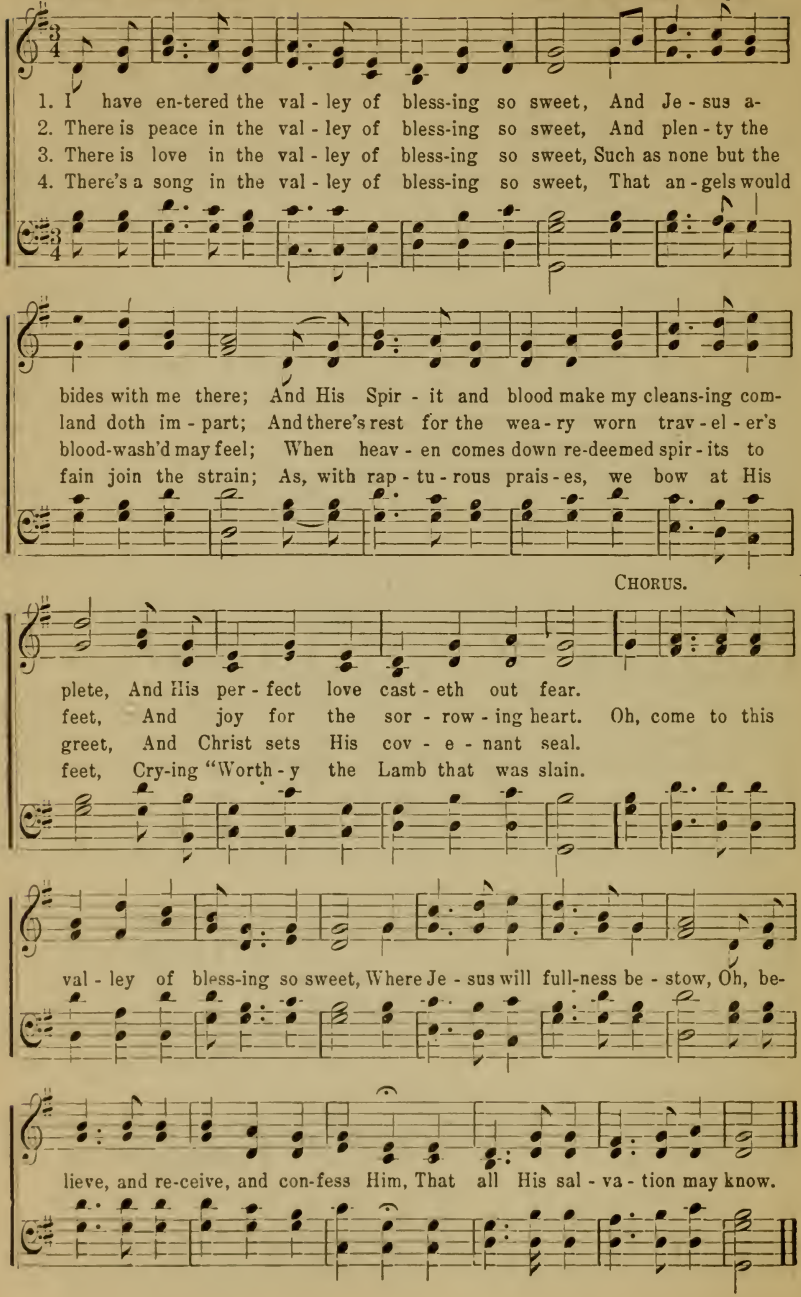
No. 139. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



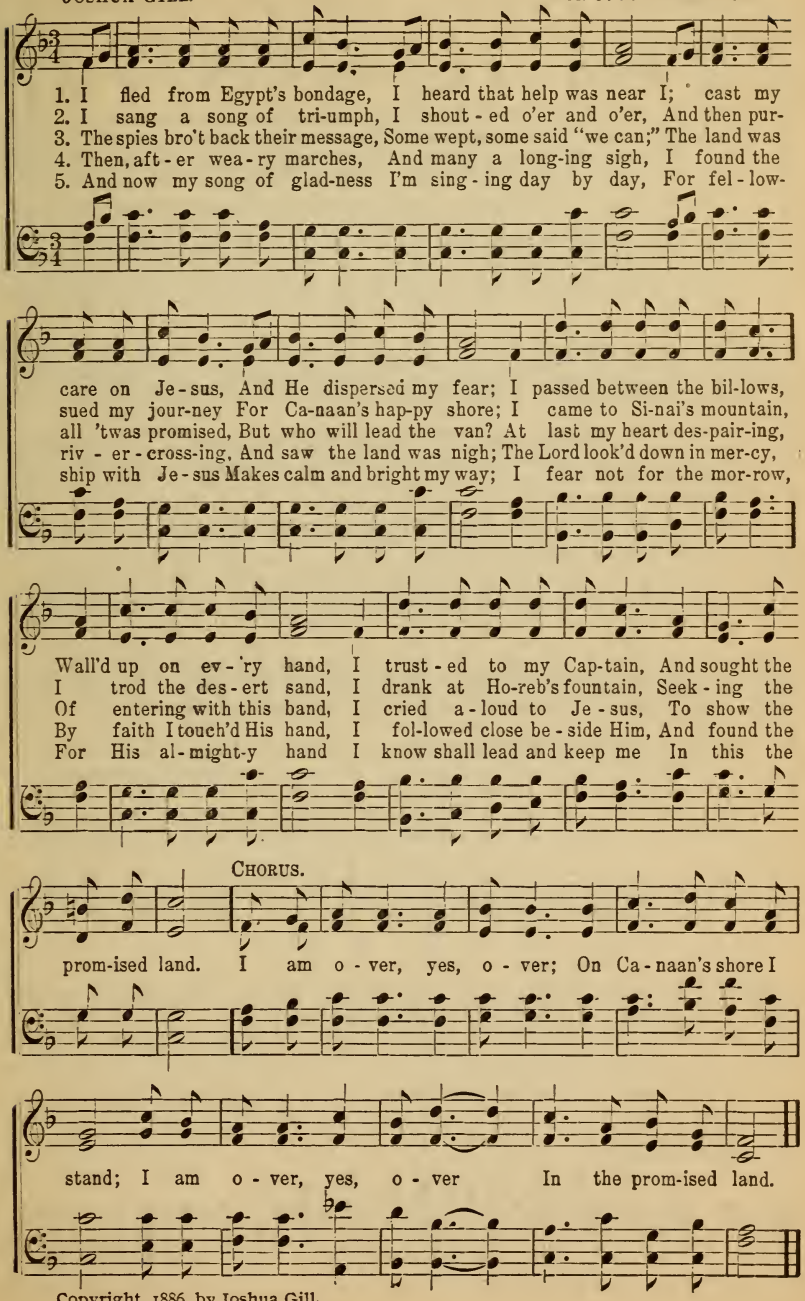
No. 140. The Valley of Blessing.

ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



No. 141. I'm in the Promised Land.

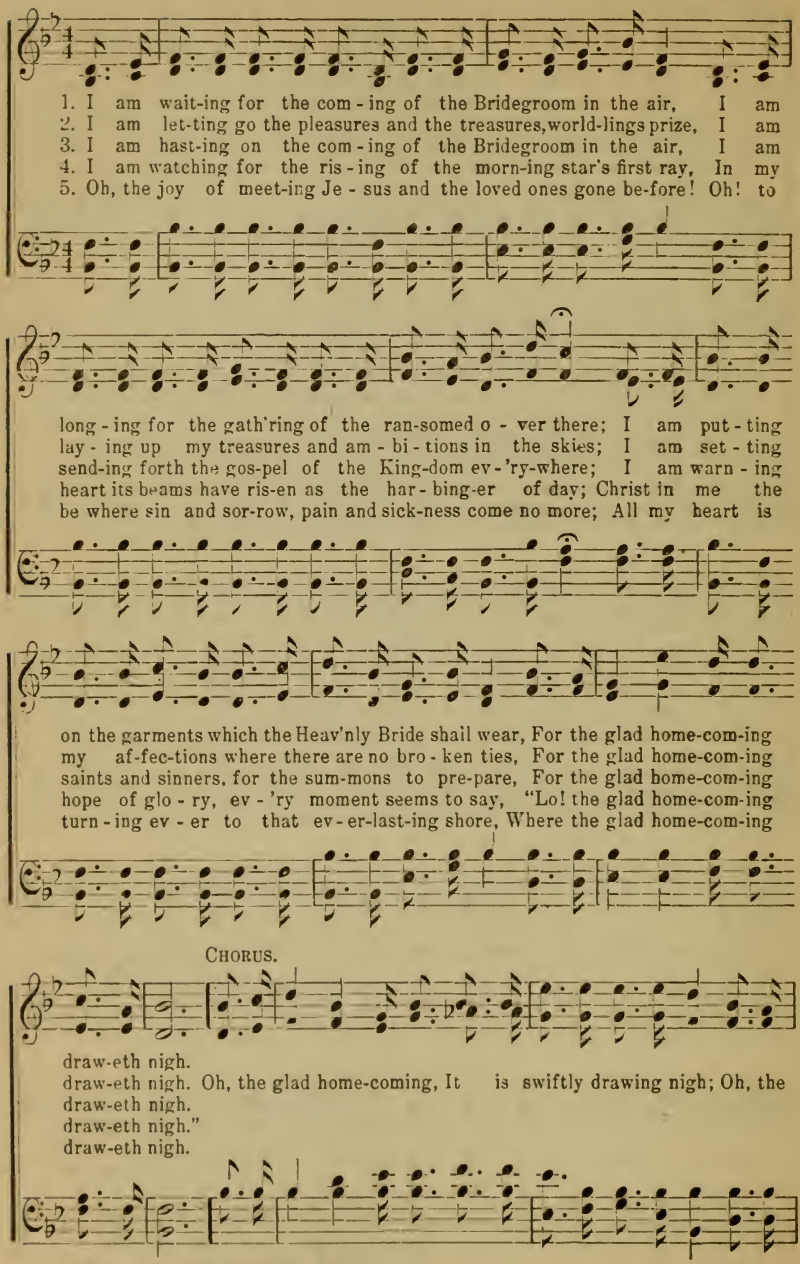
JOSHUA GILL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1886, by Joshua Gill.

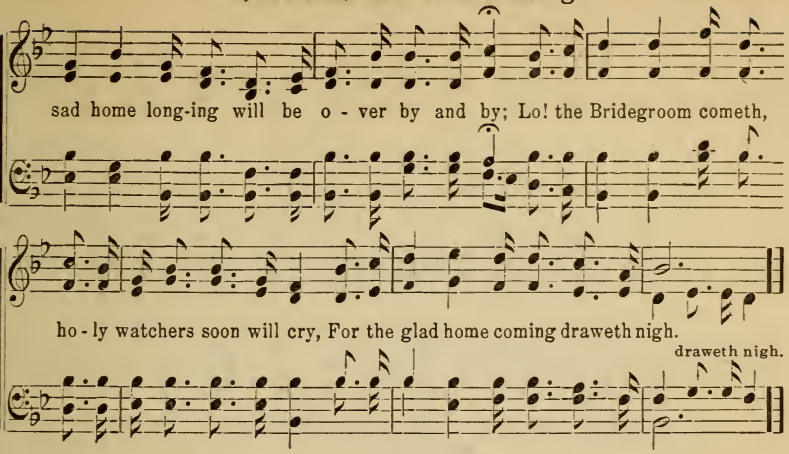
No. 142. Oh, the Glad Home-Coming.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.

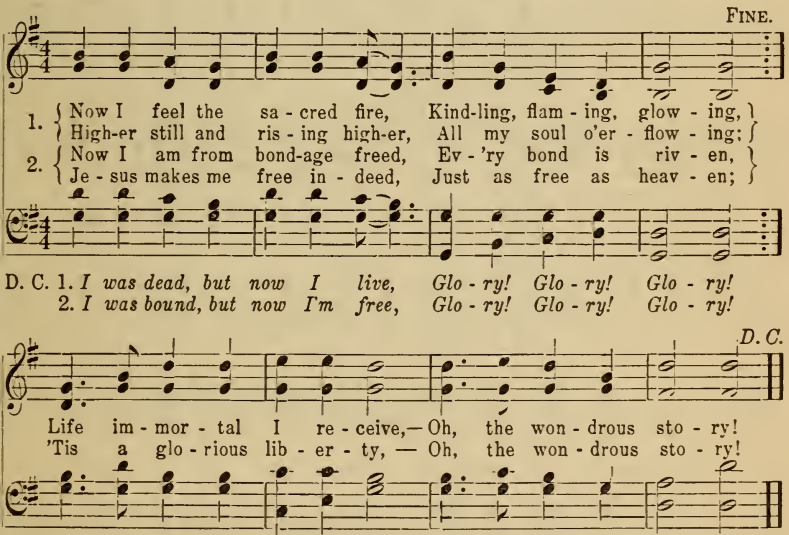


Copyright. 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

Oh, the Glad Home-Coming.



No. 143. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.



3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation;
Now I know it's full and free,
Oh! the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

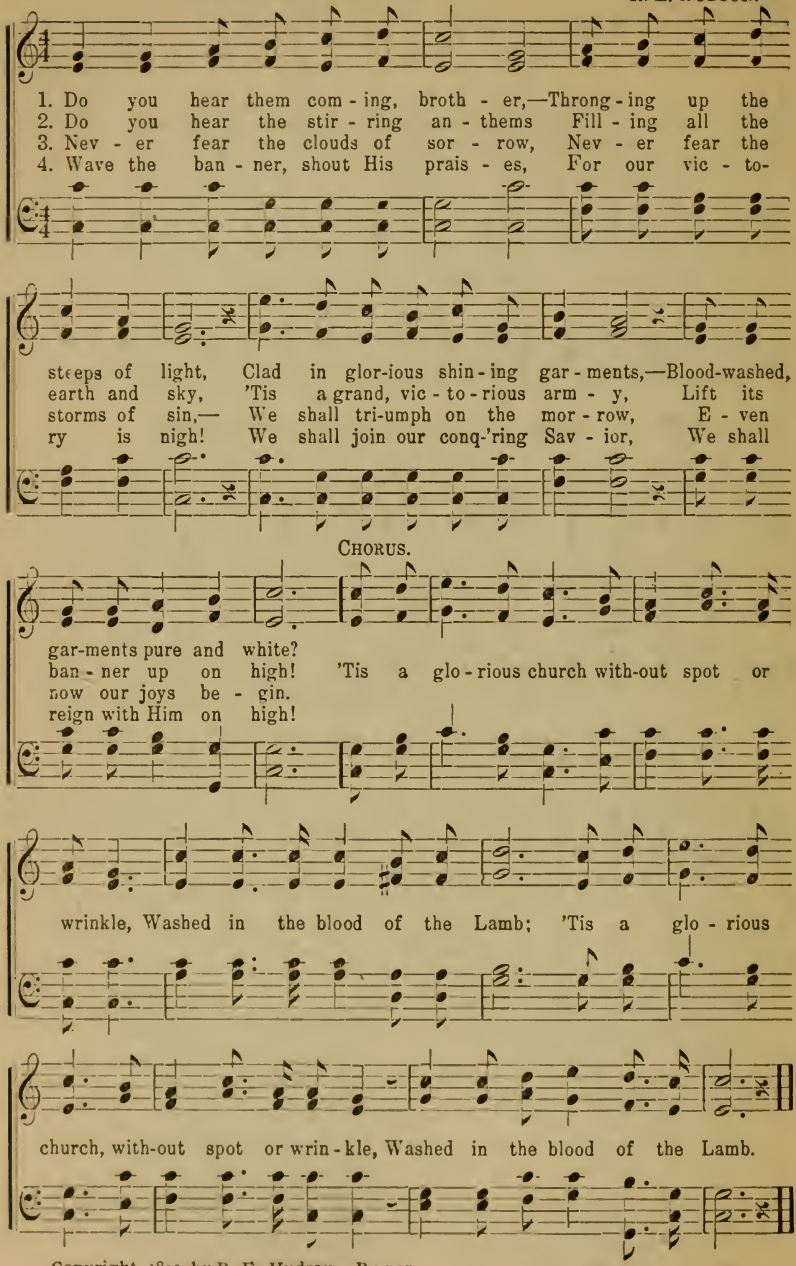
4. Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story:
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free,
Bursts their bonds asunder;
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 144. A Glorious Church.

Repectfully dedicated to Rev. Joseph H. Smith.

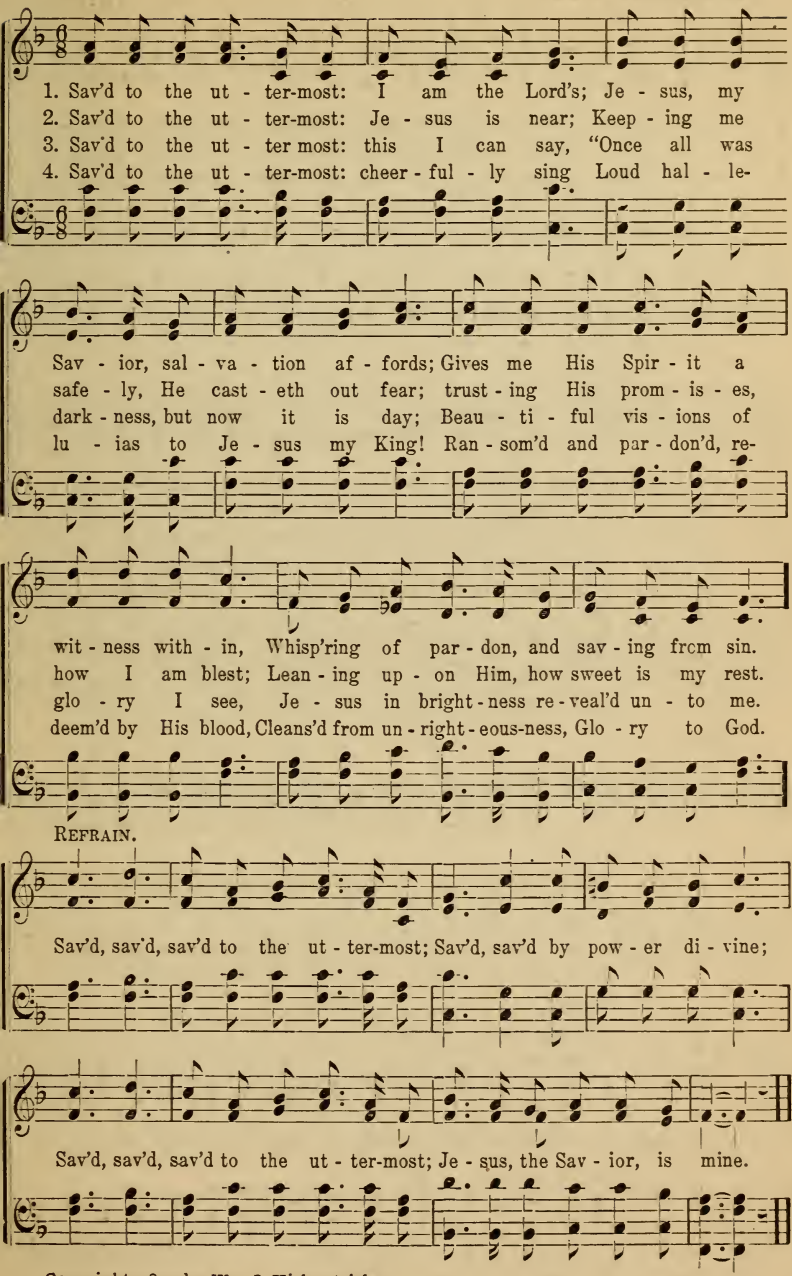
R. E. Hudson.



Copyright, 1892, by R. E. Hudson. By per.

No. 145. Saved to the Uttermost.

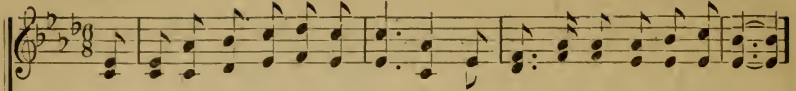
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



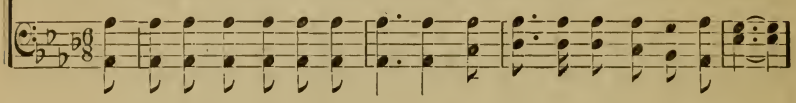
Copyright, 1875, by Wm J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 146. In Him I am Free.

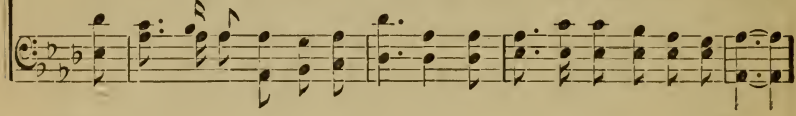
J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.



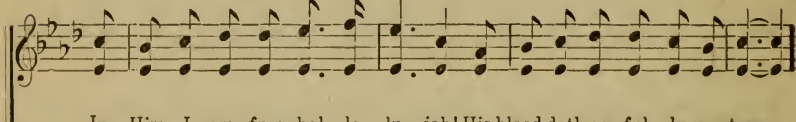
1. In Je-sus I find great sal - va-tion, Thro' Him I have freedom from sin,
2. In Him I have no con-dem - na-tion, The Spir - it so sweetly doth say,
3. In Je-sus I find great re - joic-ing, His spir - it doth lead me to - day,
4. In Him there is full-ness of bless-ing, If all . on the al-tar we lay,
5. In Him there will be per - se - cu-tion, For this we should never be sad,



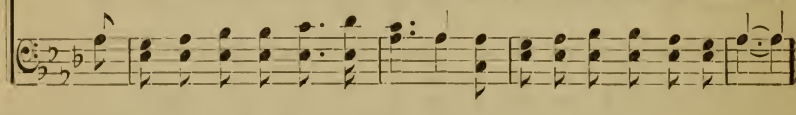
His pre-cious blood flows as a fount-ain, By faith has my soul en-tered in.
And I am so hap-py in Je - sus, My sins are all tak-en a - way.
The way may be rug-ged and thorn-y, My heart is still glad to o - bey.
The fire of the blest Ho-ly Spir - it, Will cleanse inbred sin all a - way.
Oh, Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu - jah! Re-joice e - ven then and be glad.

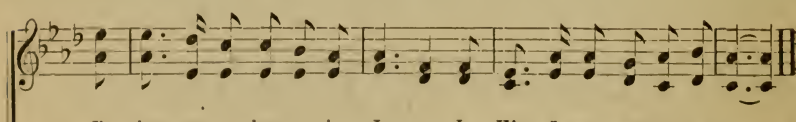


CHORUS.



In Him I am free, hal - le - lu - jah! His blood doth so ful - ly a - tone,



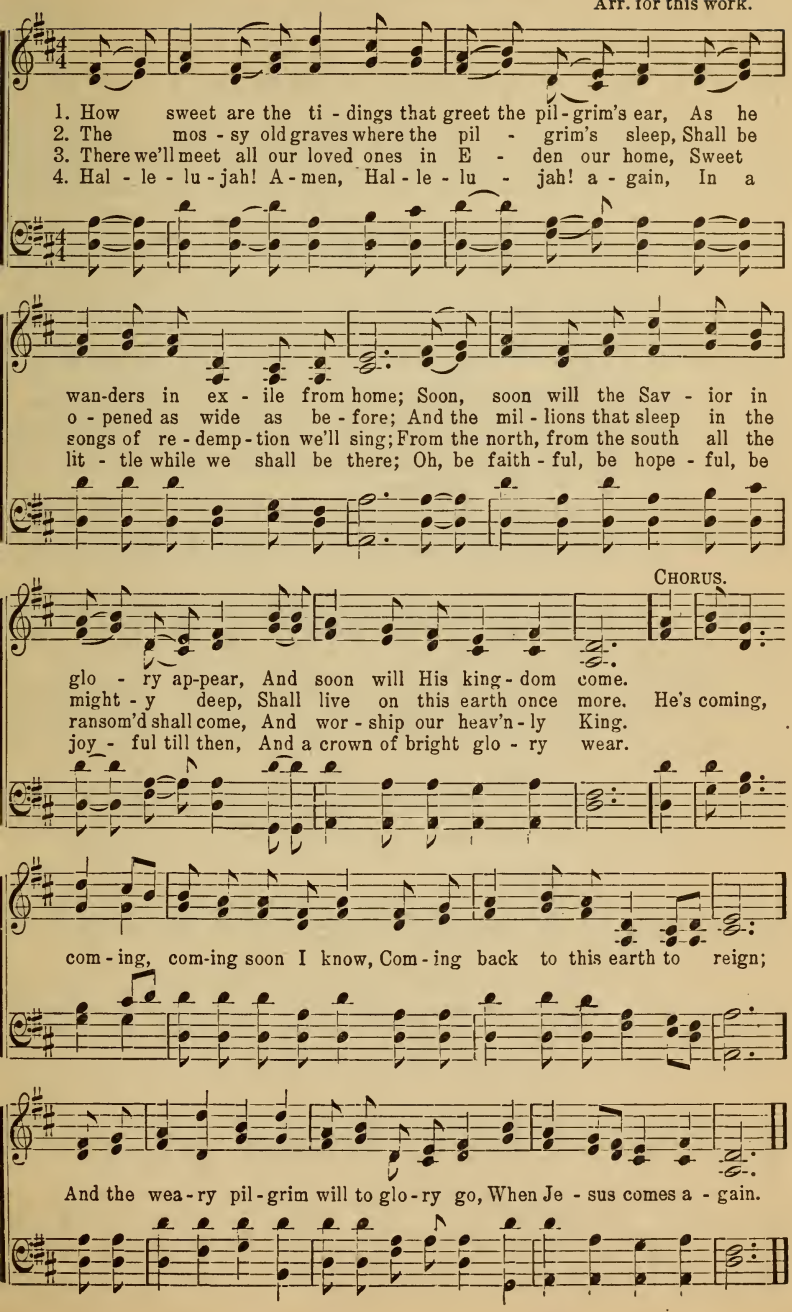


I'm hap - py, so hap-py in Je - sus, In Him, I am nev-er a - lone.

Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Harris. Evanston, Ill.

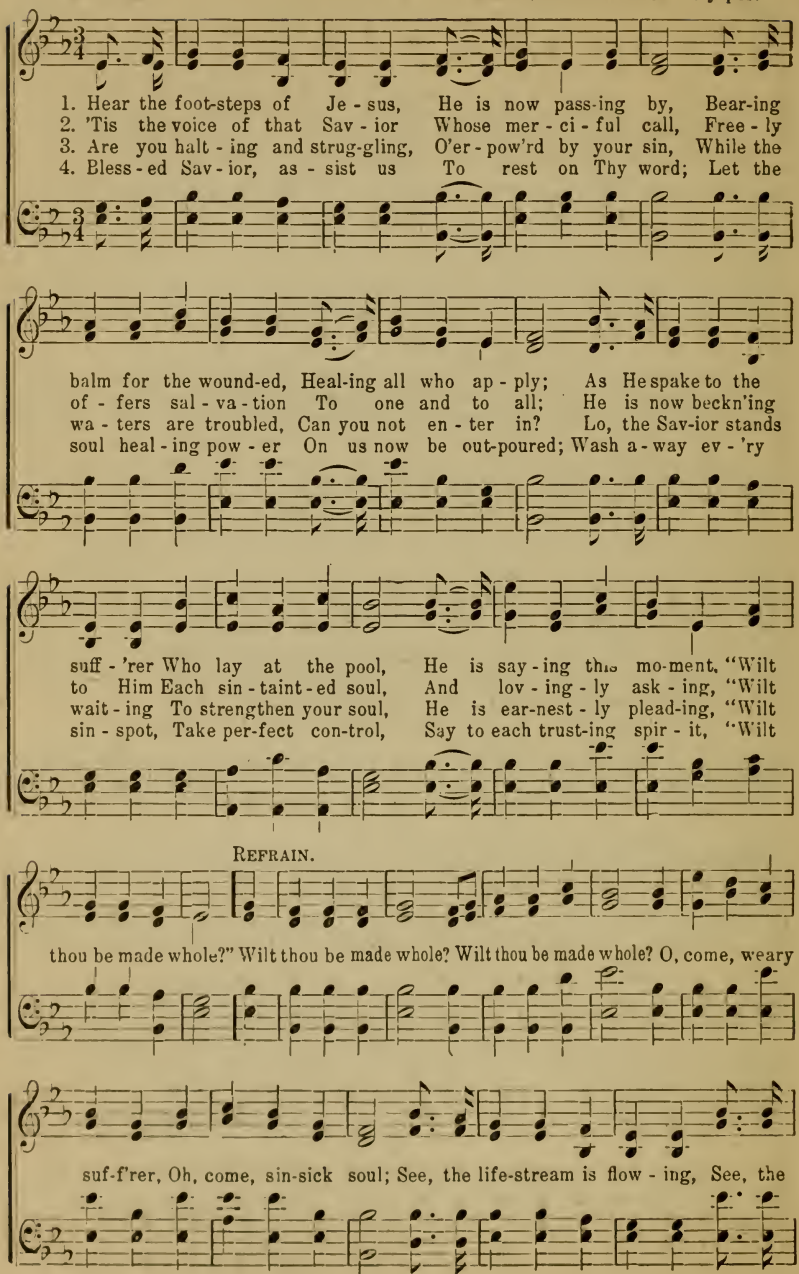
No. 147. He's Coming Again.

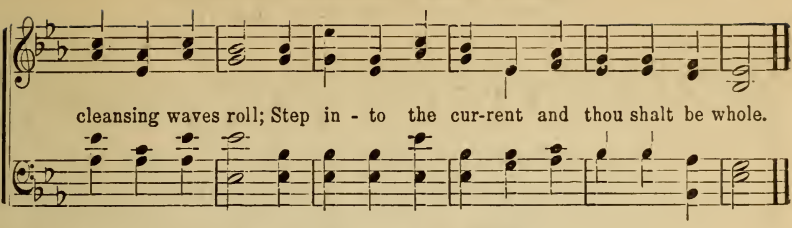
Arr. for this work.



No. 148 Wilt Thou Be Made Whole?

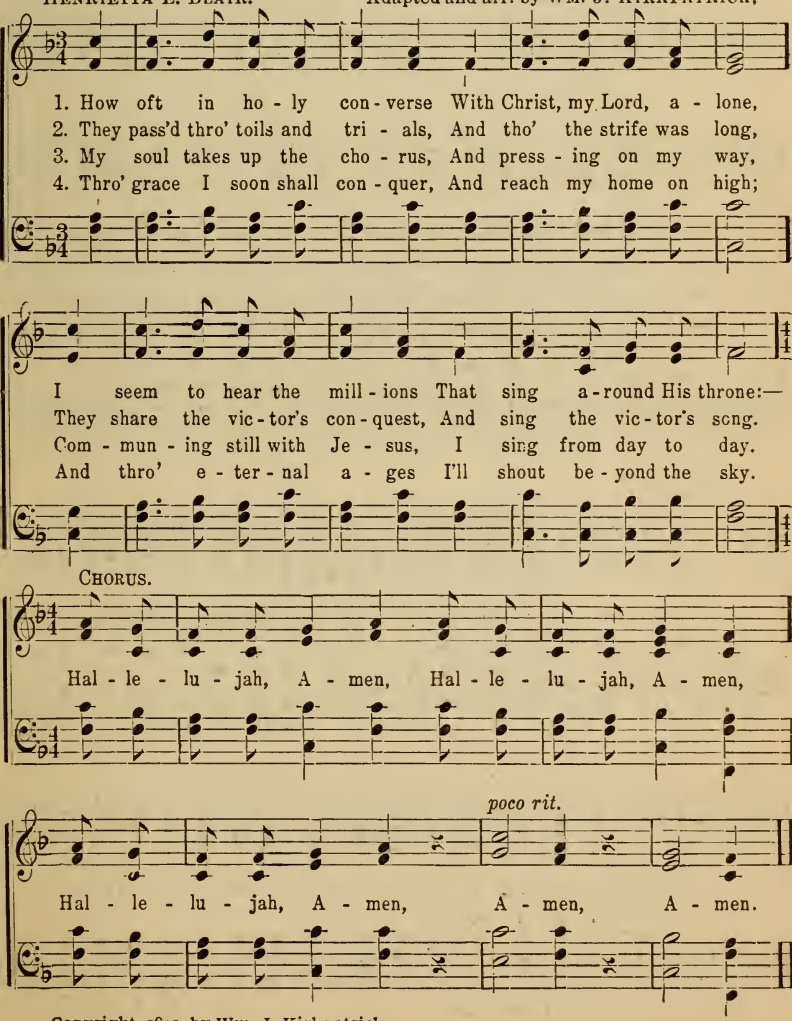
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.





No. 149. Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

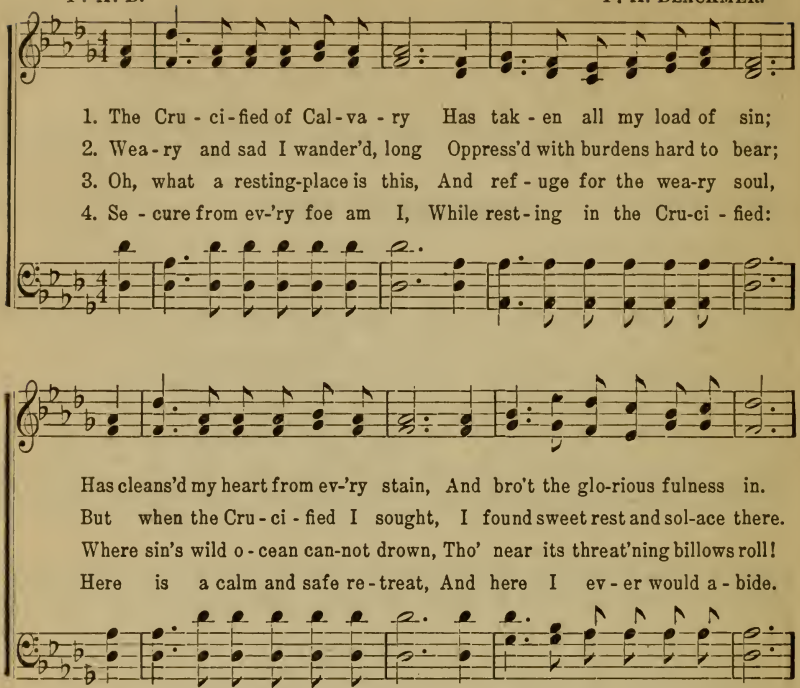


Copyright, 1895, by Wm. J, Kirkpatrick.

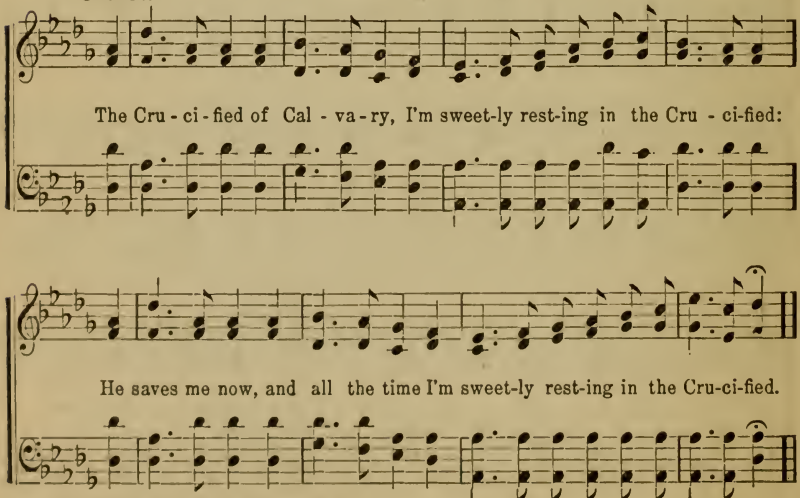
No. 150. I'm Resting in the Crucified.

"Ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. 11: 29.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.



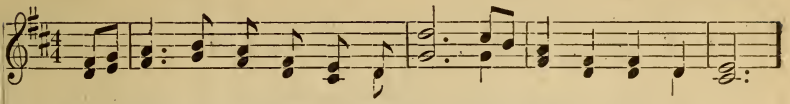
CHORUS.



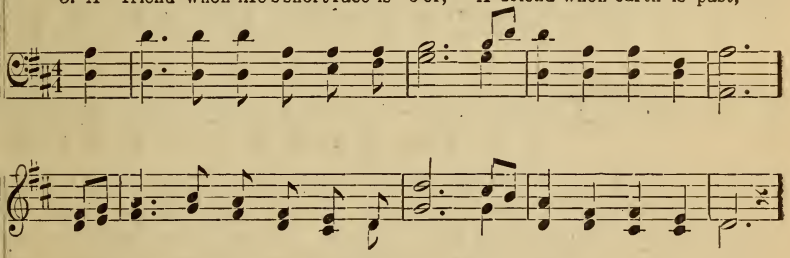
Copyright, 1884, by F. A. Blackmer.

No. 151. Friendship With Jesus.

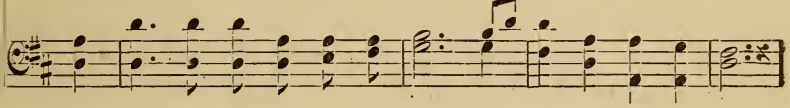
MAJOR LUDGATE. Secular Melody. Arr for this work.



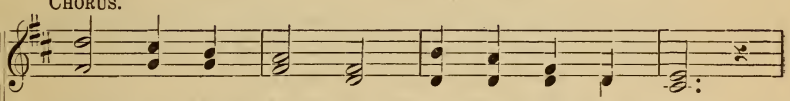
1. A friend of Je - sus, oh what bliss, That one so vile as I,
2. A friend when oth - er friendships cease, A friend when oth - ers fail,
3. A friend to lead me in the dark, A friend who knows the way,
4. A friend when sickness lays me low, A friend when death draws near,
5. A friend when life's short race is o'er, A friend when earth is past,



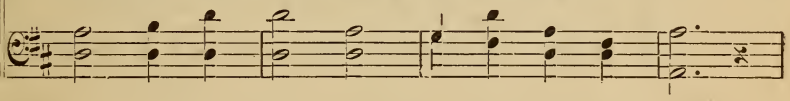
Should ev - er have a friend like this, To lead me to the sky.
A friend who gives me joy and peace, A friend who does pre-vail.
A friend to steer my weak frail bark, A friend my debts to pay.
A friend as thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.
A friend to meet on heav-en's shore, A friend when home at last.



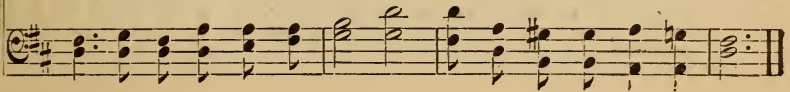
CHORUS.



Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship di - vine,

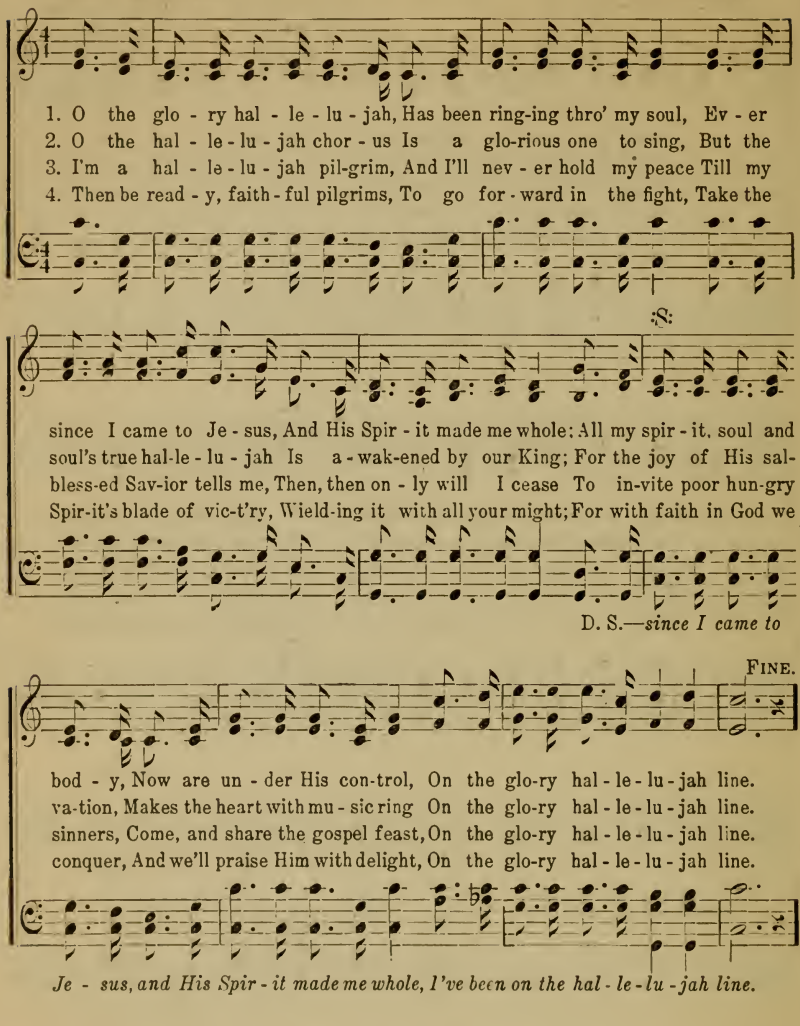


Oh, what blessed sweet com-mun - ion, Je - sus is a friend of mine.



No. 152. On the Hallelujah Line.

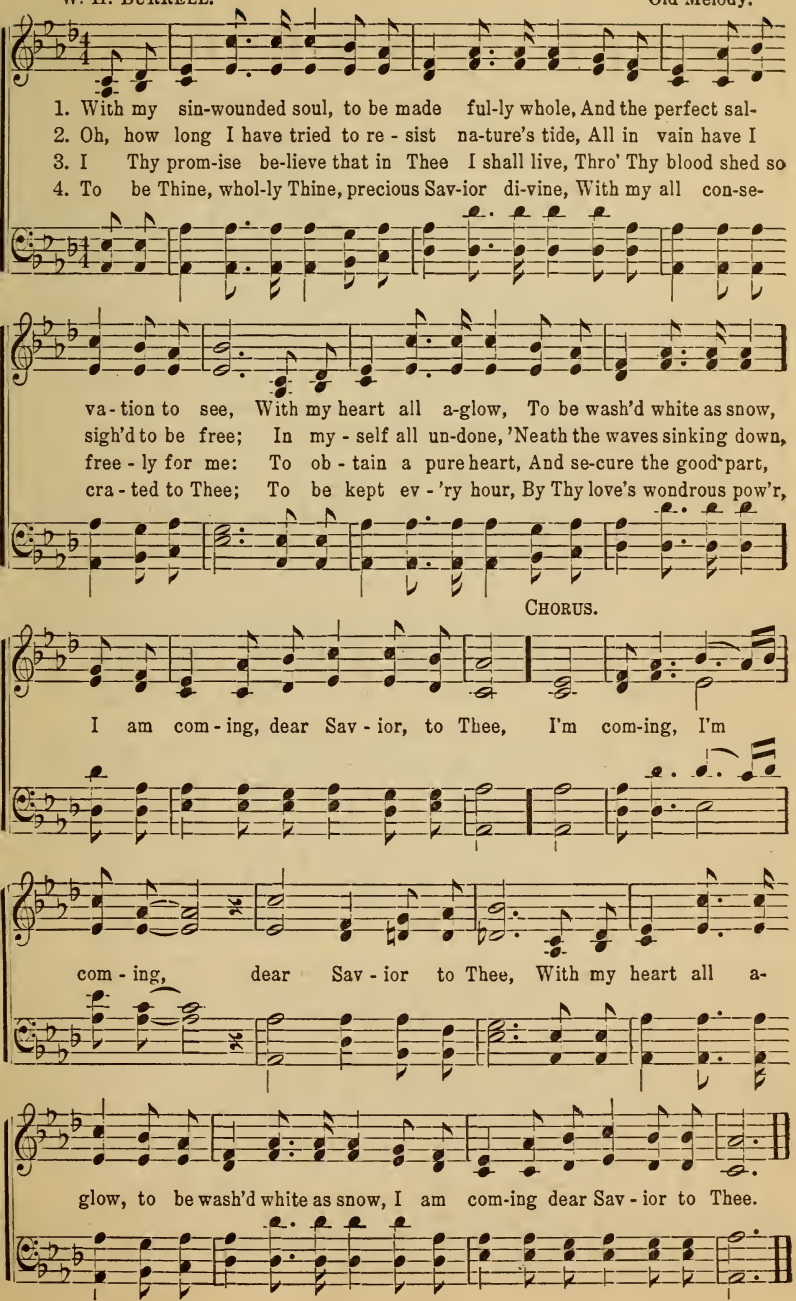
Rev. J. M. Hobbs. Jno. R. Sweney.



Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

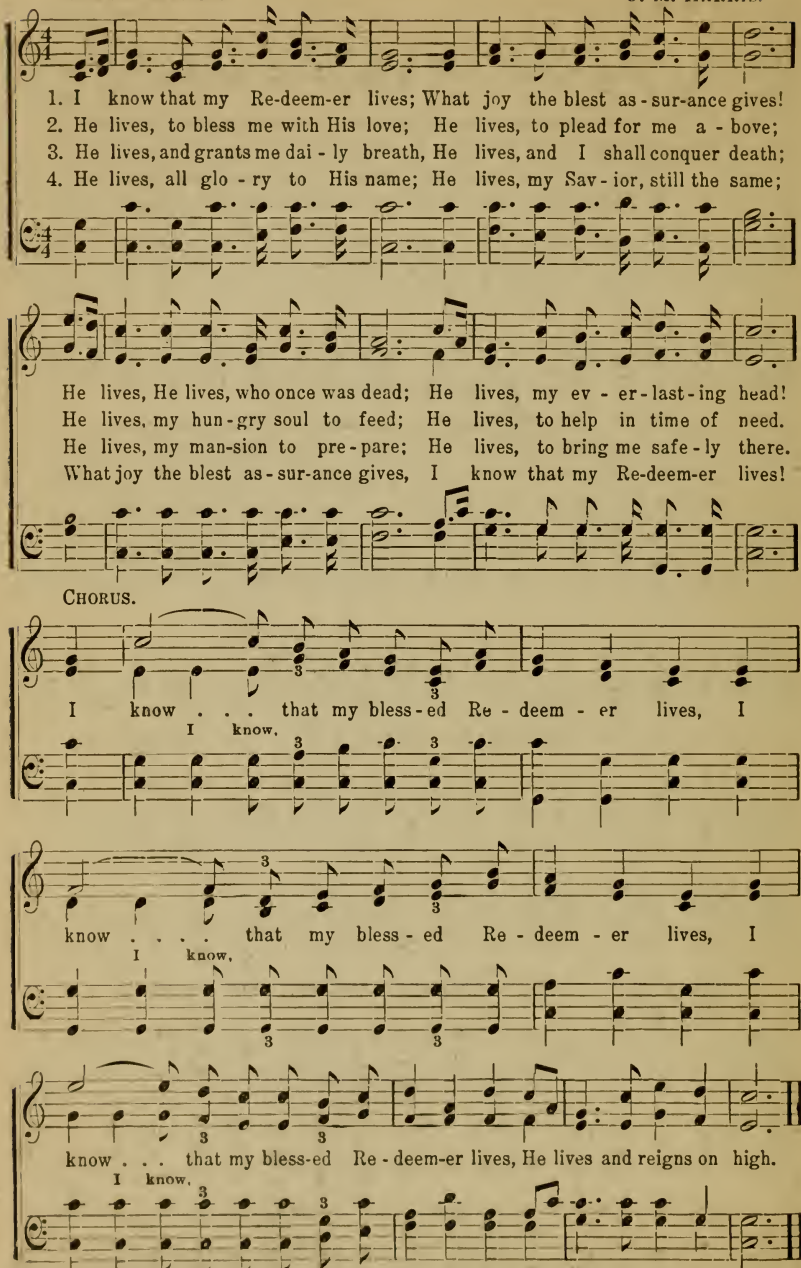
No. 153. Coming to Jesus.

W. H. BURRELL. Old Melody.



No. 154. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

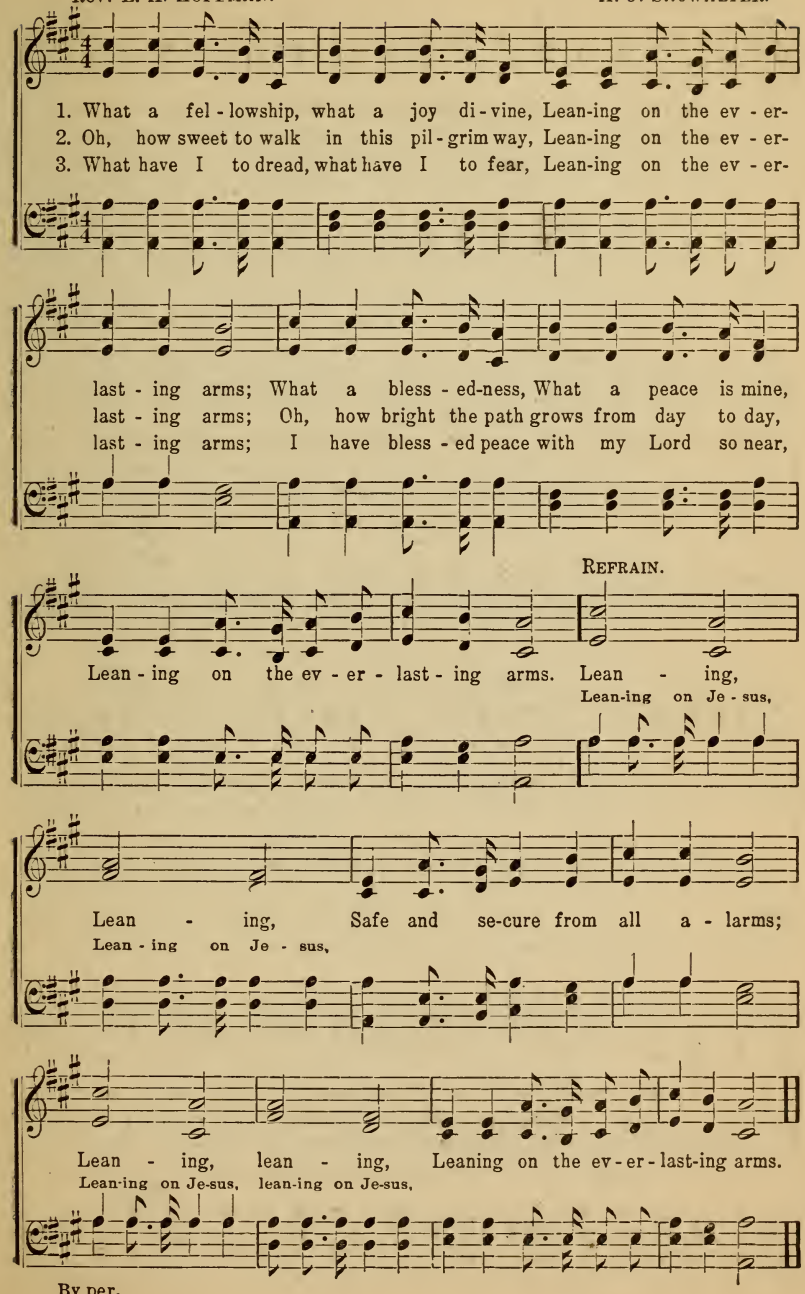
SAMUEL MEDLEY. J. M. HARRIS.



Copyright, 1902, by J. M. Harris. Evanston, Ill.

No. 155. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

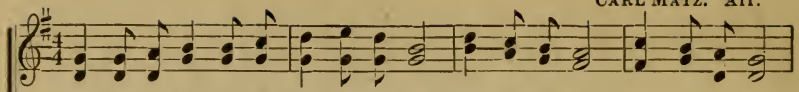
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



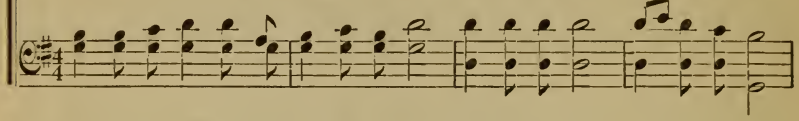
By per.

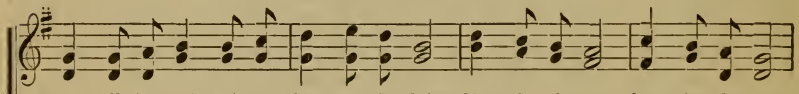
No. 156. Cleansing For Me.

CARL MATZ. ARR.

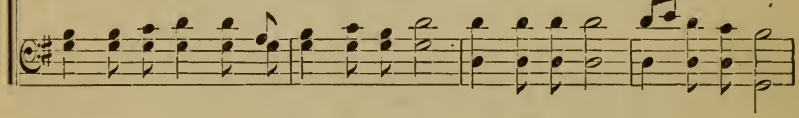


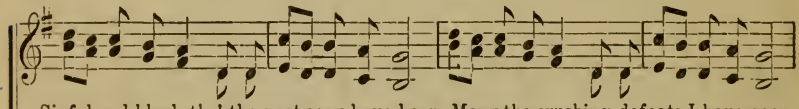
1. Lord, thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me,
2. From all the sins o-ver which I have wept, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me,
3. From all the doubts that have fill'd me with gloom, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me,
4. From all the care of what men think or say, Cleansing for me. cleansing for me,



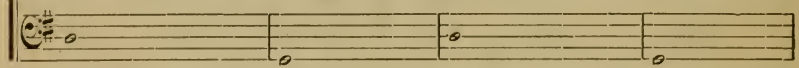


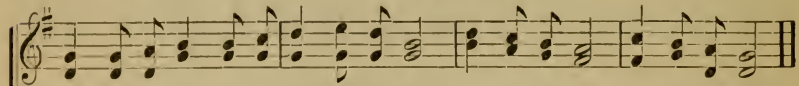
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim, Cleansing for me, cleans-ing for me,
Far, far a-way by the blood-current swept, Cleansing for me, cleans-ing for me,
From all the fears that would point me to doom, Cleansing for me, cleans-ing for me,
From ev-er fear-ing to speak, sing or pray, Cleansing for me, cleans-ing for me,



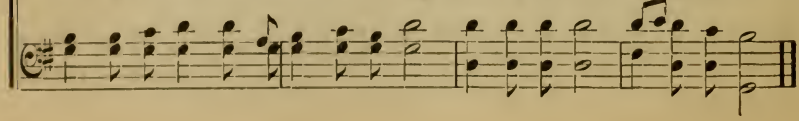


Sinful and black tho' the past may have been, Many the crushing defeats I have seen,
Je-sus, Thy prom-ise I dare to be-lieve, And as I come thou dost surely receive,
Je-sus, al-though I may not un-der-stand, In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,
Lord in Thy love and Thy pow'r make me strong, That all may know that to Thee I belong,



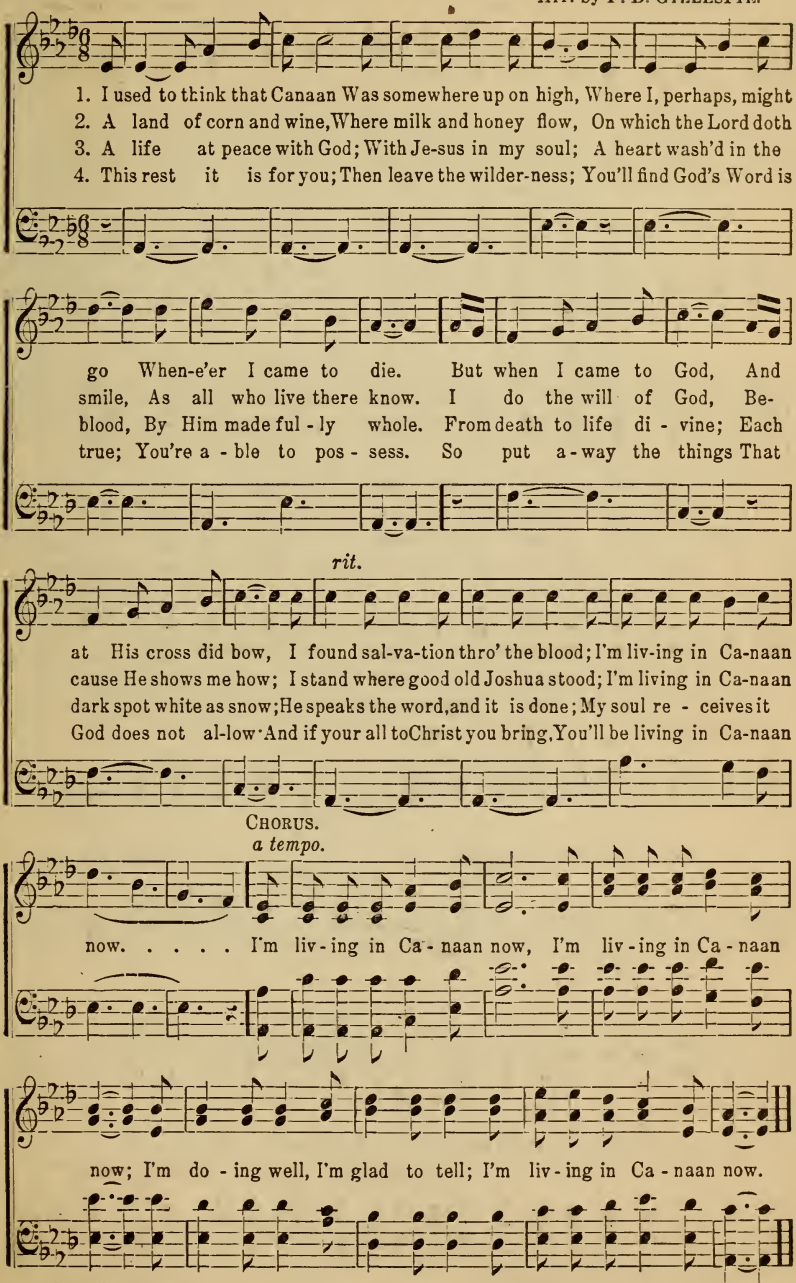


Yet on Thy promise, O Lord! now I lean, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
That o-ver sin I may nevermore grieve, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
And thro' Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand, Cleansed by Thee, cleansed by Thee.
When I am tempt-ed let this be my song, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.



No. 157. Living in Canaan Now.

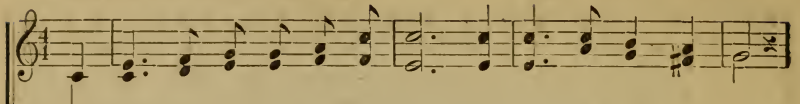
Arr. by F. B. GILLESPIE.



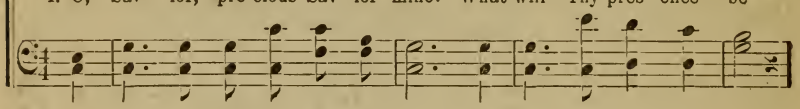
Copyright, 1892, by F. B. Gillespie.

No. 158. The Half has Never been Told.

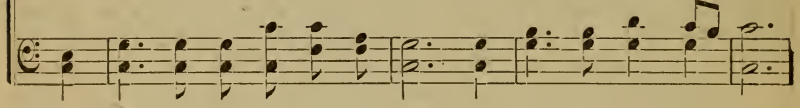
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON. By per.



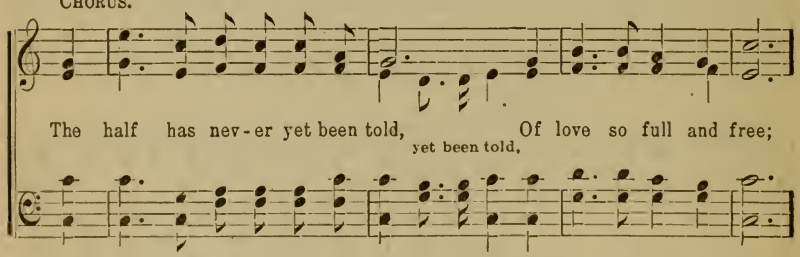
1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O, Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior mine! What will Thy pres - ence be



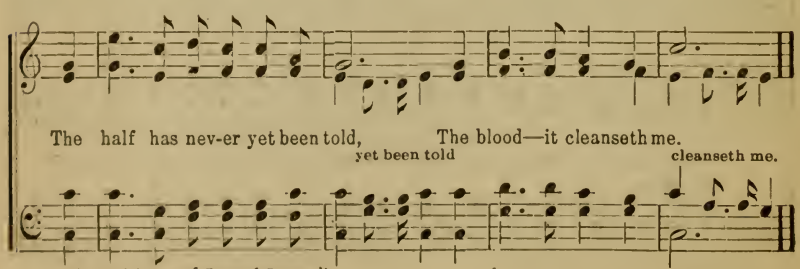
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?



CHORUS.



The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
yet been told.

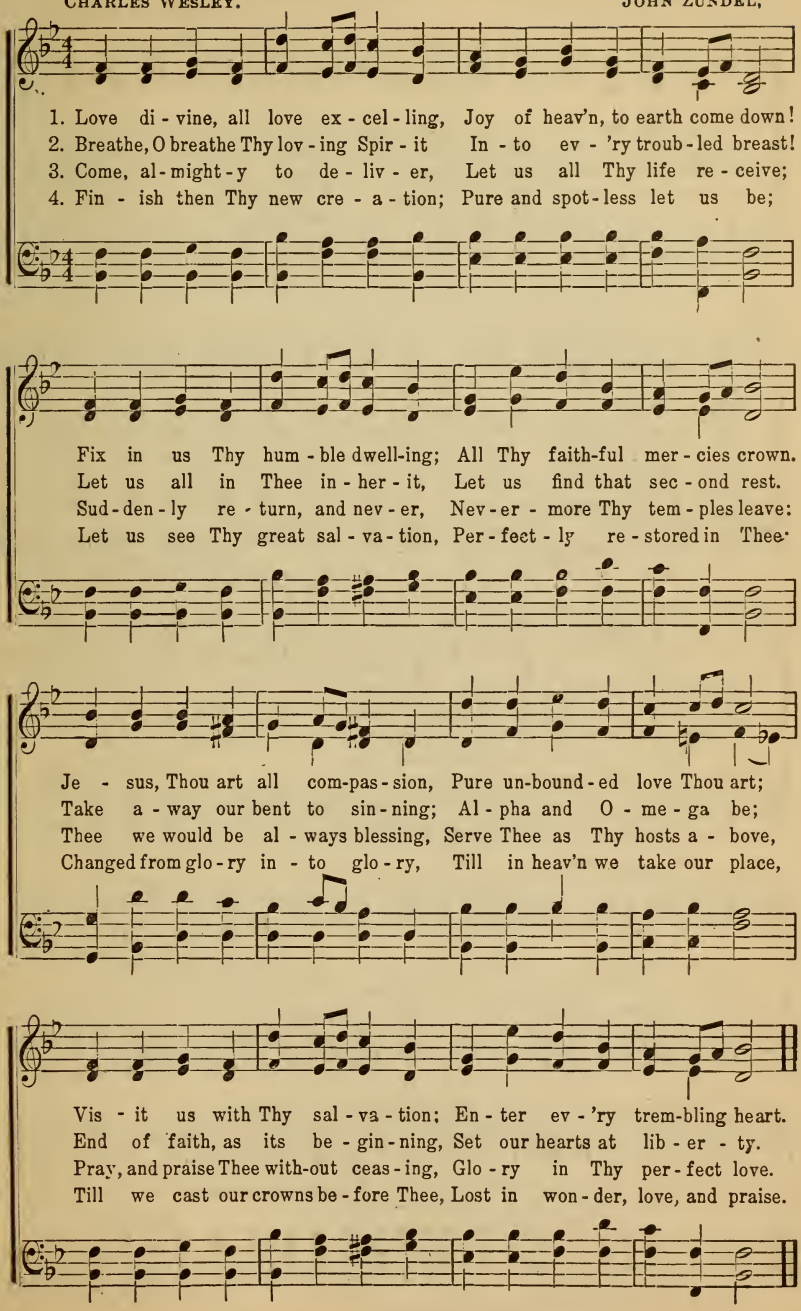


The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
yet been told cleanseth me.

From "Gems of Gospel Songs."

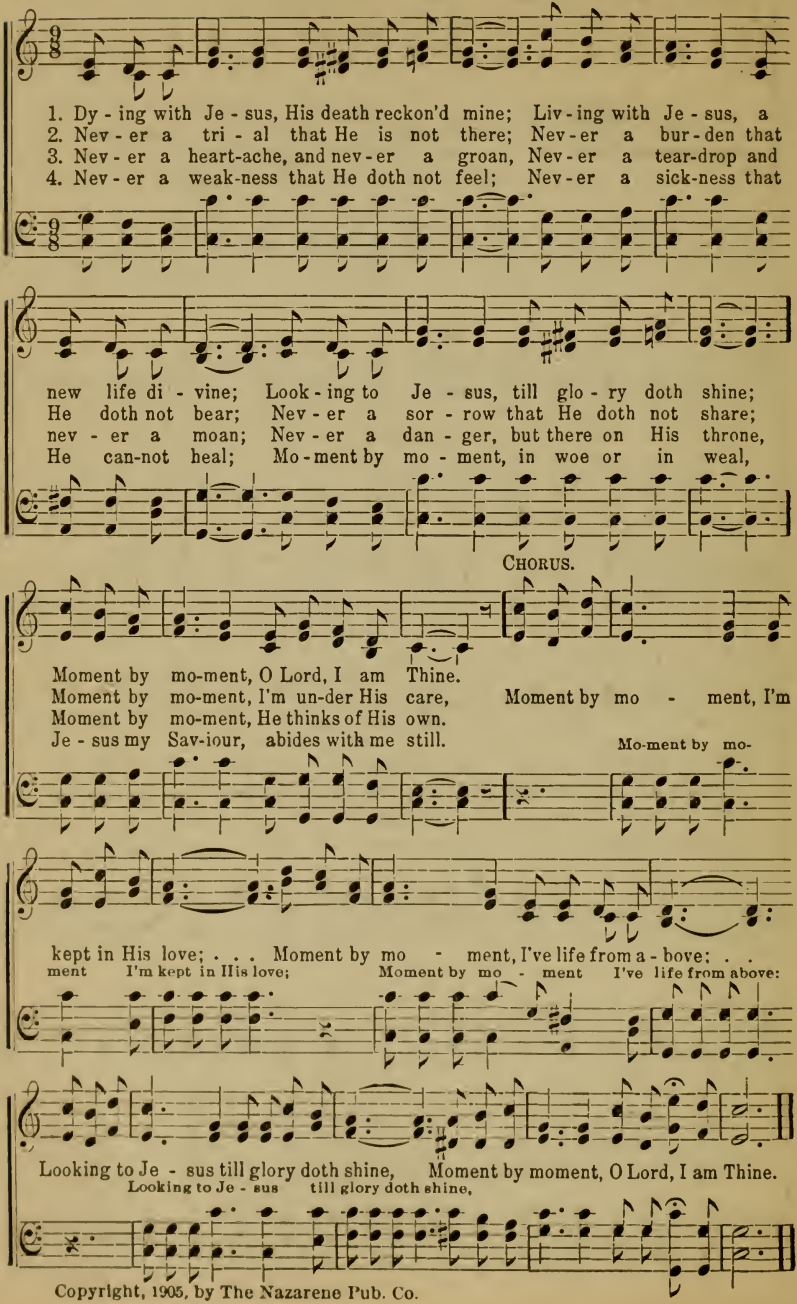
No. 159. Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.



No. 160. Moment By Moment.

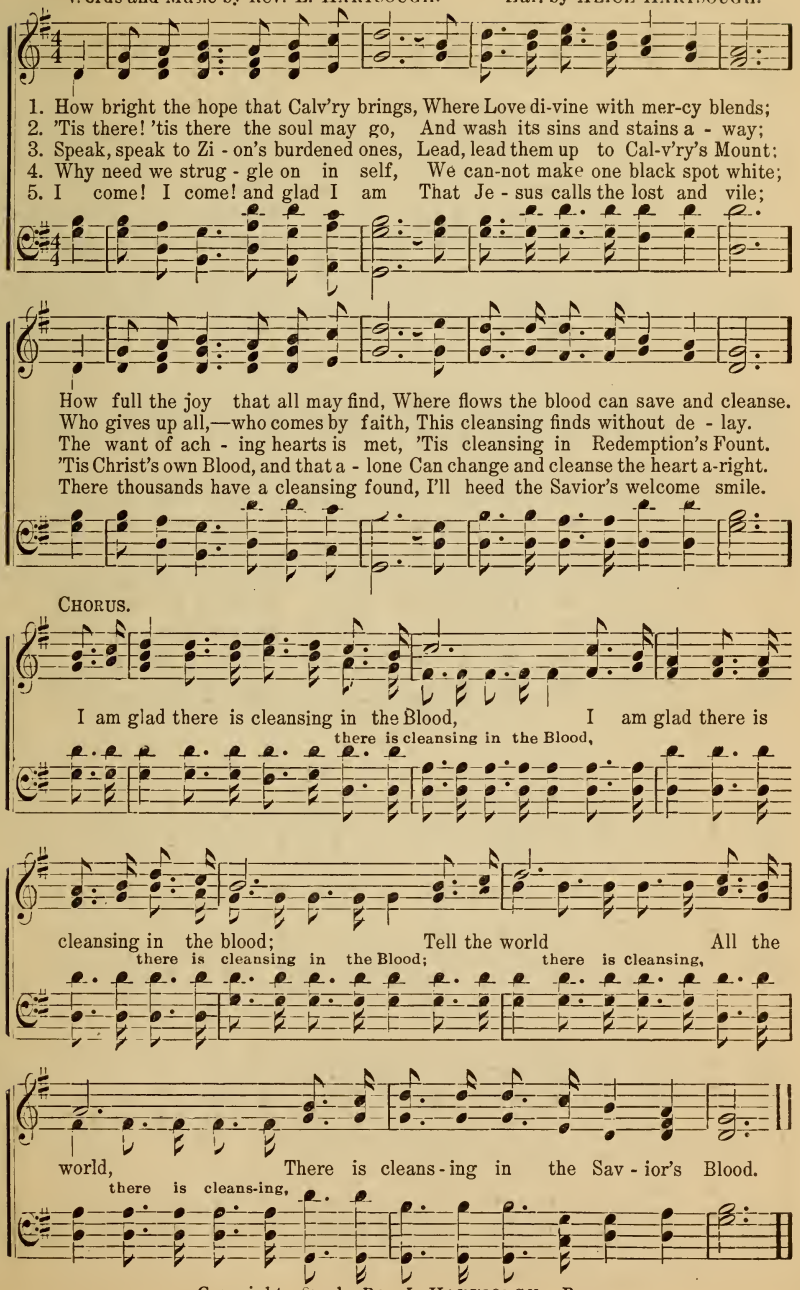
LETTIE McKEE MONCTON.



Copyright, 1905, by The Nazarene Pub. Co.

No. 161. I Am Glad There is Cleansing.

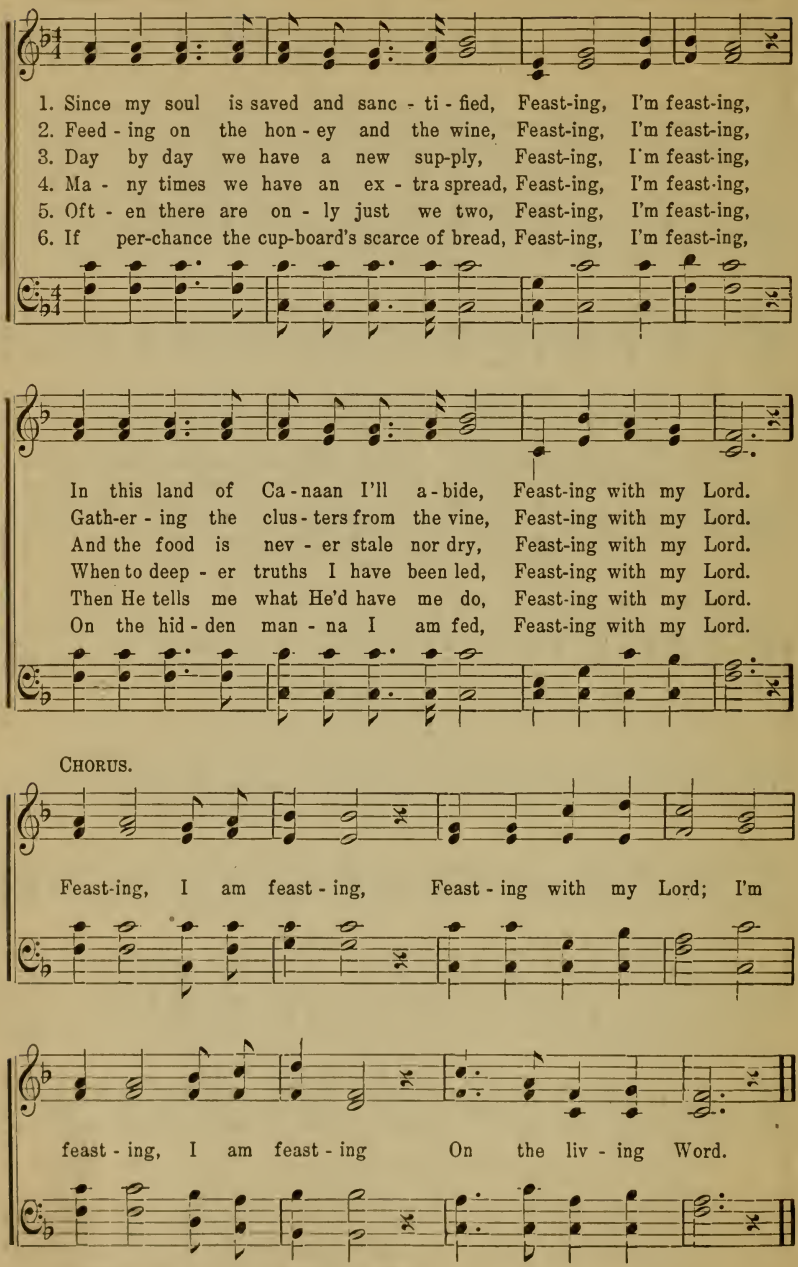
Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. Har. by ALICE HARTSOUGH.



Copyright, 1879, by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. By per.

No. 162. Feasting With My Lord.

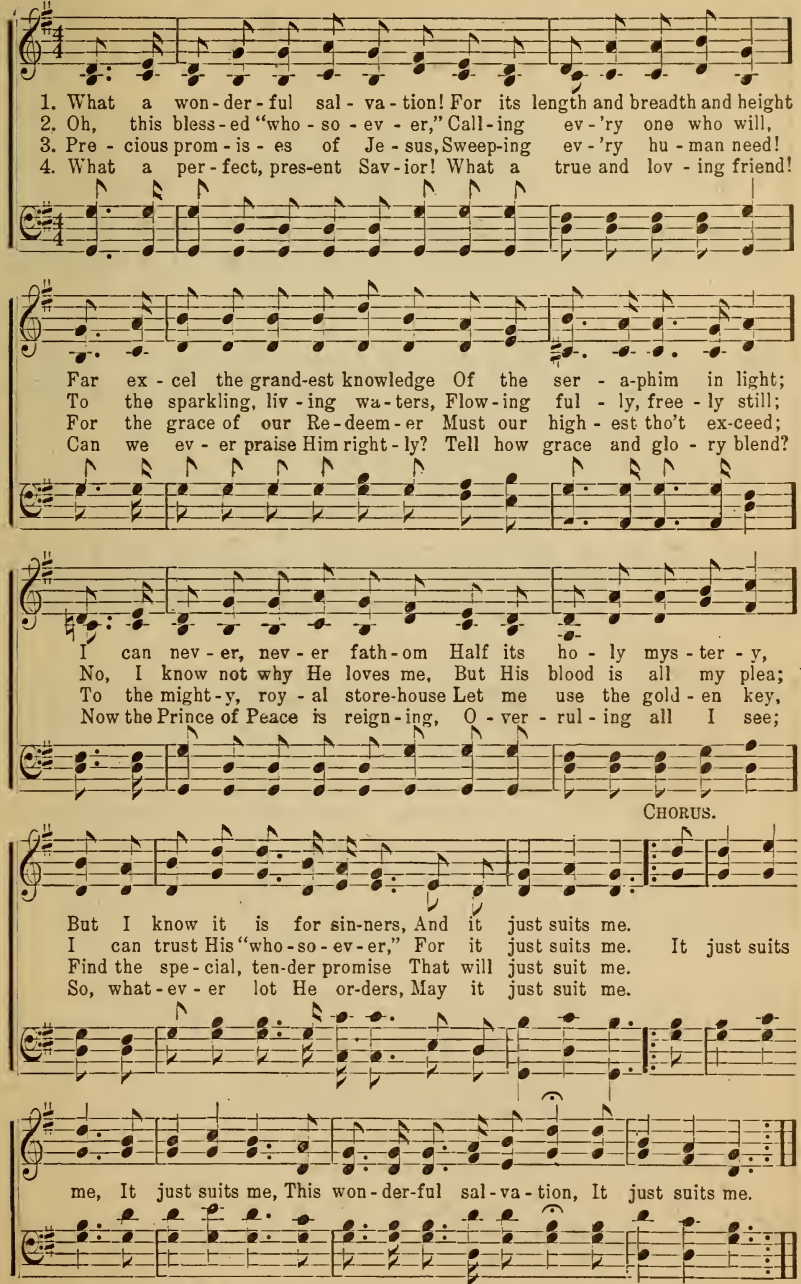
JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.



Copyright, 1899, by L. O. Brown. By per.

No. 163. It Just Suits Me.

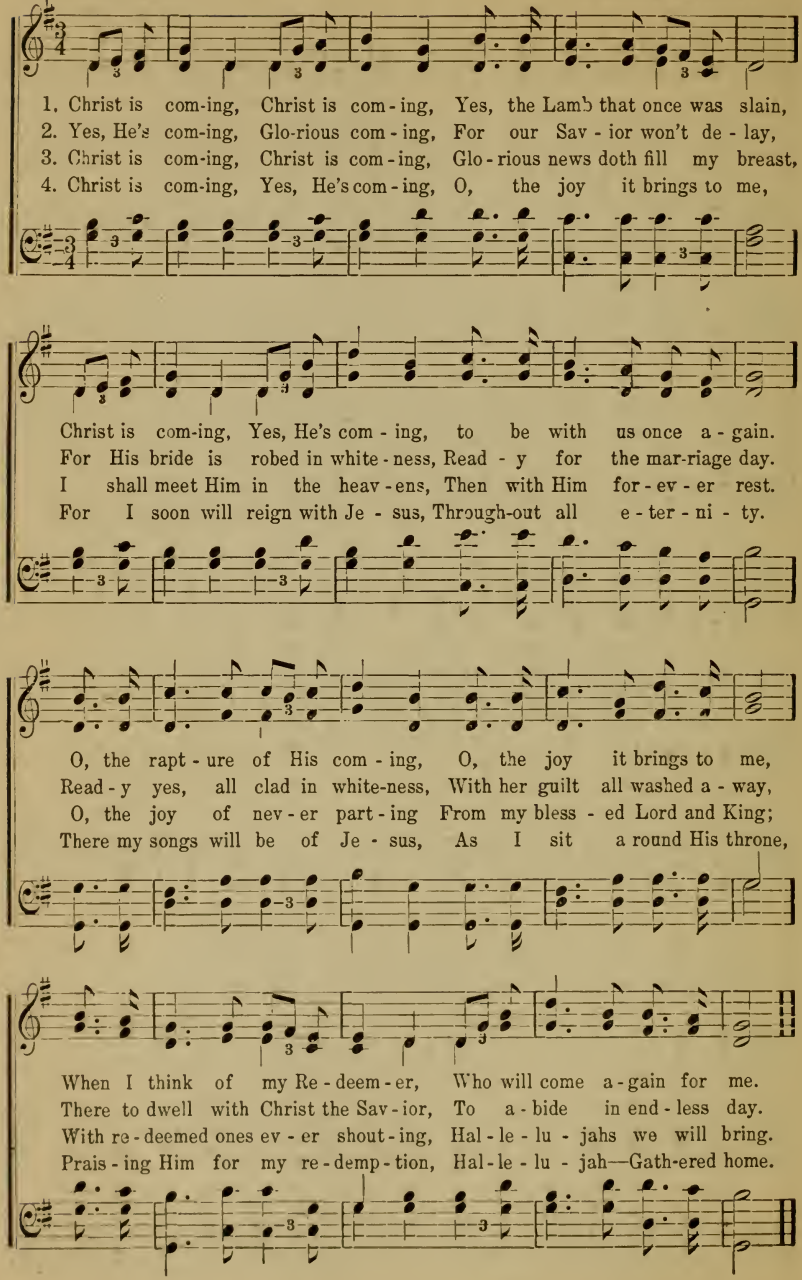
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1890, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

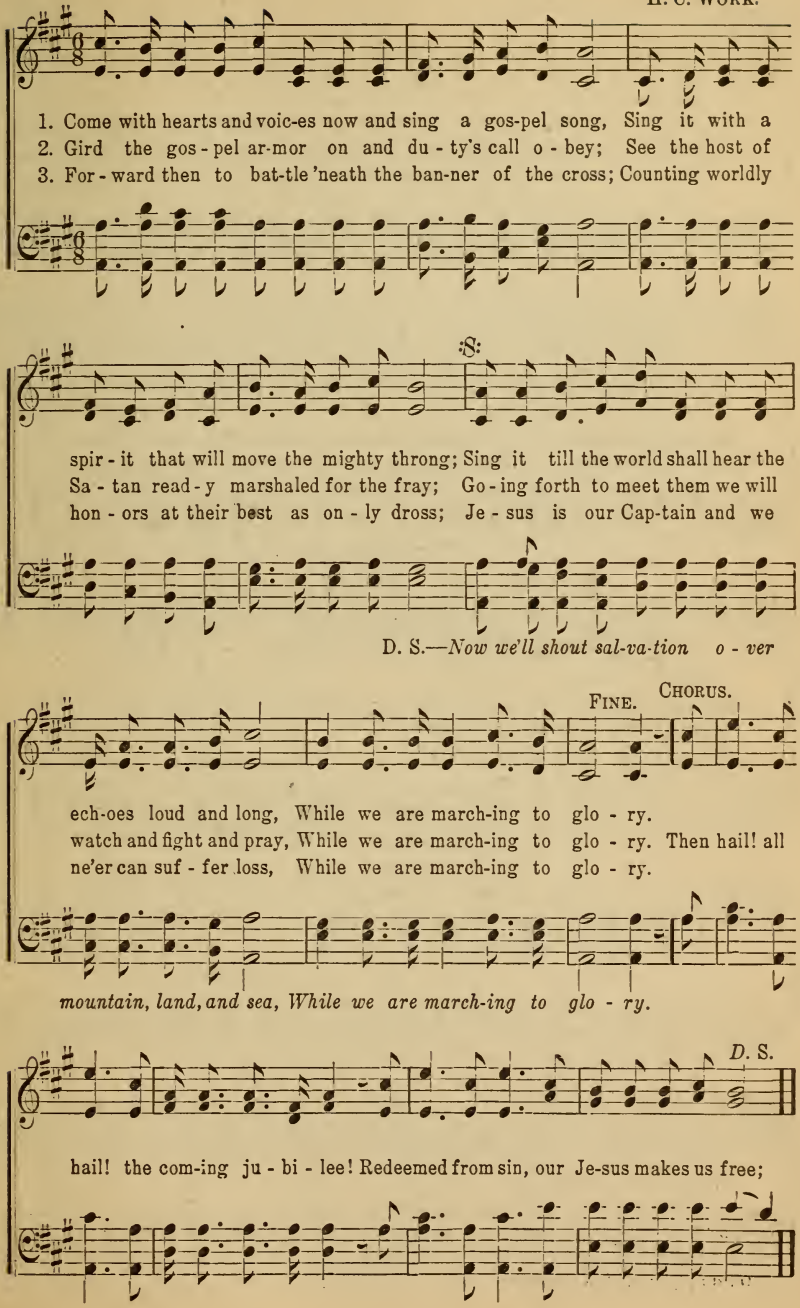
No. 164. Christ Is Coming.

R. E. Shaw. Miss Clemmie Gay.



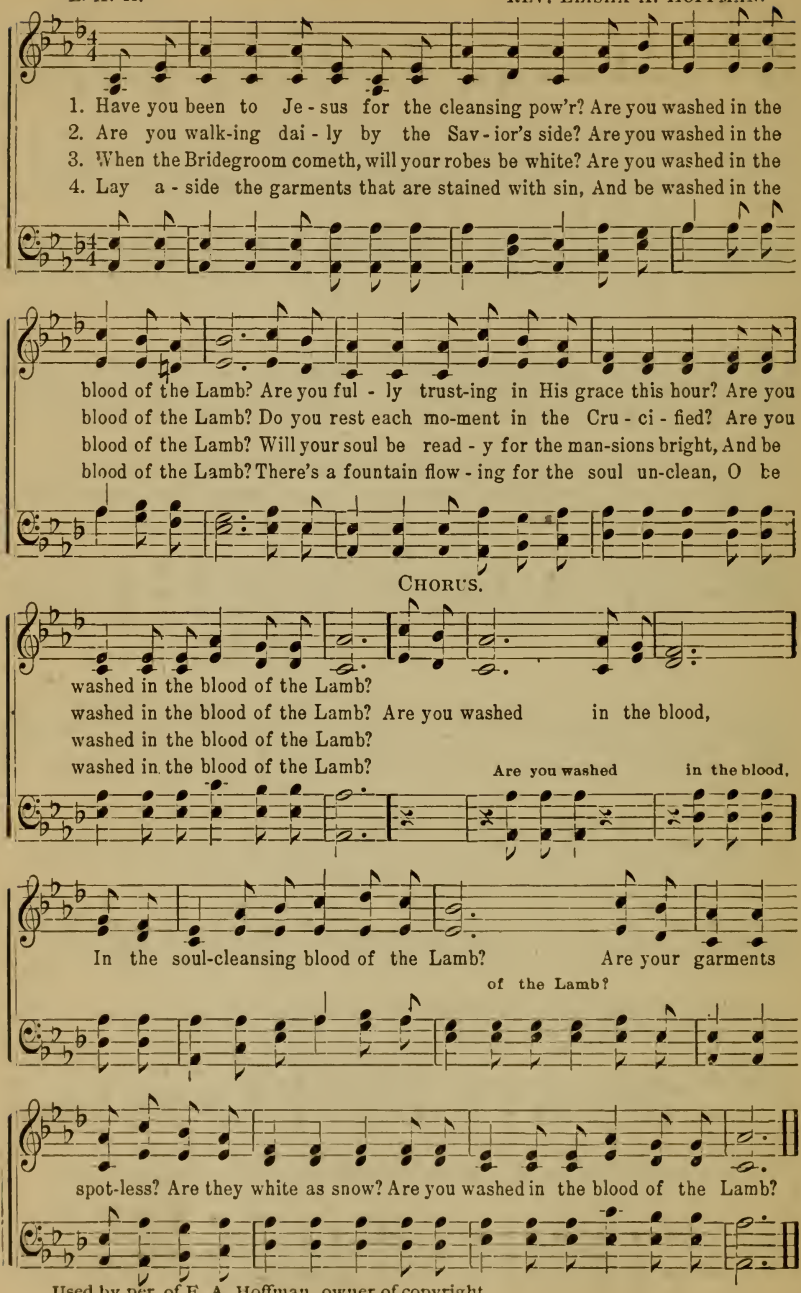
No. 165 Marching to Glory.

H. C. WORK.



No. 166. Are You Washed in the Blood?

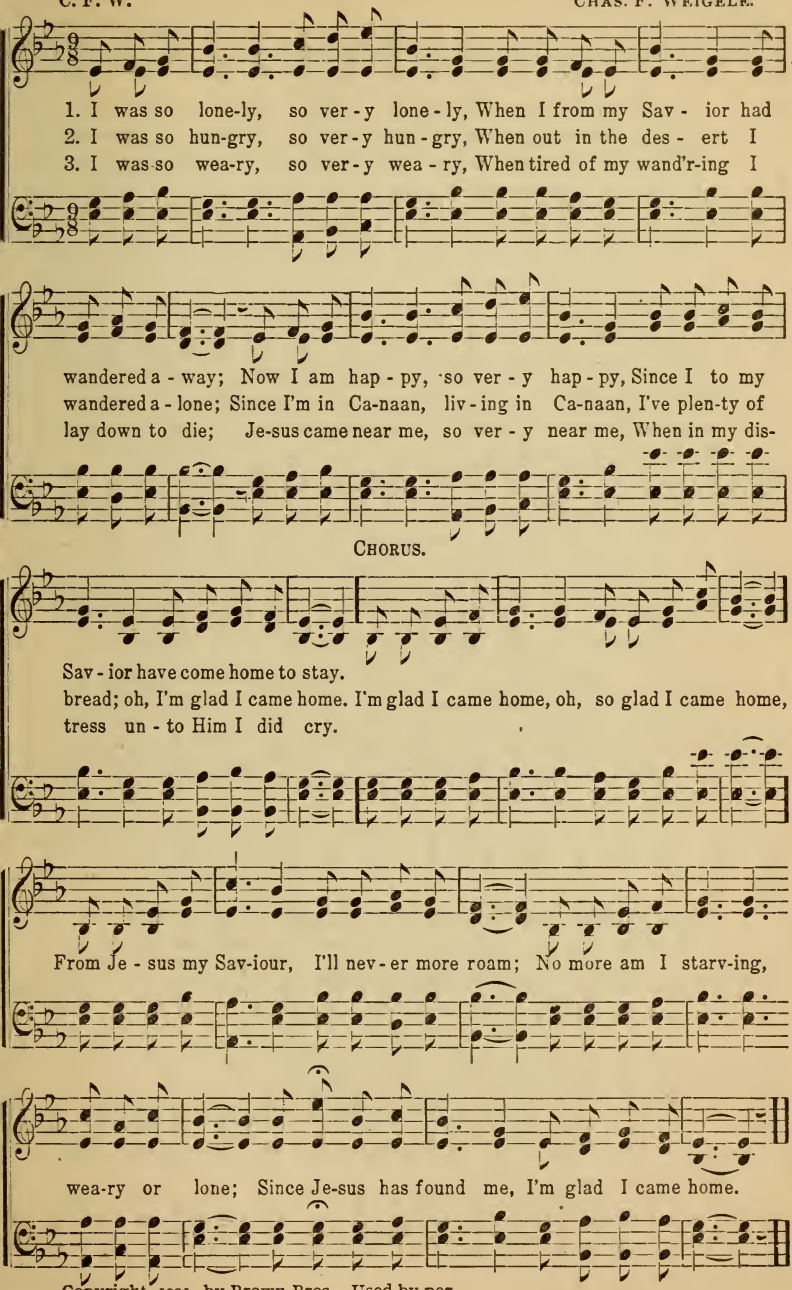
E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



Used by per. of E. A. Hoffman, owner of copyright.

No. 167. I'm Glad I Came Home.

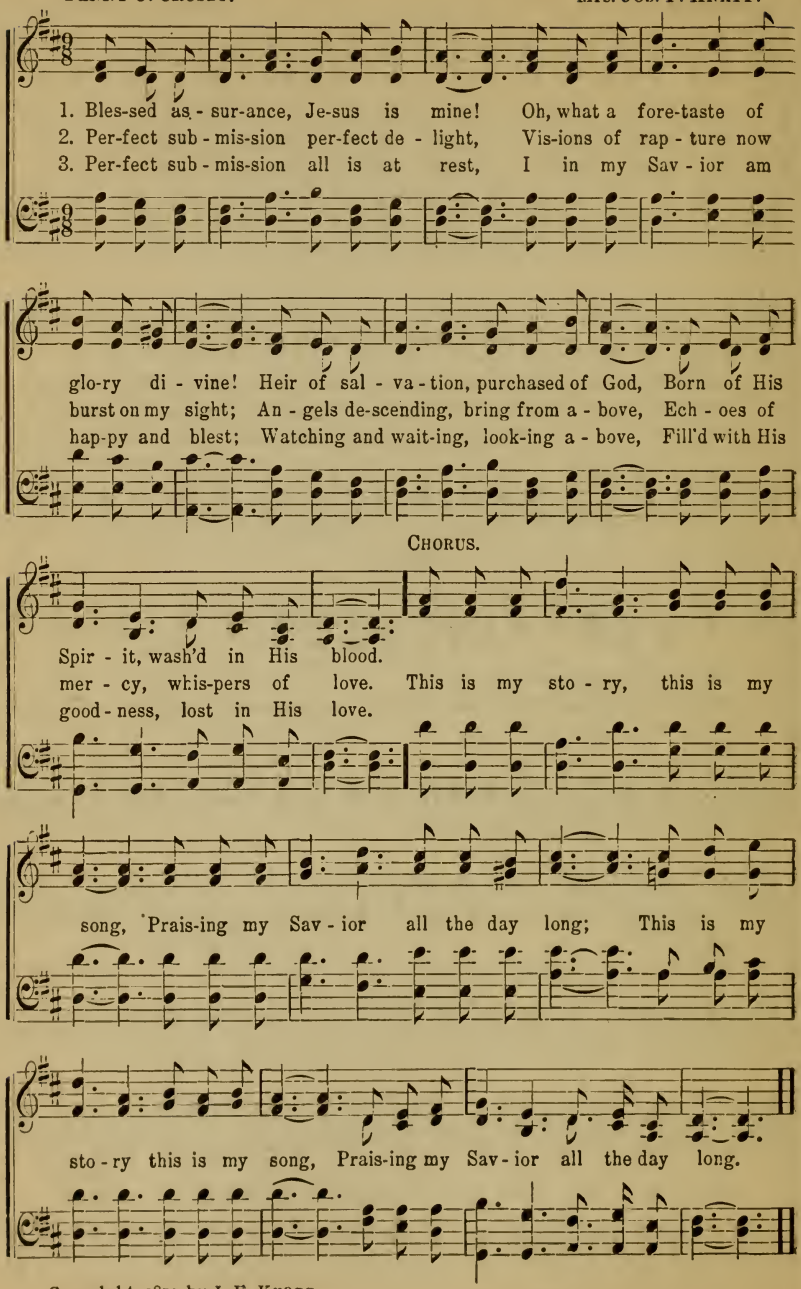
C. F. W. CHAS. F. WEIGELE.



Copyright, 1901, by Brown Bros. Used by per.

No. 168. Blessed Assurance.

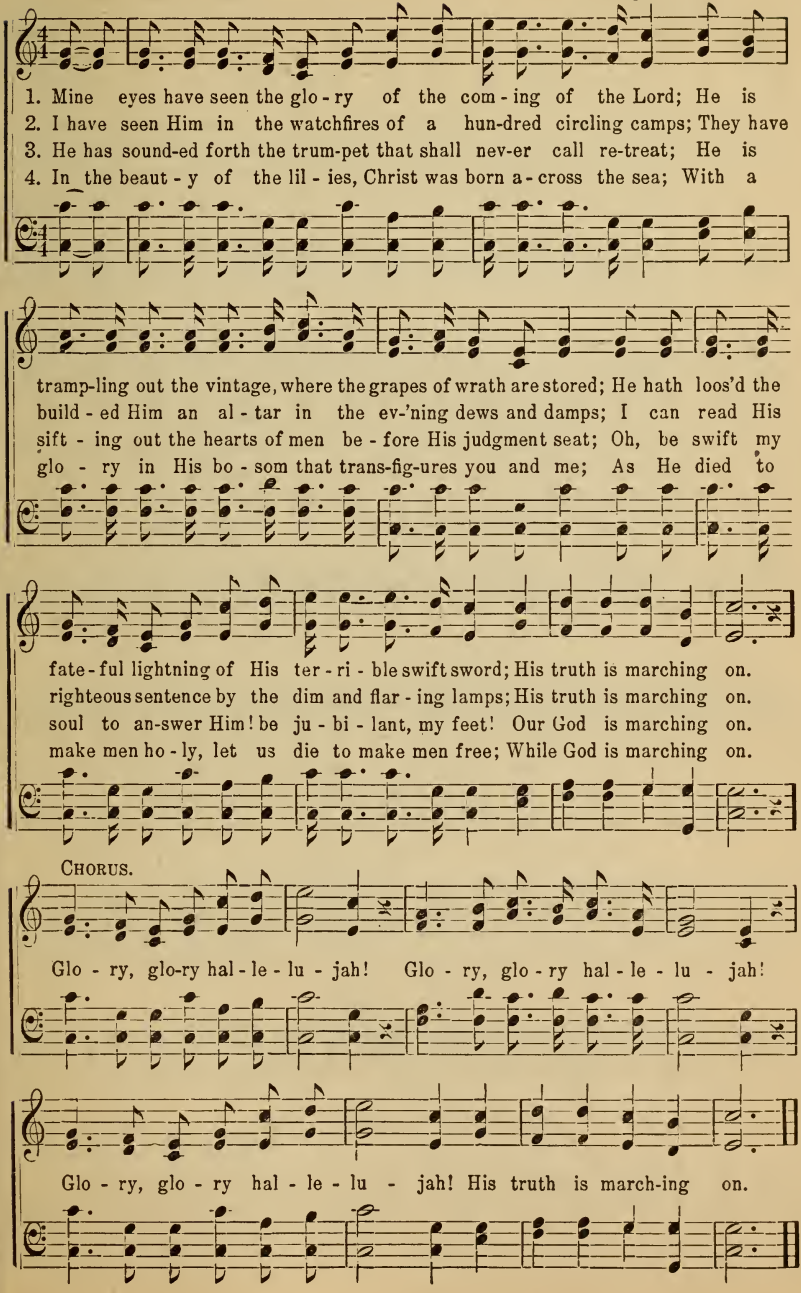
FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



Copyright, 1873. by J. F. Knapp.

No. 169. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

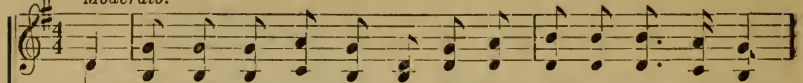
JULIA WARD HOWE. Old Campmeeting Air.



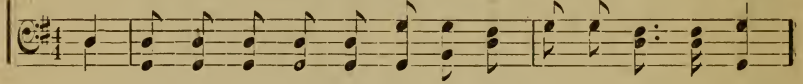
No. 170. Kept in Perfect Peace.

L. H. EDMUNDS — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

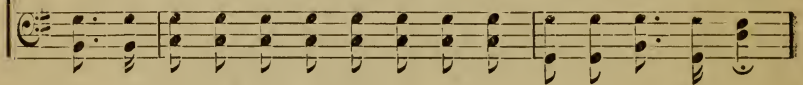
Moderato.



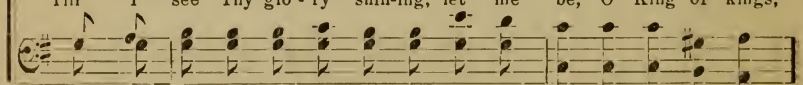
1. A - bid - ing in the shad - ow of the ev - er - last - ing wings,
2. Oh, there's the hap - py shel - ter where the wea - ry ones may hide,
3. Be - neath His shad - ow rest - ing, al - ways safe with - in His care,
4. A - bid - ing in the shad - ow of the ev - er - last - ing wings,



In the se - cret hab - i - ta - tion of the might-y King of kings;
And true com - fort for our sor - row, when in Je - sus we a - bide,
Sure - ly Je - sus can de - liv - er from the fowler's lurk - ing snare,
I will sing the love that saves me, for re - deem-ing grace He brings,

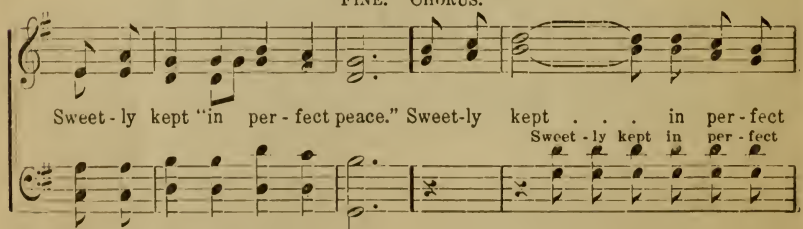


There's a joy se - rene and bless - ed, and the trust-ing spir - it sings,
"Peace that pass - eth un - der - stand-ing" fills the soul for whom He died,
From the poi - soned ar - rows fly - ing, sin and dan - ger ev - 'ry - where,
Till I see Thy glo - ry shin-ing, let me be, O King of kings,



D. S.—*When a - bid - ing in the shad - ow of the ev - er - last - ing wings,*

FINE. CHORUS.



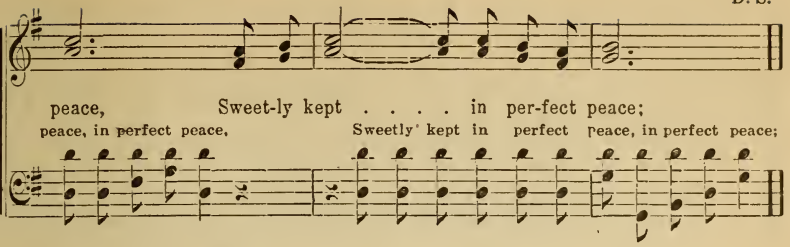
Sweet - ly kept "in per - fect peace." Sweet-ly kept . . . in per - fect

We are kept in per - fect peace.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm J. Kirkpatrick.

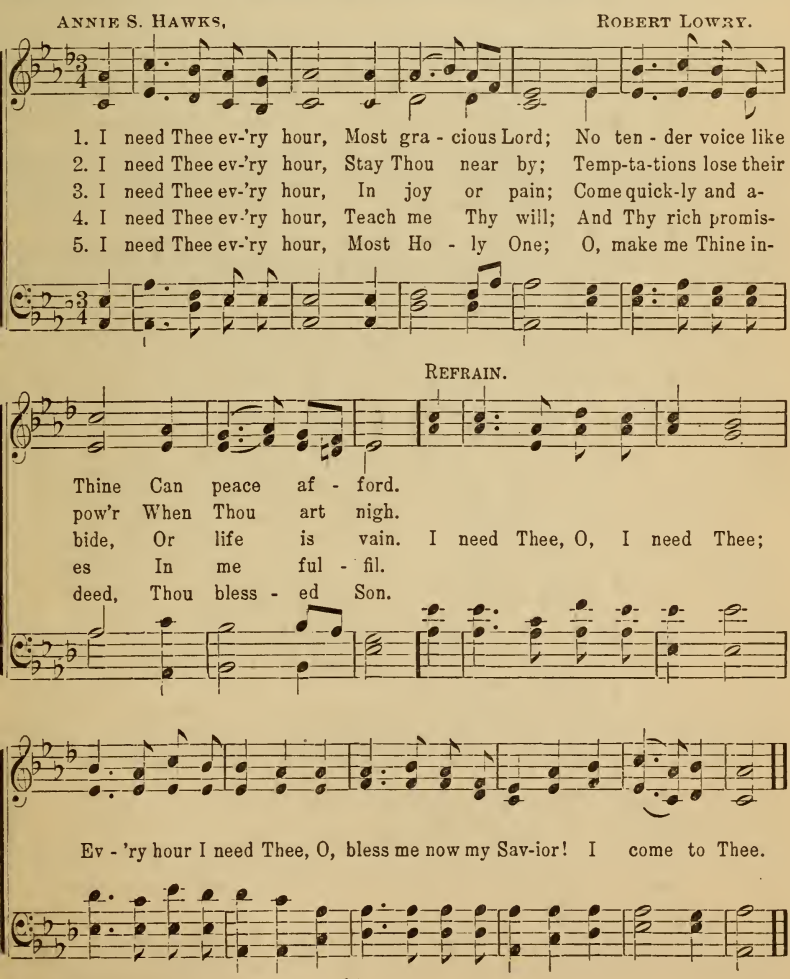
Kept in Perfect Peace.

D. S.



No. 171. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS, ROBERT LOWRY.



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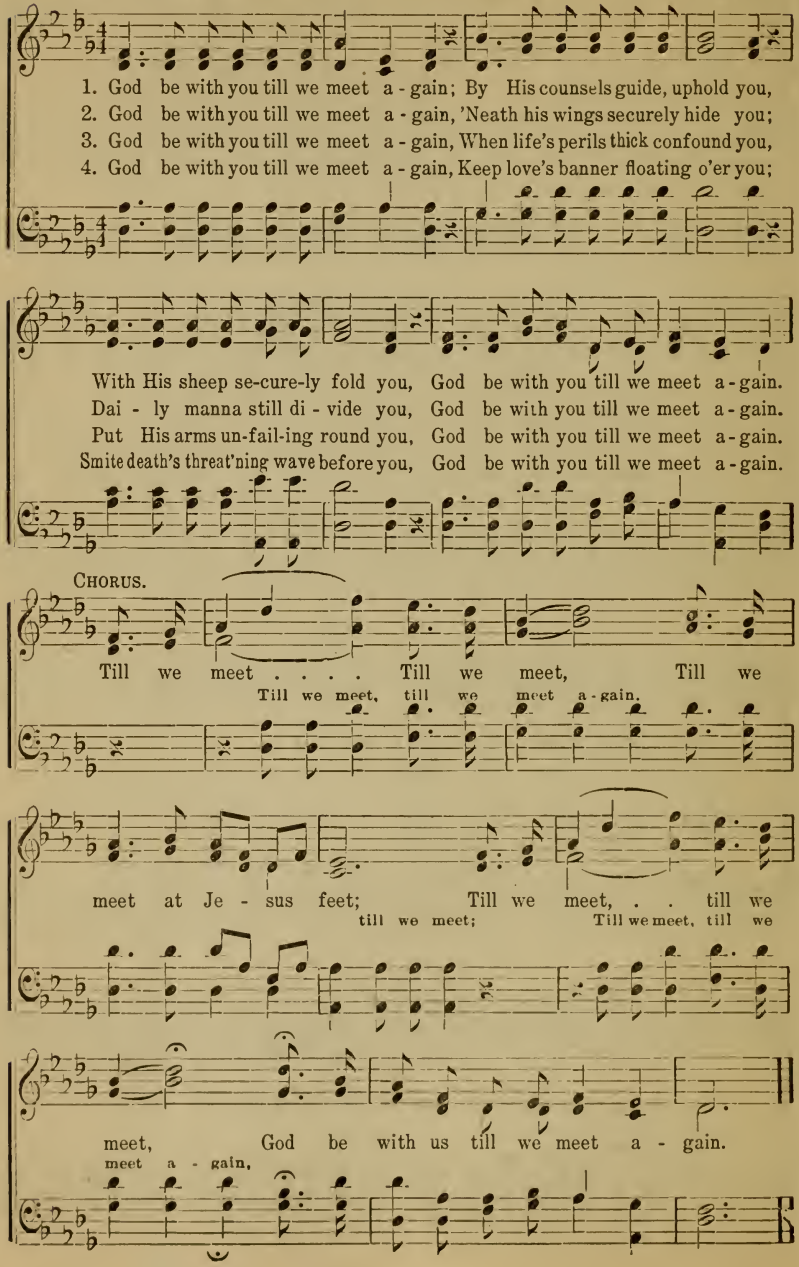
No. 172. God be with you.

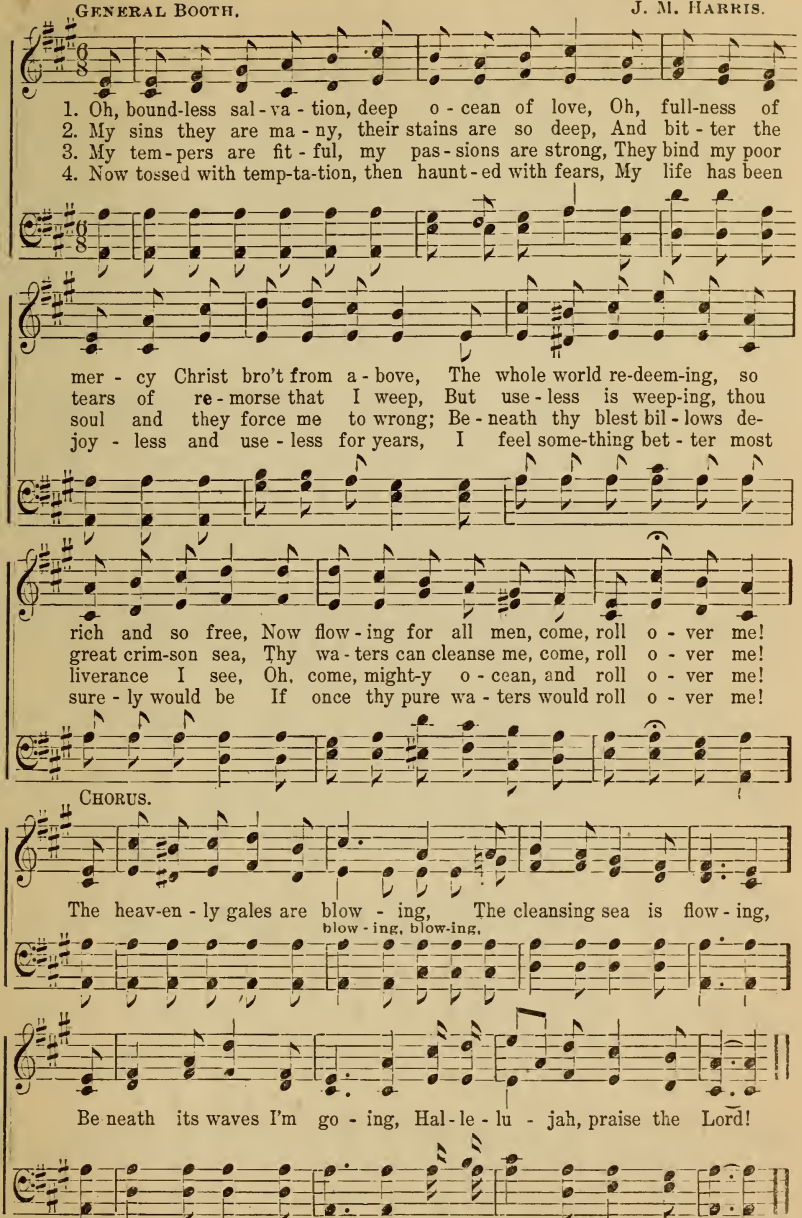
"Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 1: 2.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. G. W TOMER.



No. 173. The Heavenly Gales Are Blowing.

GENERAL BOOTH. J. M. HARRIS.



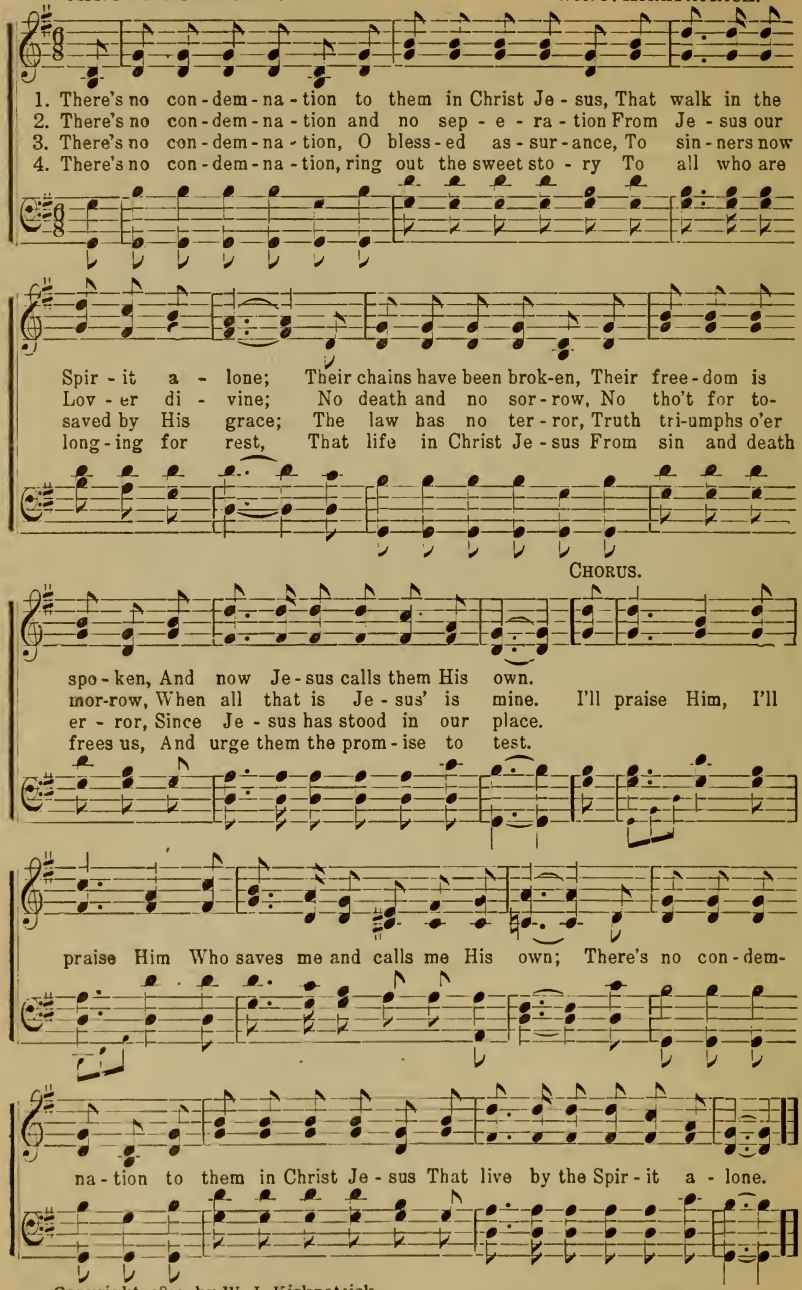
5 O ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood
On the briuk of thy wonderful, life-giving flood;
Once more I have reached this soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

6 The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave
I hear the loud call of the "Mighty to Save."
My faith's growing bolder, delivered I'll be,
I plunge 'neath the waters, they roll over me!

Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Harris.

No. 174. No Condemnation.

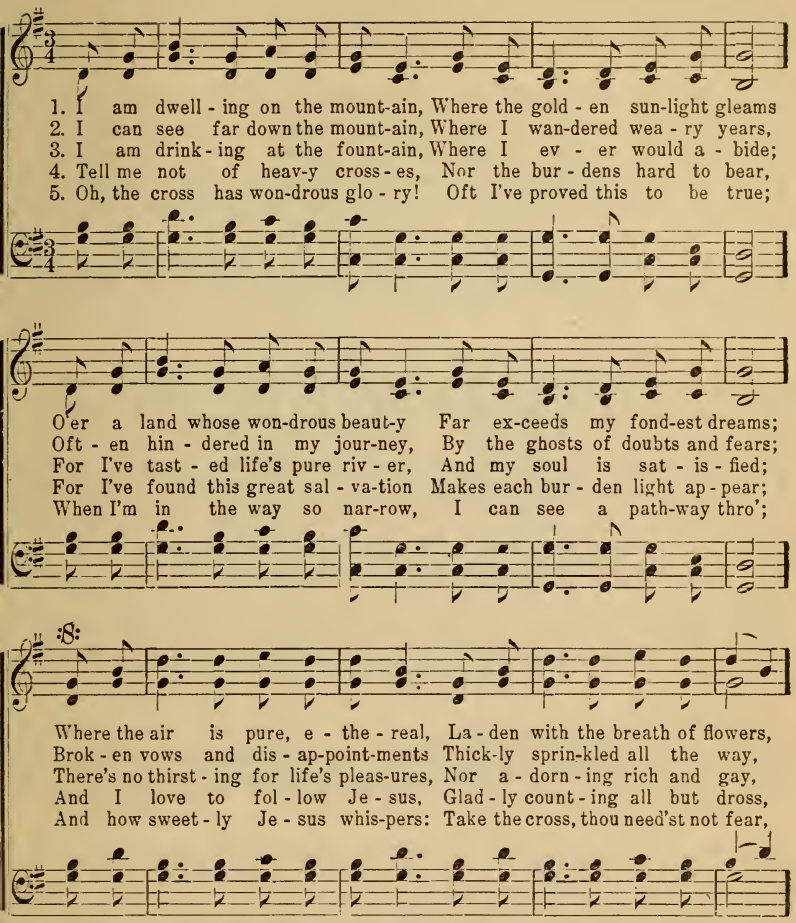
Mrs. F. G. Burroughs. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1899, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

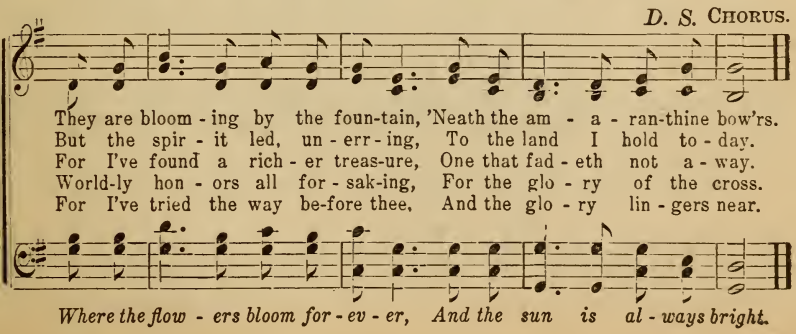
No. 175. Is Not this the Land of Beulah?

ANON. Rev. J. W. DADMUN.



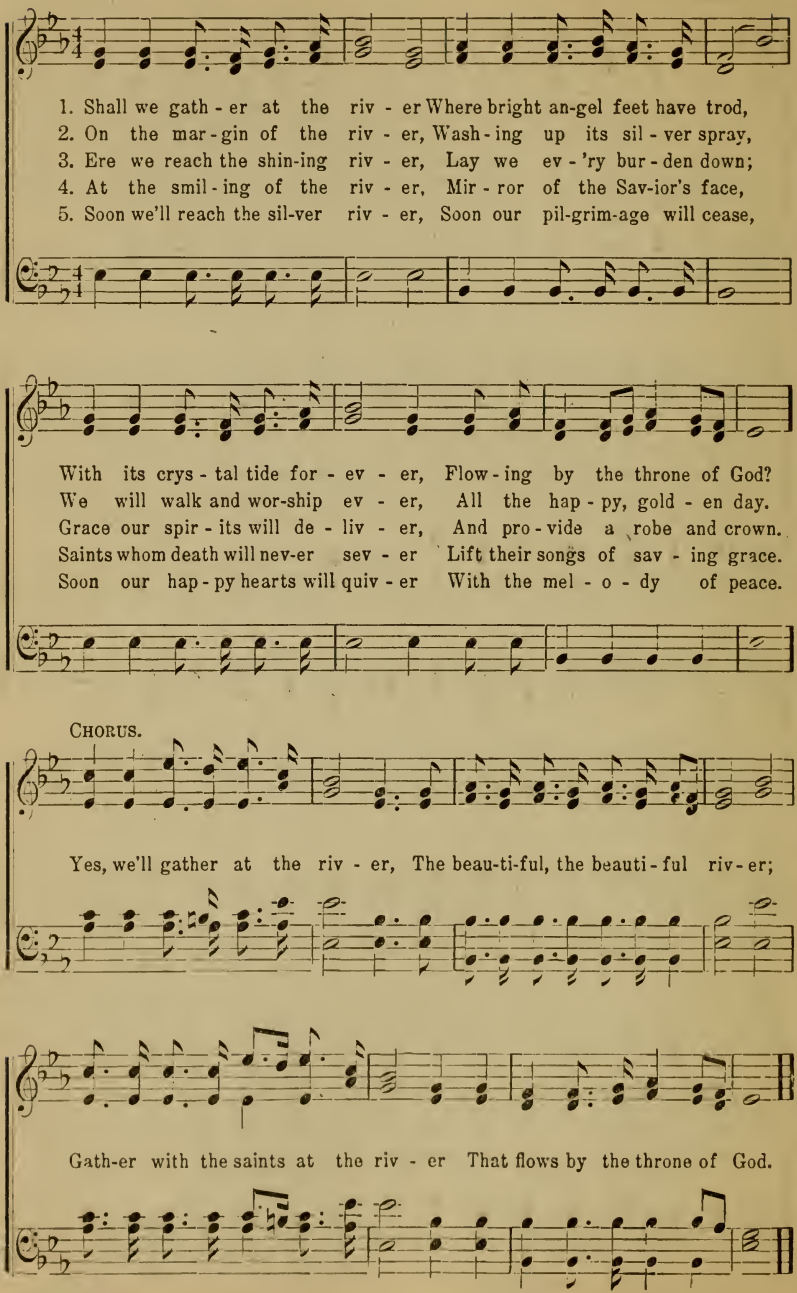
D.S.—Is not this the Land of Beu - lah? Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light;

D. S. CHORUS.



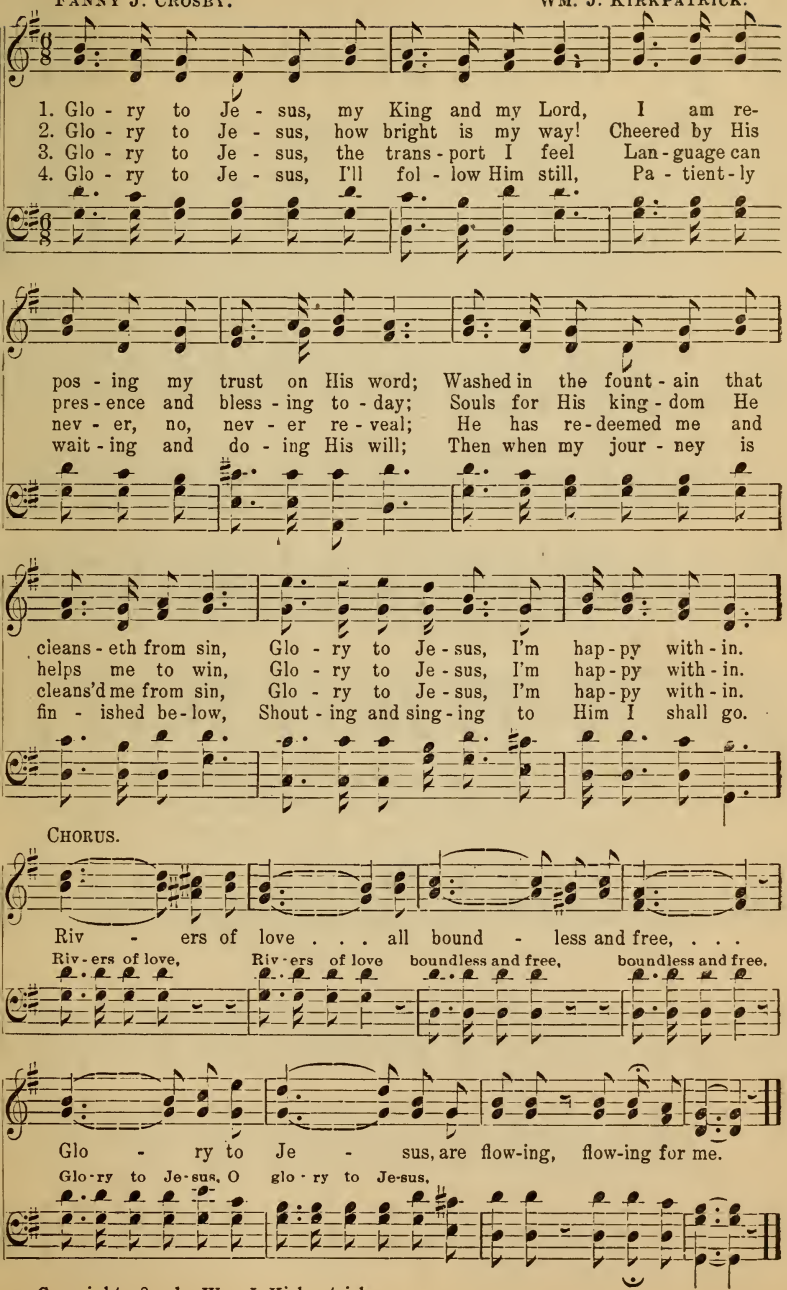
No. 176. Shall We Gather at the River?

Rev. R. LOWRY.



No. 177. Rivers of Love.

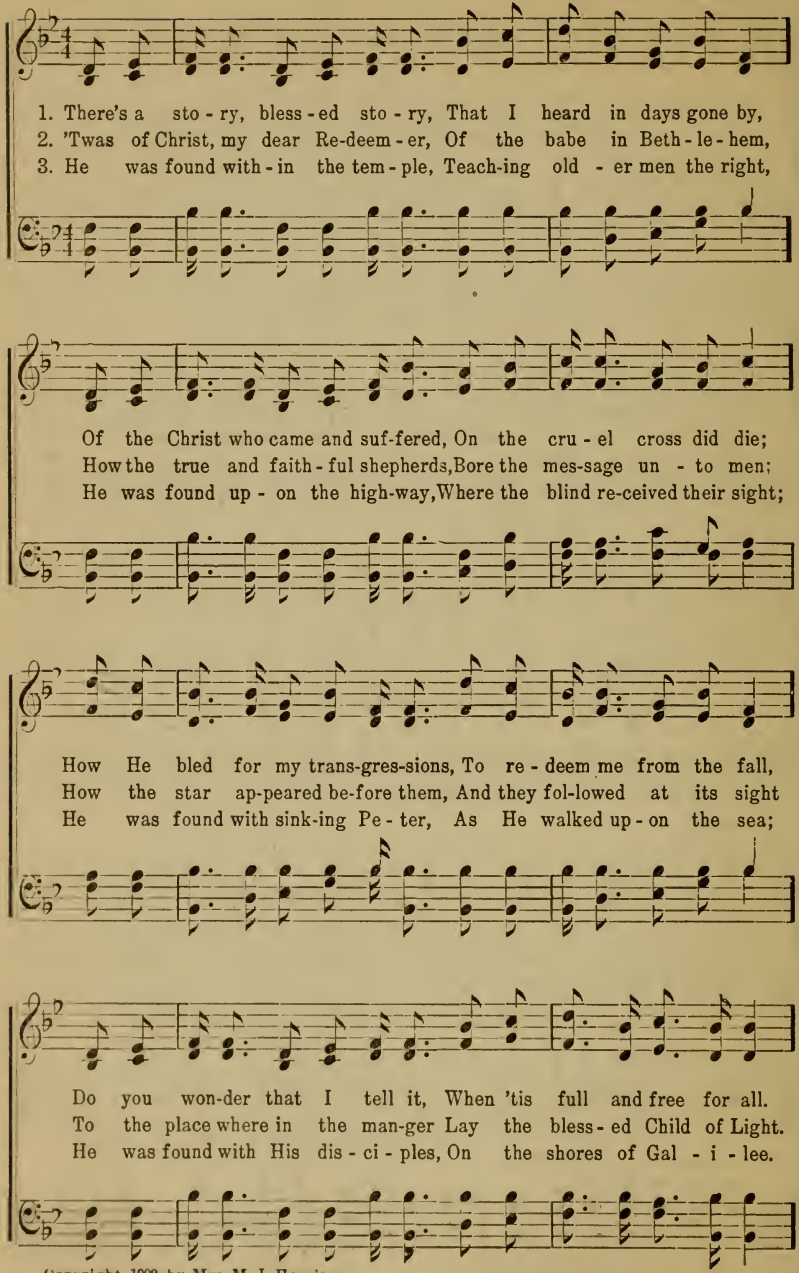
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

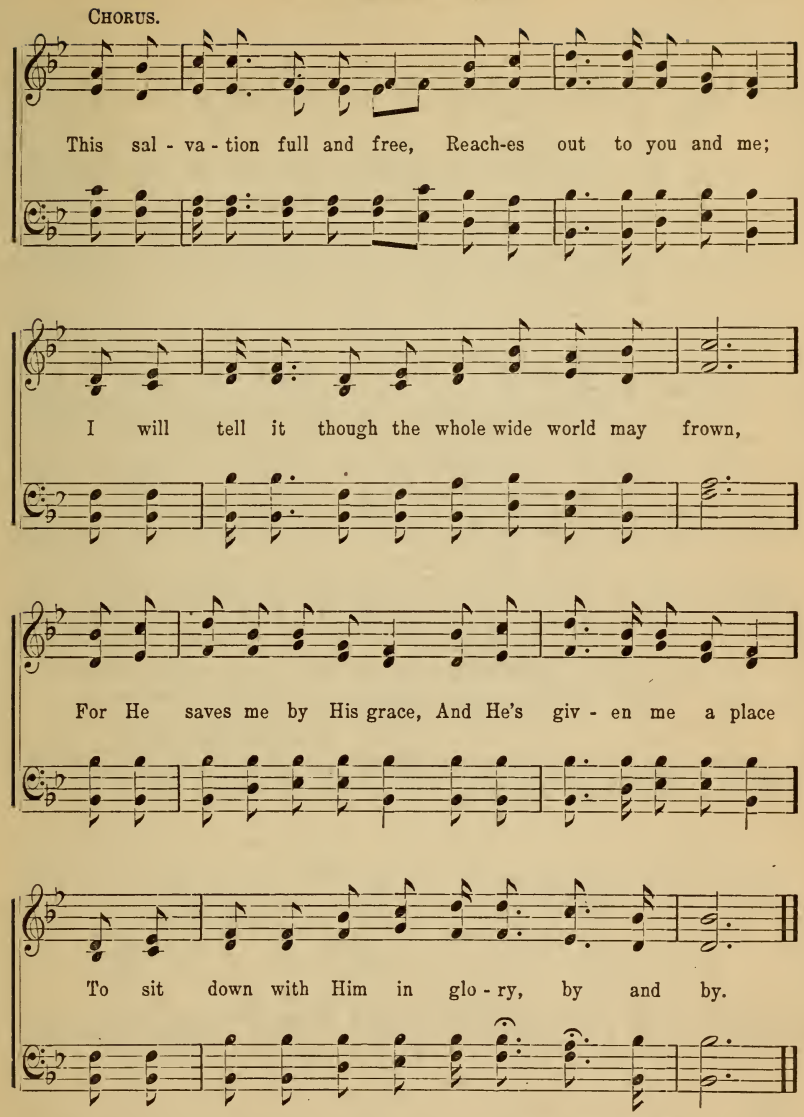
No. 178. The Old Story.

M. J. H. SOLO OR DUET. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



Copyright, 1902, by Mrs. M. J. Harris.

The Old Story.



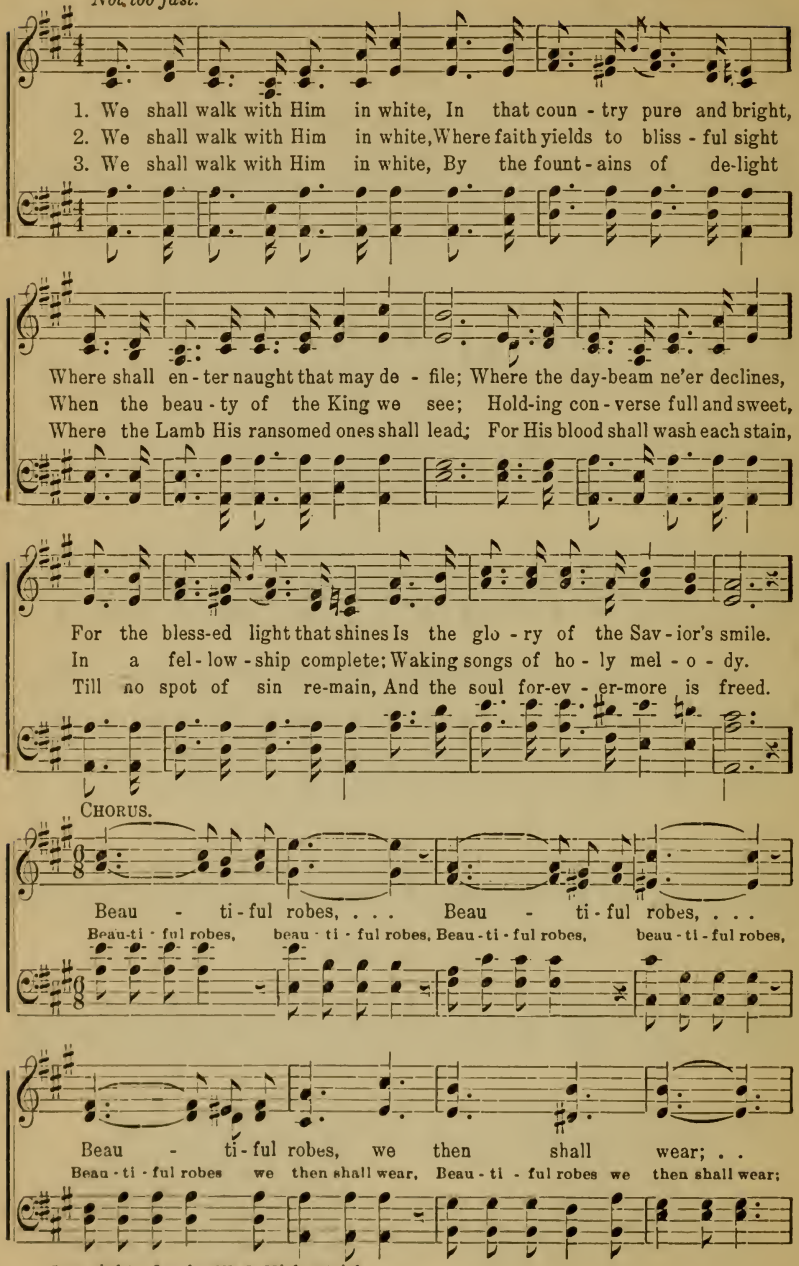
4 He was praying in the garden,
"Not my will, but Thine be done,"
When they took Him unto Pilate
For a trial—God's own Son;
How they mocked, and spat upon Him,
As they followed by His side,
To the place they called Golgotha,
Where my Lord was crucified.

5 But the best of this old story,
Is that Jesus came to save,
With an uttermost salvation,
And give victory o'er the grave;
That He opened wide the fountain,
For uncleanness and for sin,
And His blood can make you holy,
Sanctify and keep you clean.

No. 179. Beautiful Robes.

E. E. HEWITT. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.



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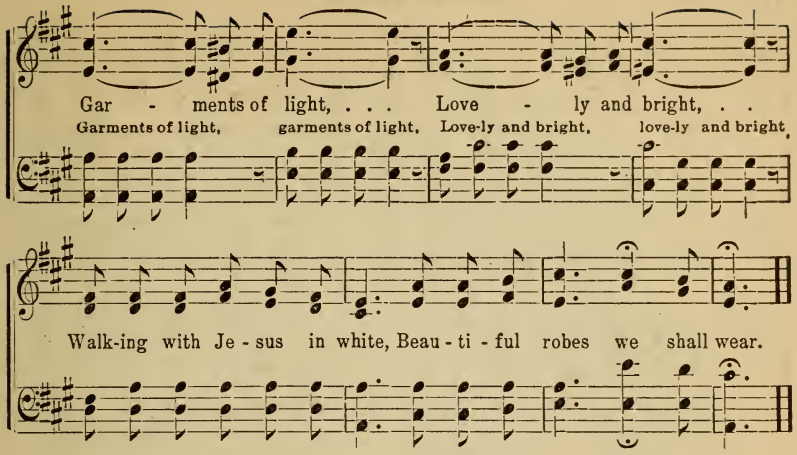
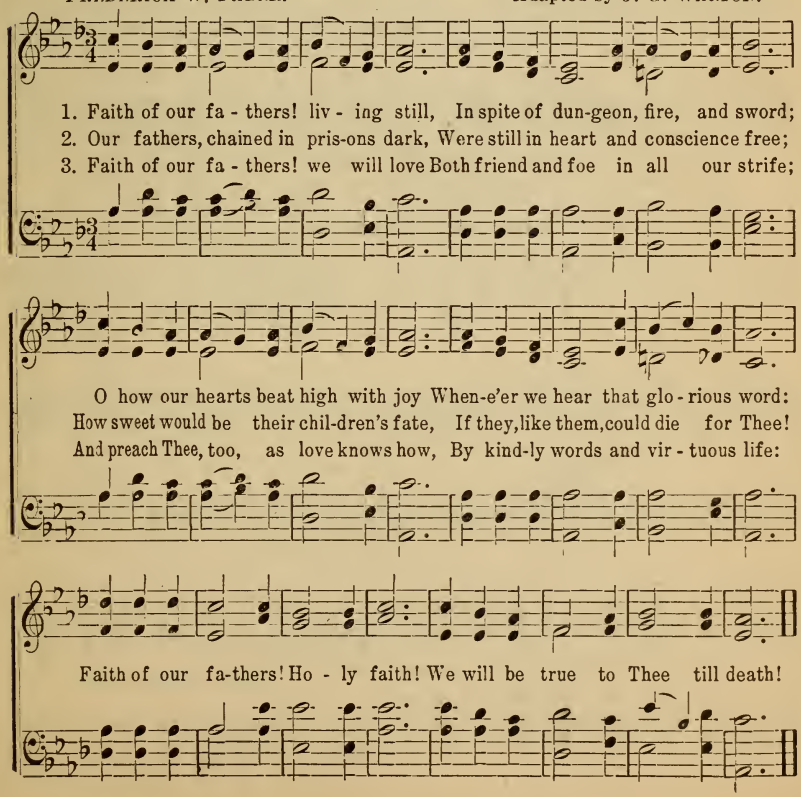
Beautiful Robes.



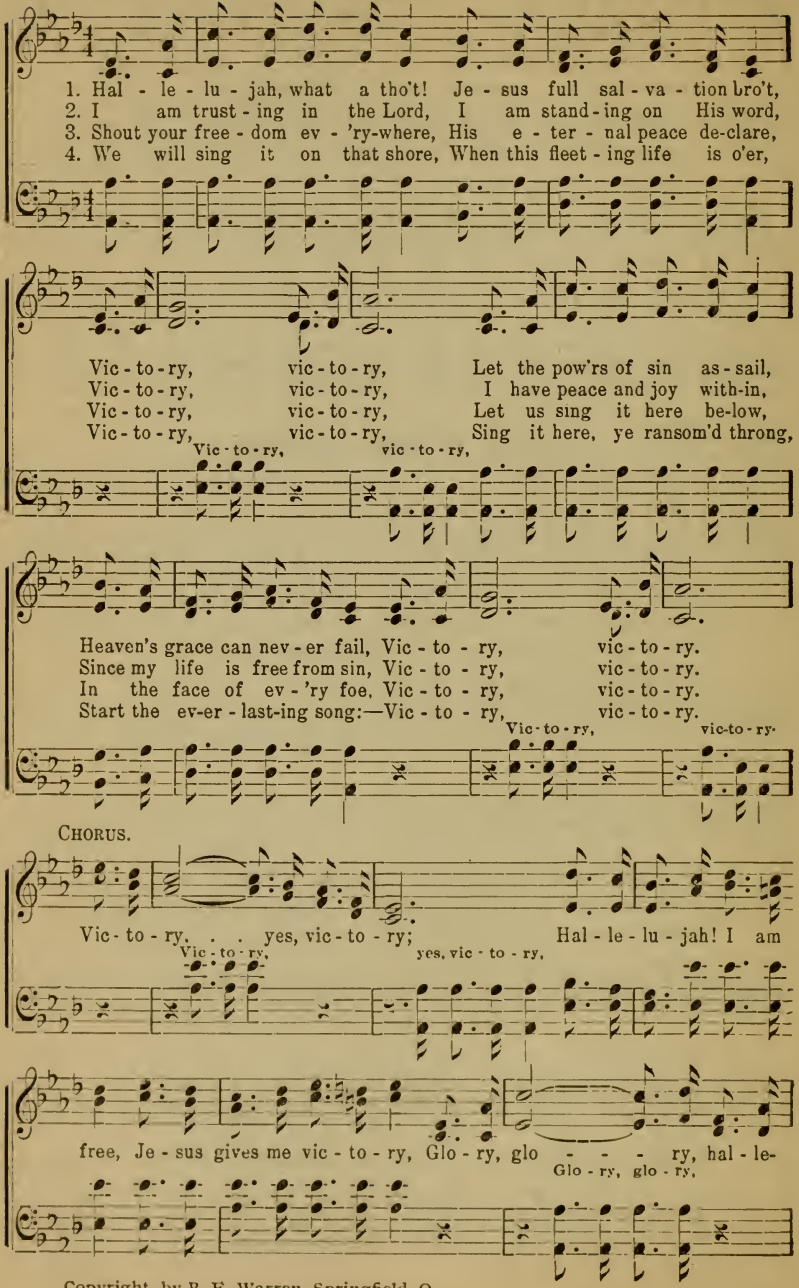
No. 180. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

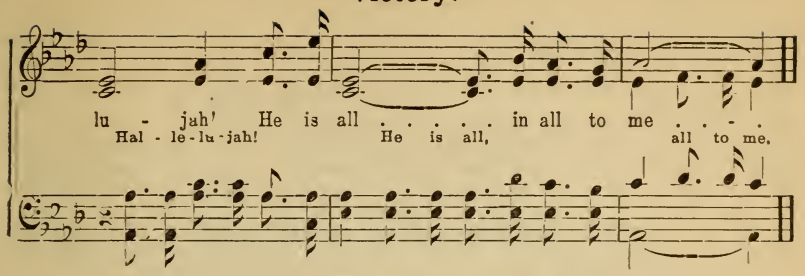


No. 181. Victory.

B. E. W. (1 Cor. 15: 57) BARNEY E. WARREN.

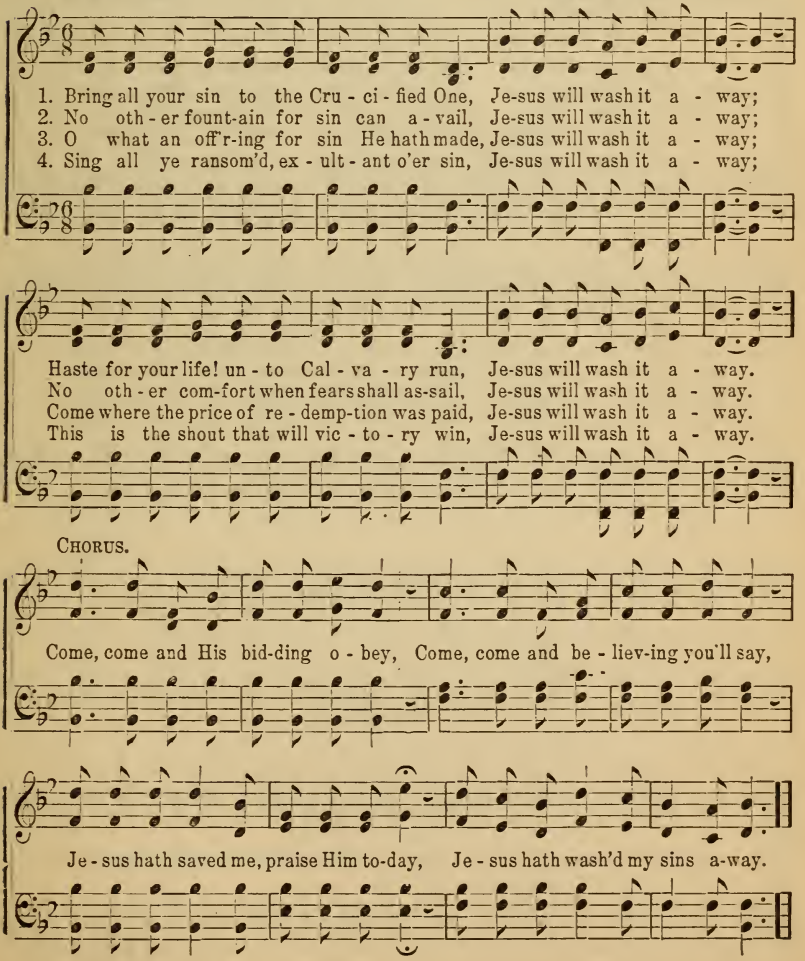


Copyright, by B. E. Warren, Springfield, O.



No. 182. Jesus Will Wash It Away.

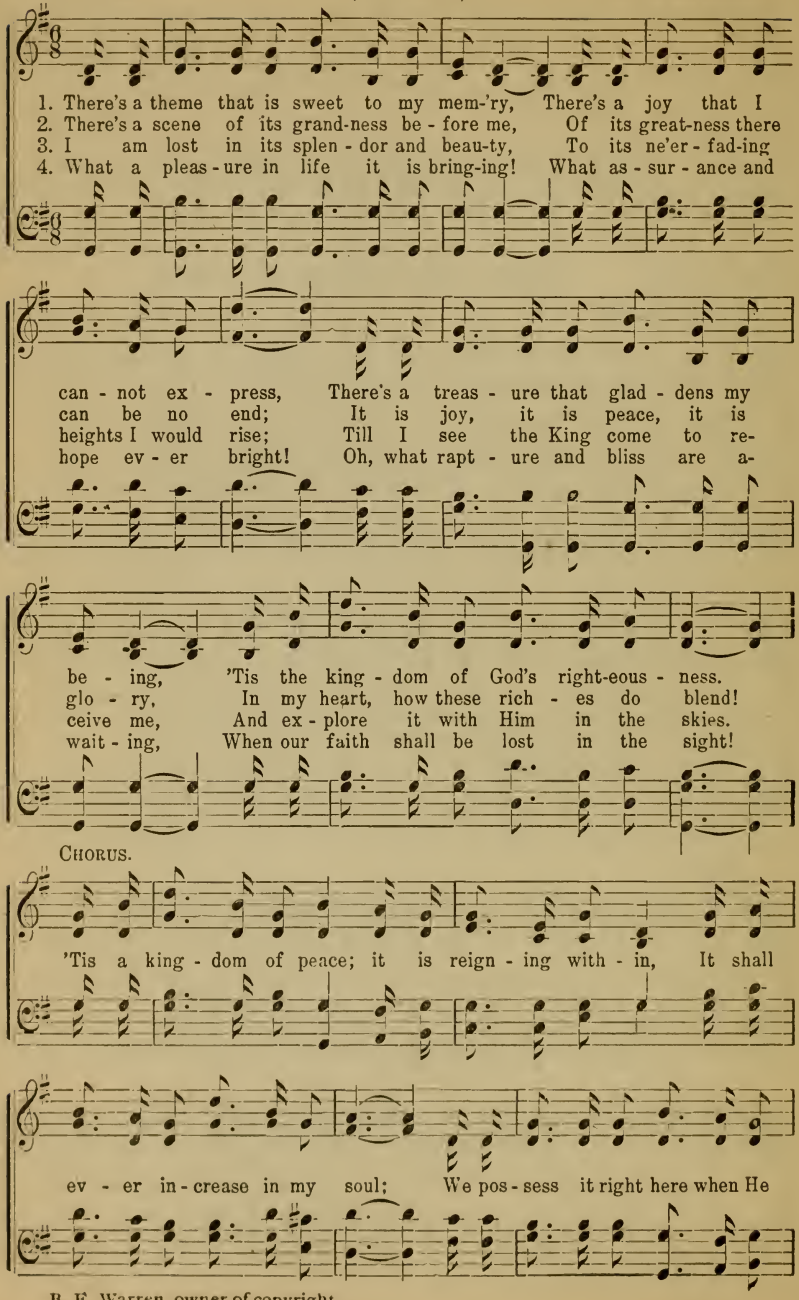
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



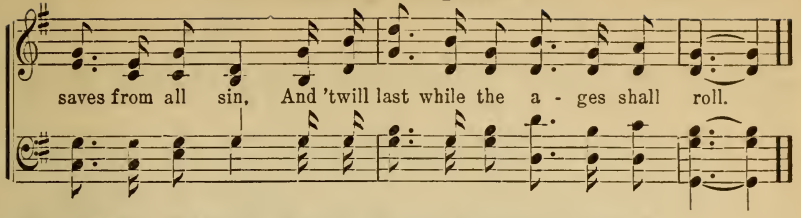
Copyright, 1894, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 183. What a Kingdom!

B. E. W. (Rom. 14: 17.) B. E. WARREN.

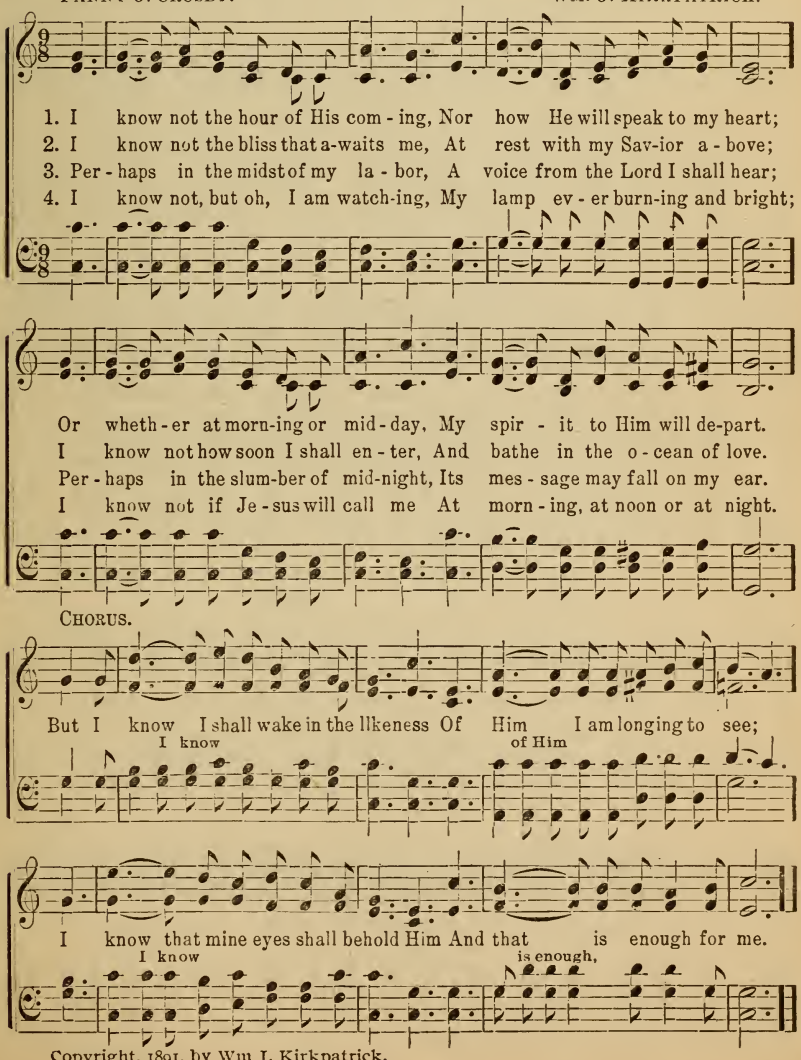


B. E. Warren, owner of copyright,



No. 184. Mine Eyes Shall Behold Him.

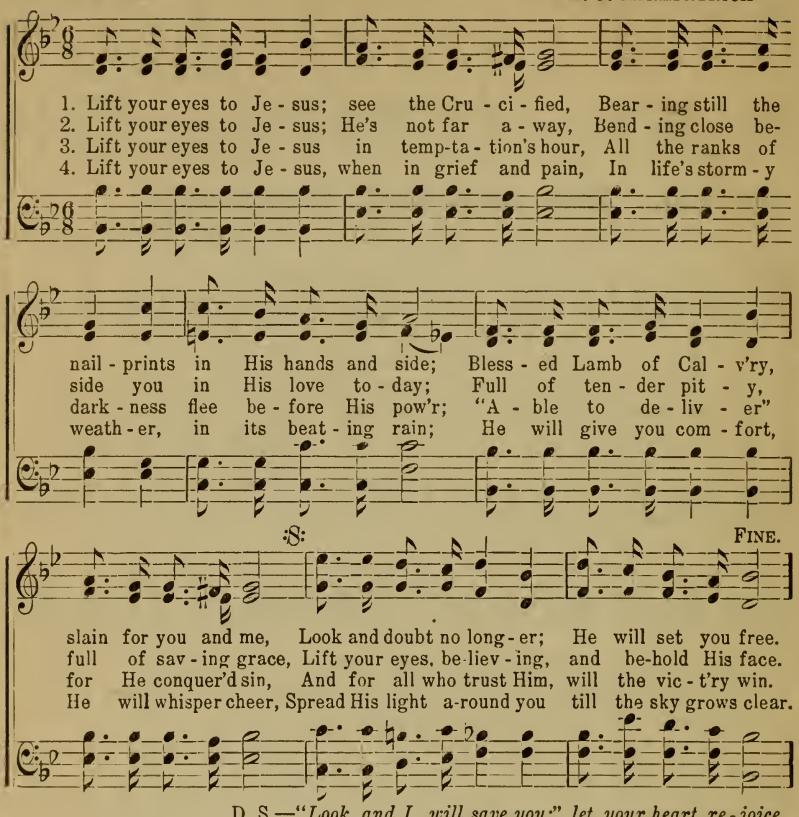
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1891, by Wm J. Kirkpatrick.

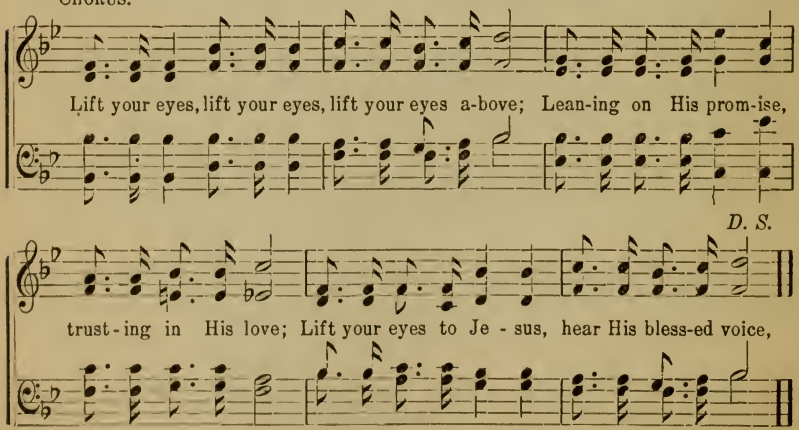
No. 185. Lift Your Eyes to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



D. S.—*"Look, and I will save you;" let your heart re-joice.*

CHORUS.



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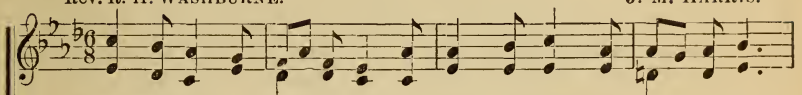
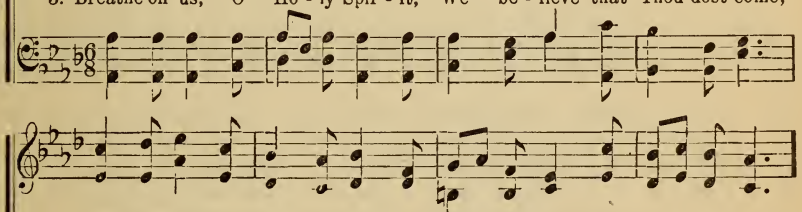
ALTAR SONGS.

No. 186. Breathe on Us.

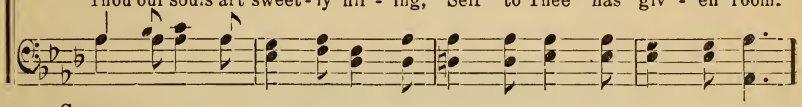
Rev. R. H. WASHBURNE. J. M. HARRIS.



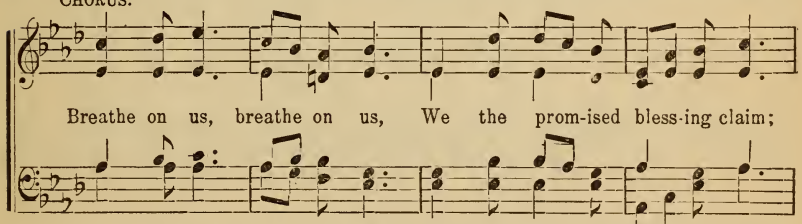
1. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, As we meet with one ac - cord;
2. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, As Thy al - tar we sur-round;
3. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, We be - lieve Thy prom - ise true;
4. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Ev - en as at Pen - te - cost;
5. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, We be - lieve that Thou dost come;



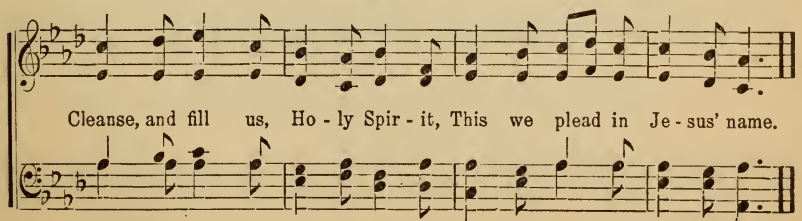
We are wait - ing for Thy com - ing; Come ac - cord - ing to Thy word.
Fill us with Thy pow'r and bless-ing, Place our feet on high - er ground.
We are long - ing for Thy full - ness, Quick-ly come, our souls re - new.
We will wait the prom-ised bless - ing, Then go forth to save the lost.
Thou our souls art sweet - ly fill - ing, Self to Thee has giv - en room.



CHORUS.



Breathe on us, breathe on us, We the prom-ised bless-ing claim;

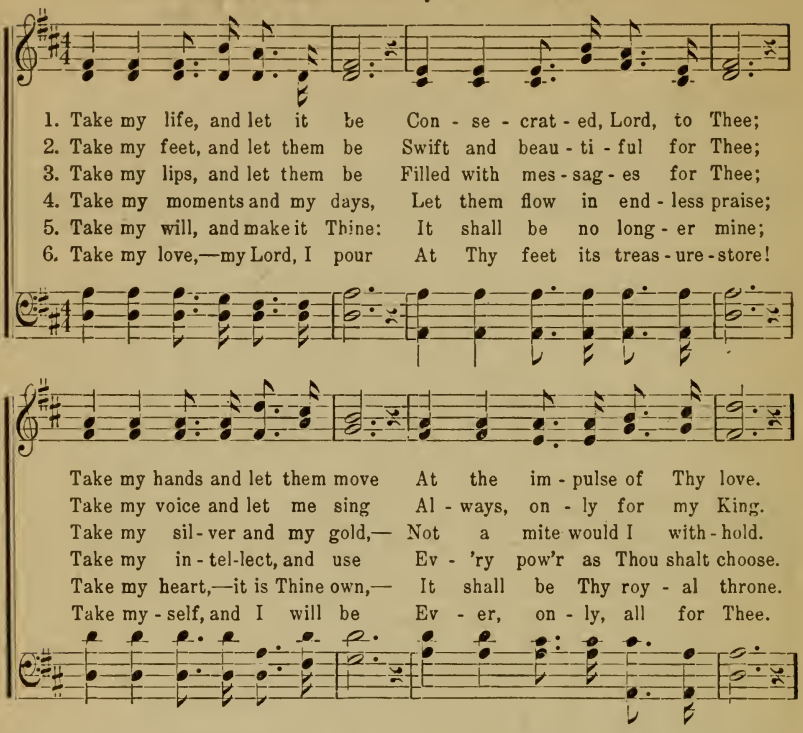


Cleanse, and fill us, Ho - ly Spir - it, This we plead in Je - sus' name.

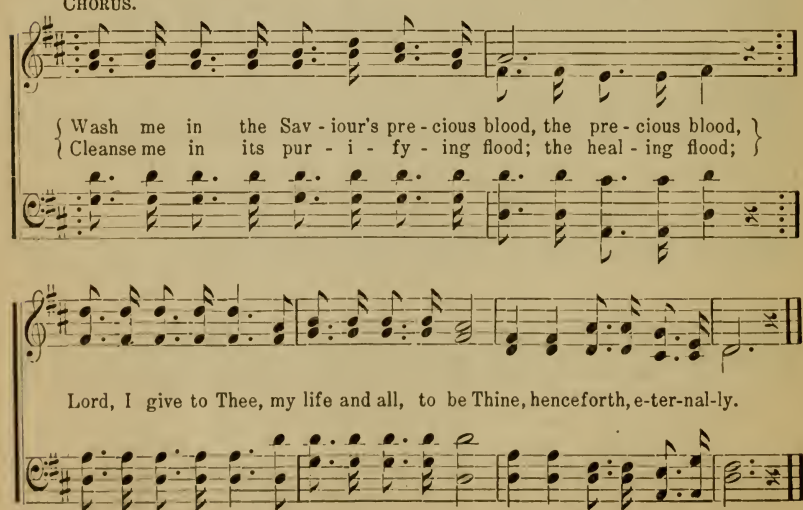
Copyright, 1902, by J. M. Harris, Evanston, Ill.

No. 187. Entire Consecratoin.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



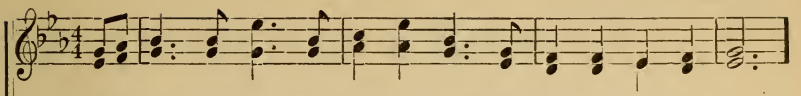
CHORUS.



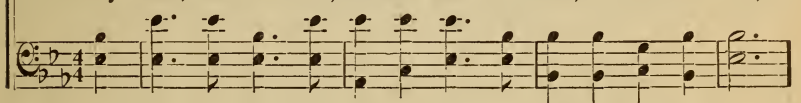
By permission.

No. 188. The Hallowed Cross.

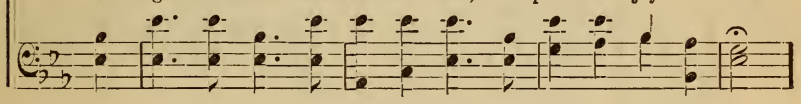
Rev. J. H. Stockton.



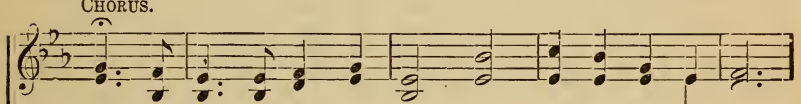
1. The cross! the cross! that blood-stain'd cross! The hallowed cross I see!
2. That cross! that cross! that heav - y cross, My Sav - ior bore for me;
3. How light! how light! this pre - cious cross, Pre - sent - ed to· my view;
4. The crown! the crown! the glo-rious crown! The crown of vic - to - ry!
5. My tears, un - bid - den, seem to flow For love, un-bound-ed love,



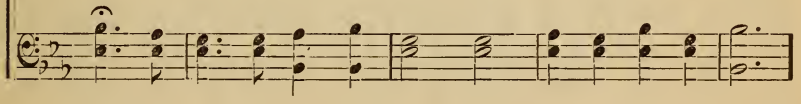
Re - mind - ing me of pre-cious blood, That once was shed for me.
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief, On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.
And while, with care, I take it up, Be - hold the crown my due.
The crown of life! it shall be mine, When I shall Je - sus see.
Which guides me thro' this world of woe, And points to joys a - bove.



Chorus.

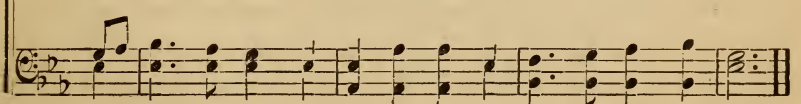


Oh, the blood! the pre - cious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,



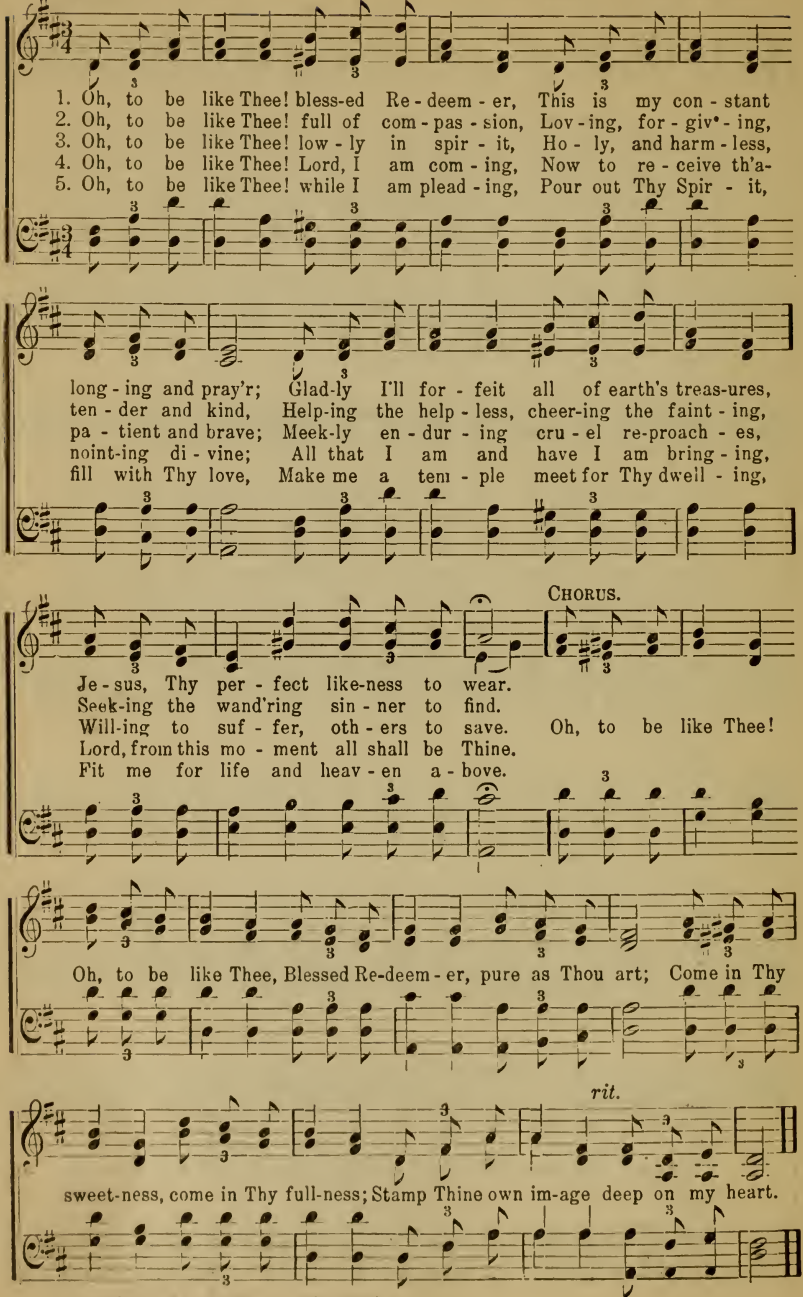
ritard.

Up - on the cross in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see.



No. 189. Oh, to be Like Thee.

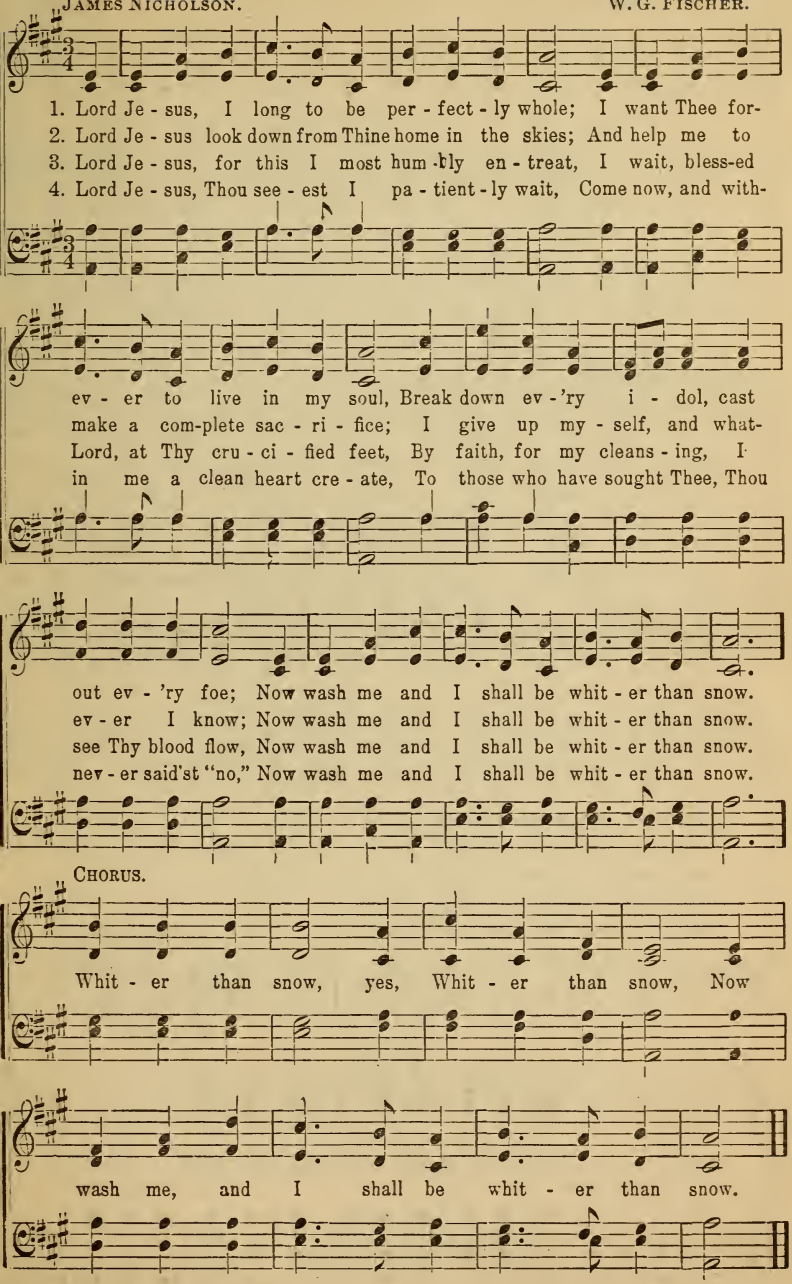
T. O. CHISHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 190. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. W. G. FISCHER.



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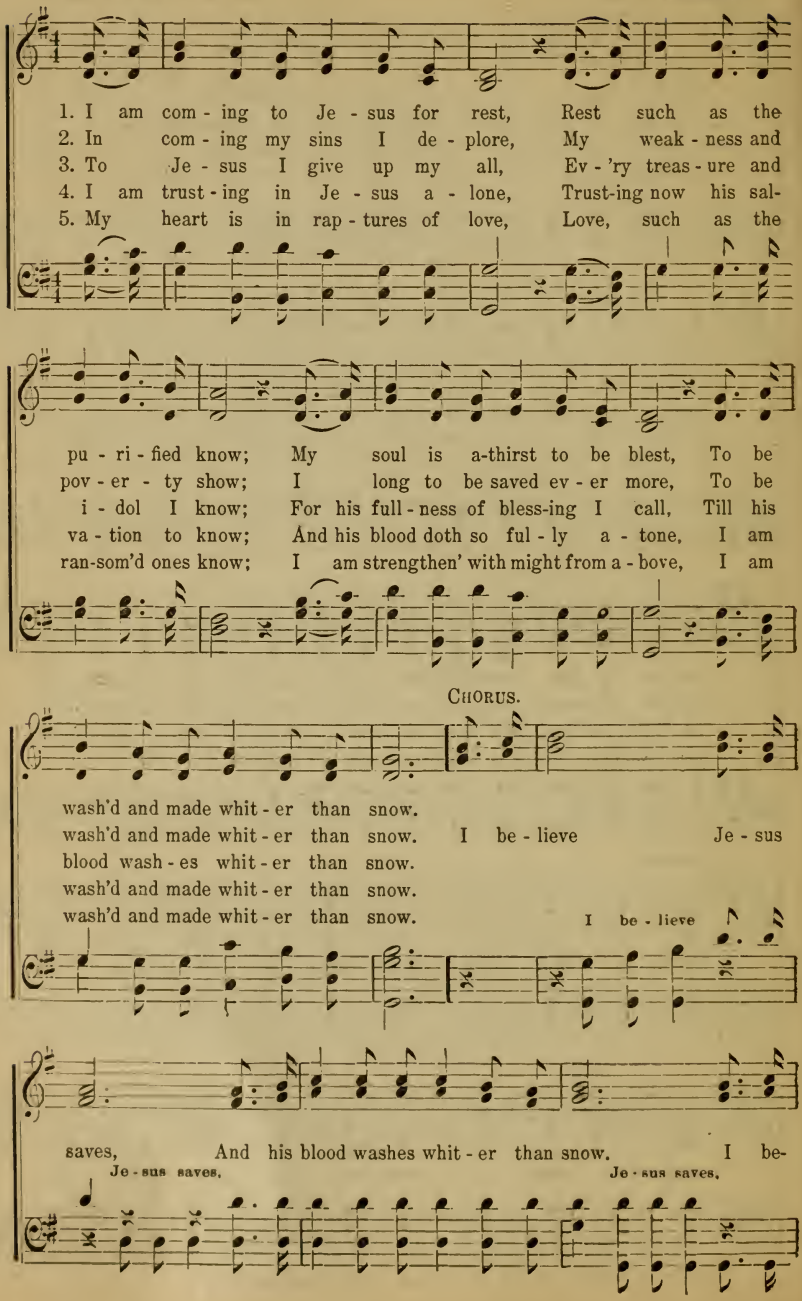
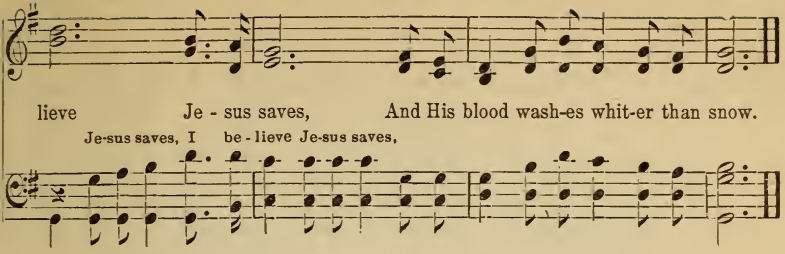
No. 191. I Believe Jesus Saves.

Rev. W. McDONALD. J. P. WEBSTER.

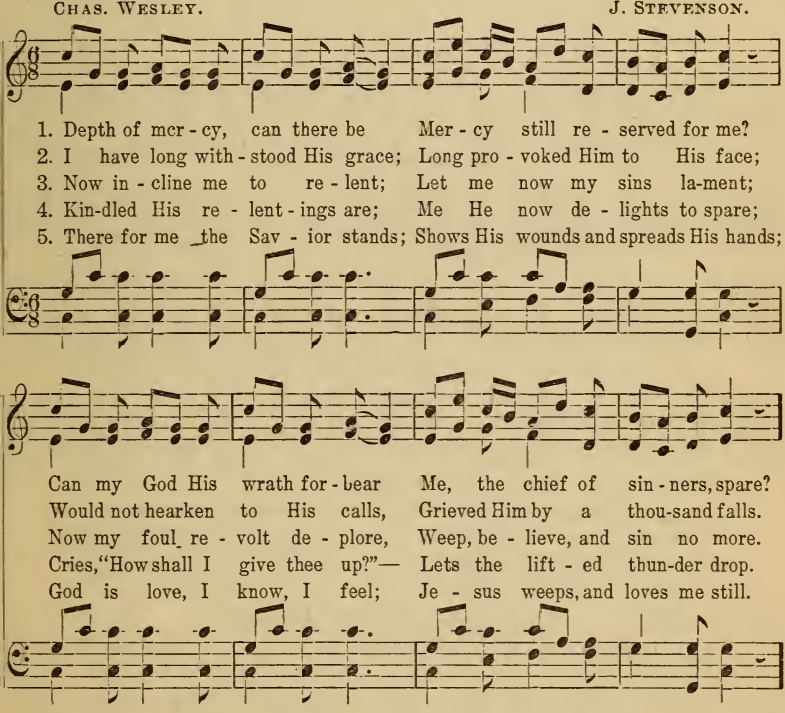


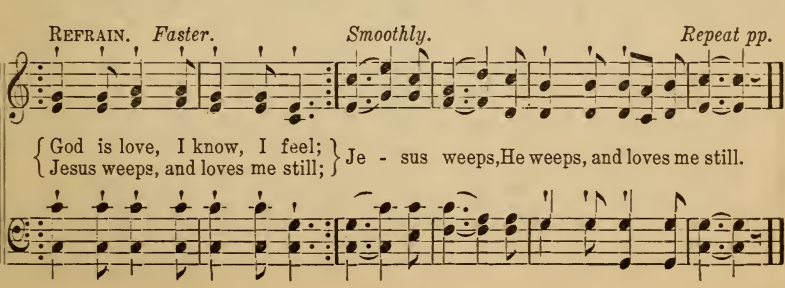
I Believe Jesus Saves.



No. 192. Depth of Mercy.

CHAS. WESLEY. J. STEVENSON.

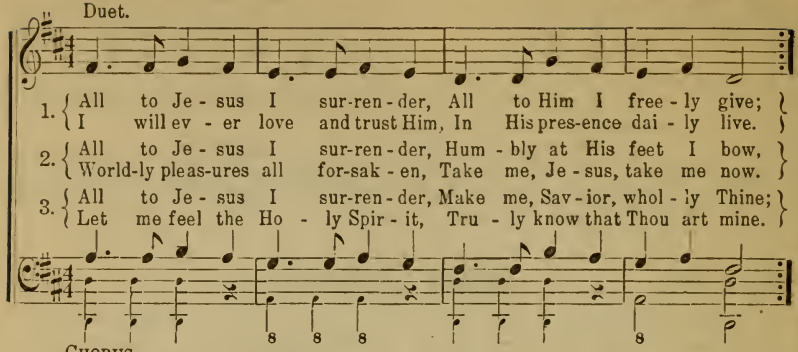




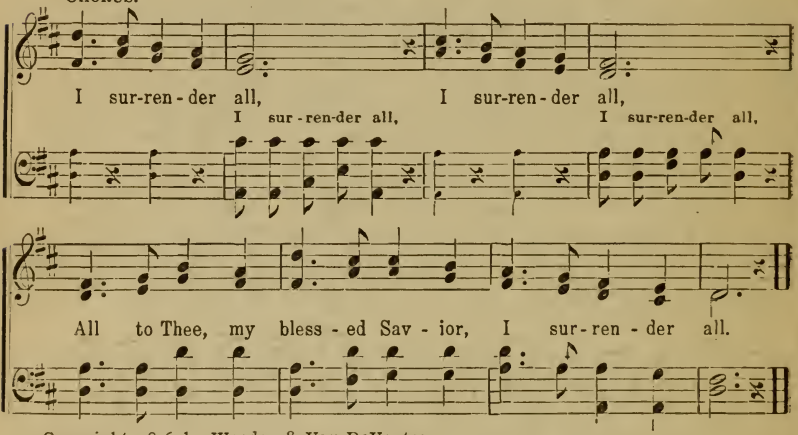
No. 193. I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

Duet.



CHORUS.



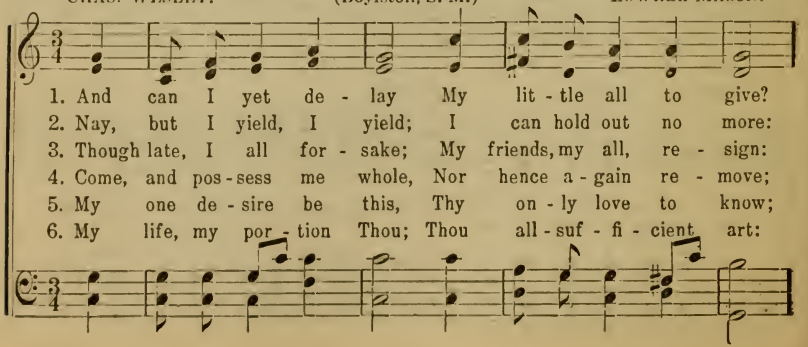
Copyright, 1896, by Weeden & Van DeVenter.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee,
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

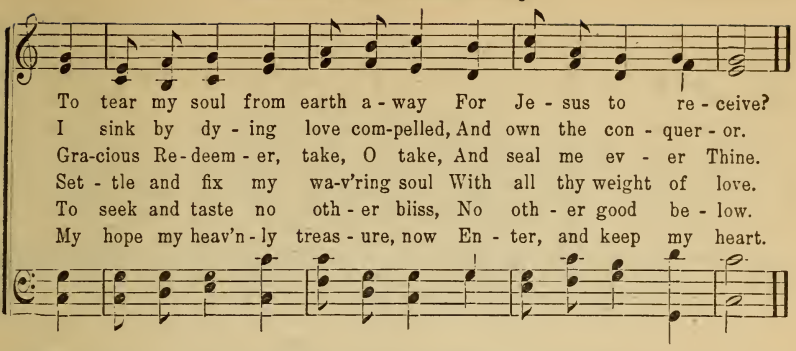
5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

No. 194. And Can I Yet Delay?

CHAS. WESLEY. (Boylston, S. M.) LOWELL MASON.

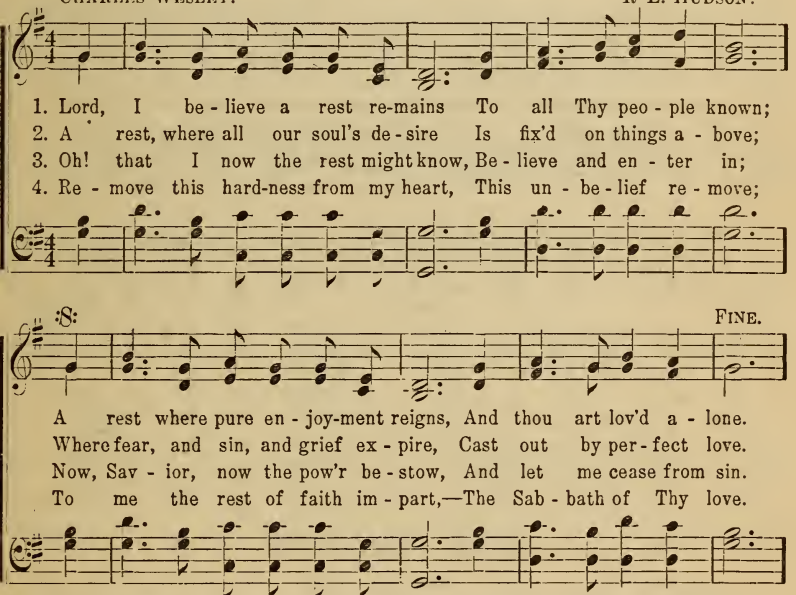


And Can I Yet Delay.

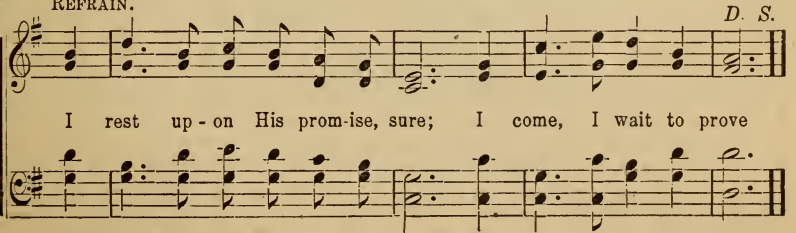


No. 195. I Rest Upon His Promise.

CHARLES WESLEY. R. E. HUDSON.



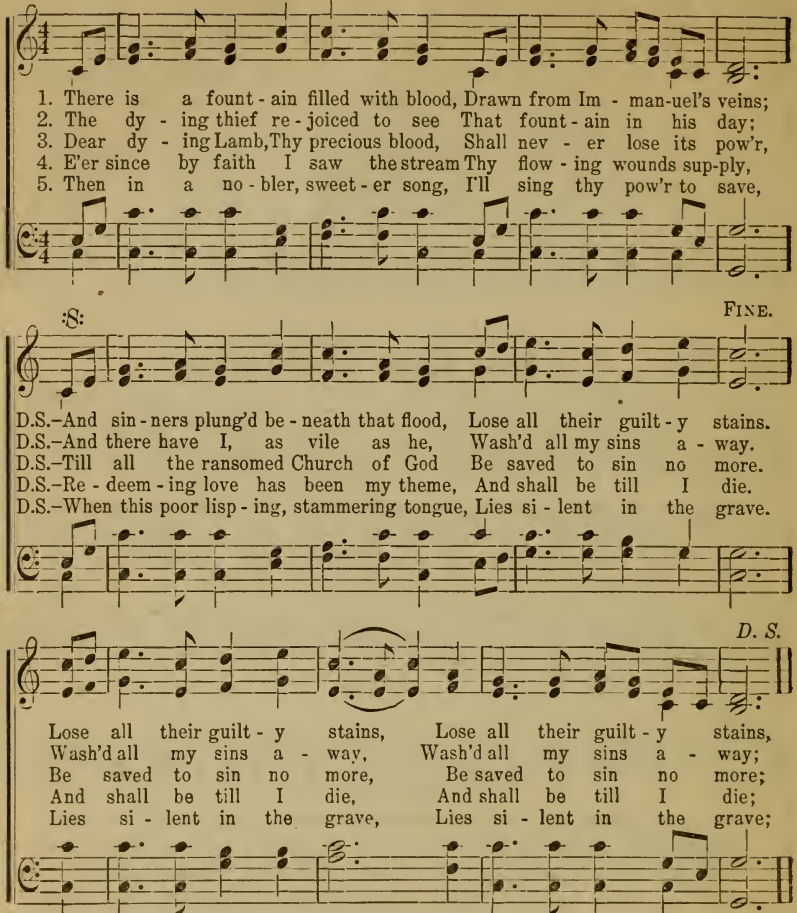
REFRAIN. *D. S.*



Copyright, 1881, by R. E. Hudson.

No. 196. There is a Fountain.

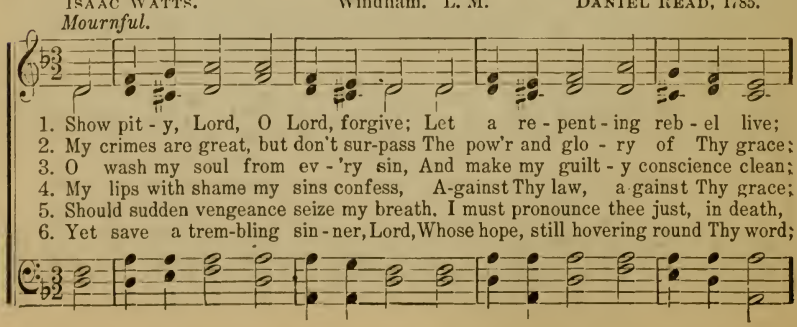
LOWELL MASON.



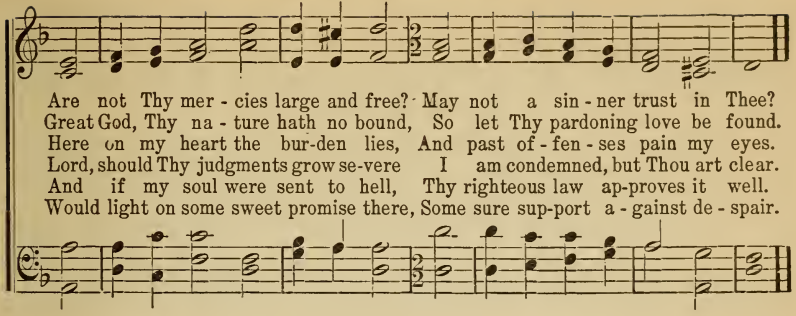
No. 197. Show Pity, Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. Windham. L. M. DANIEL READ, 1785.

Mournful.

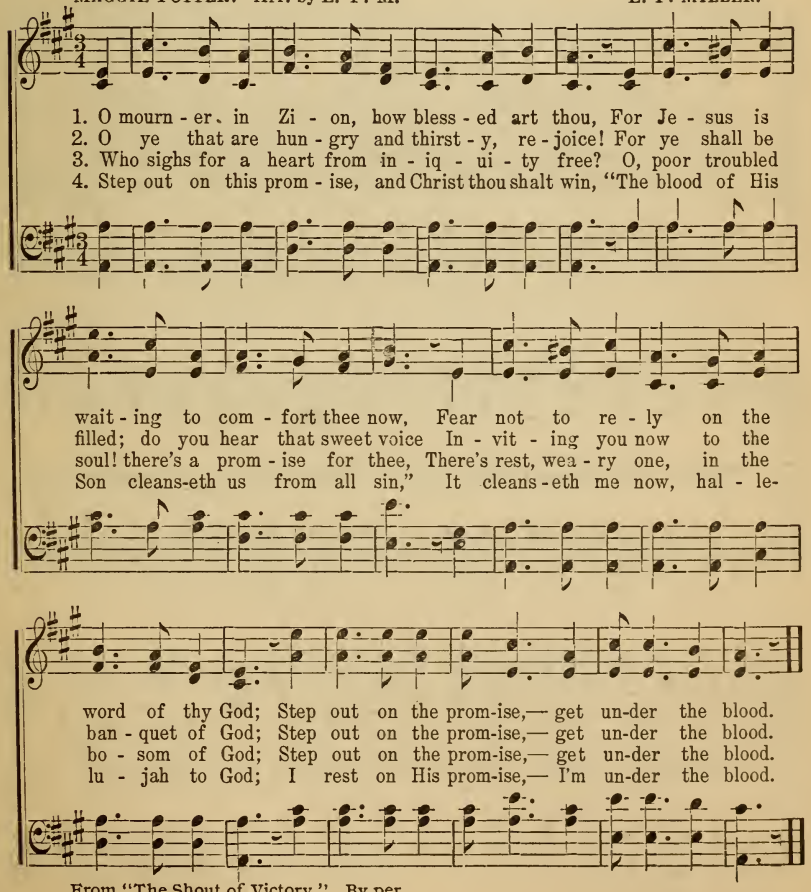


Show Pity, Lord.



No. 198. Step Out on the Promise.

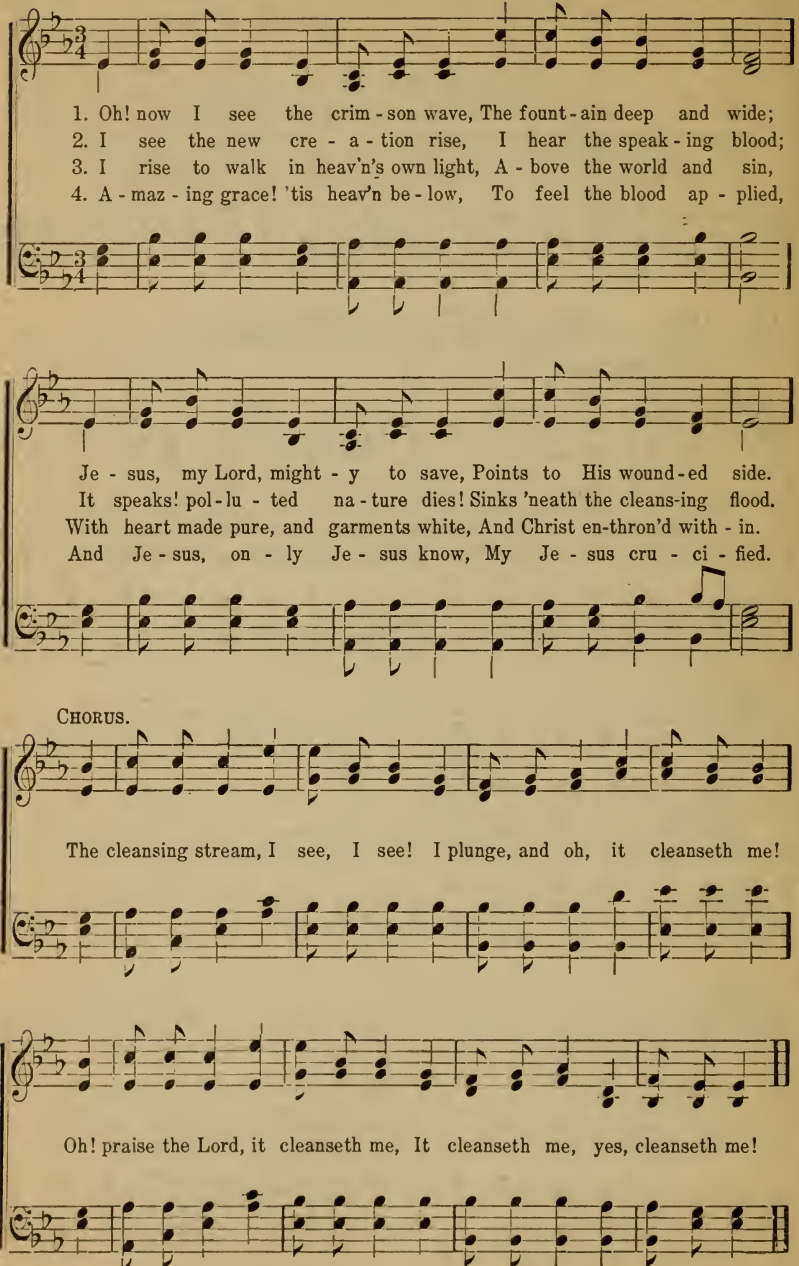
MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.



From "The Shout of Victory." By per.

No. 199. The Cleansing Wave.

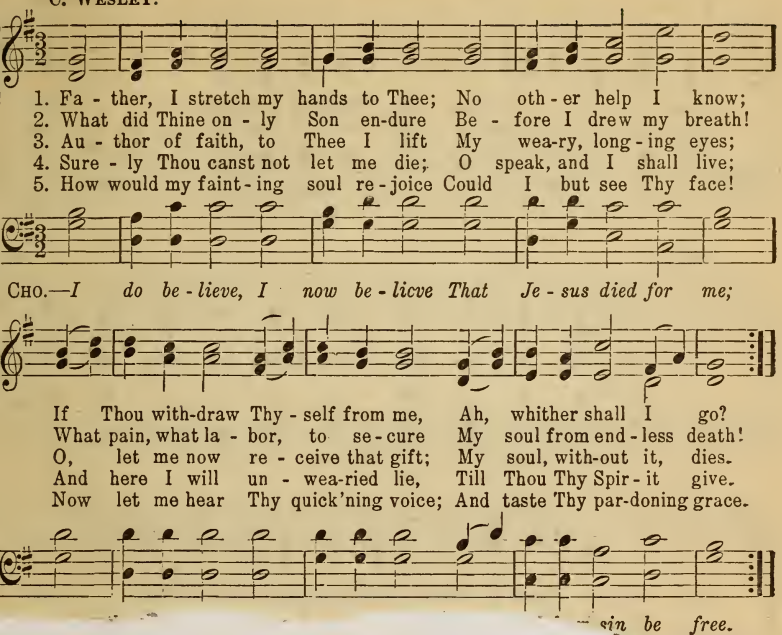
Mrs. Phoebe Pamler. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



By permission.

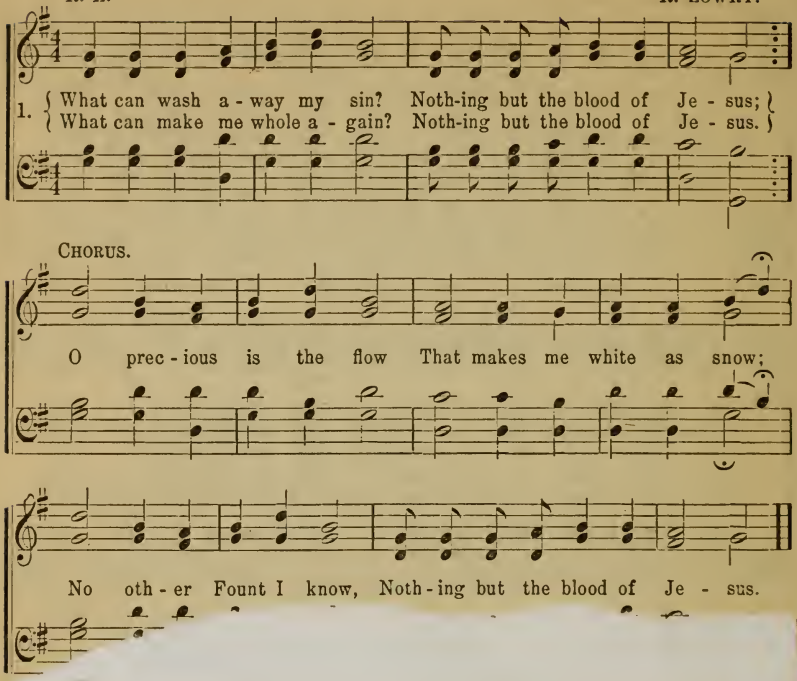
No. 200. I Do Believe.

C. WESLEY.

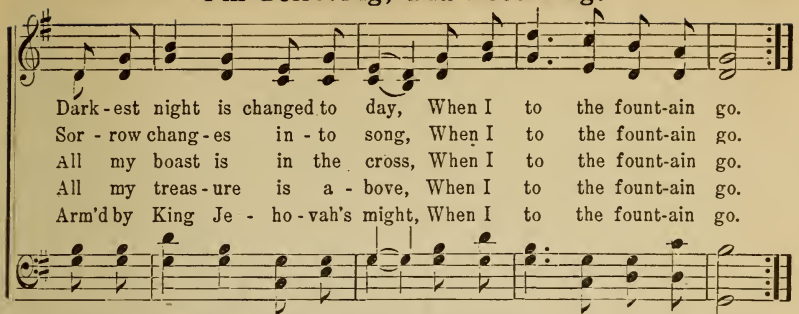


No. 202. Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

R. L. R. LOWRY.

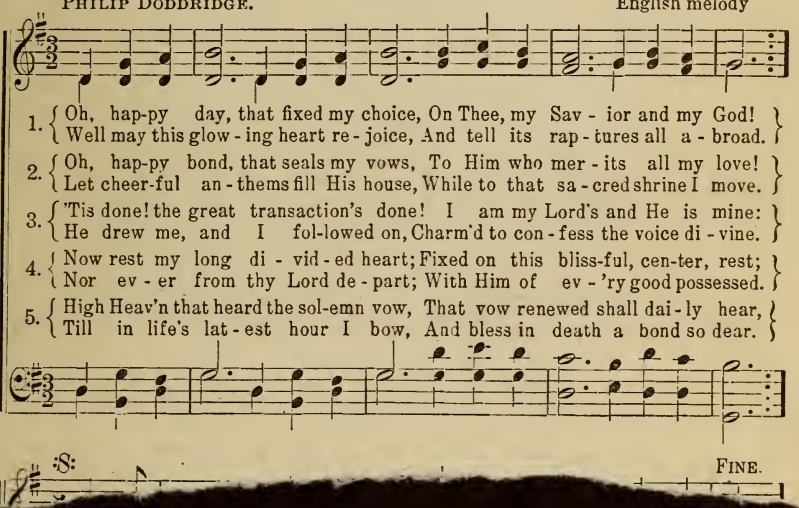


I'm Believing, and Receiving.



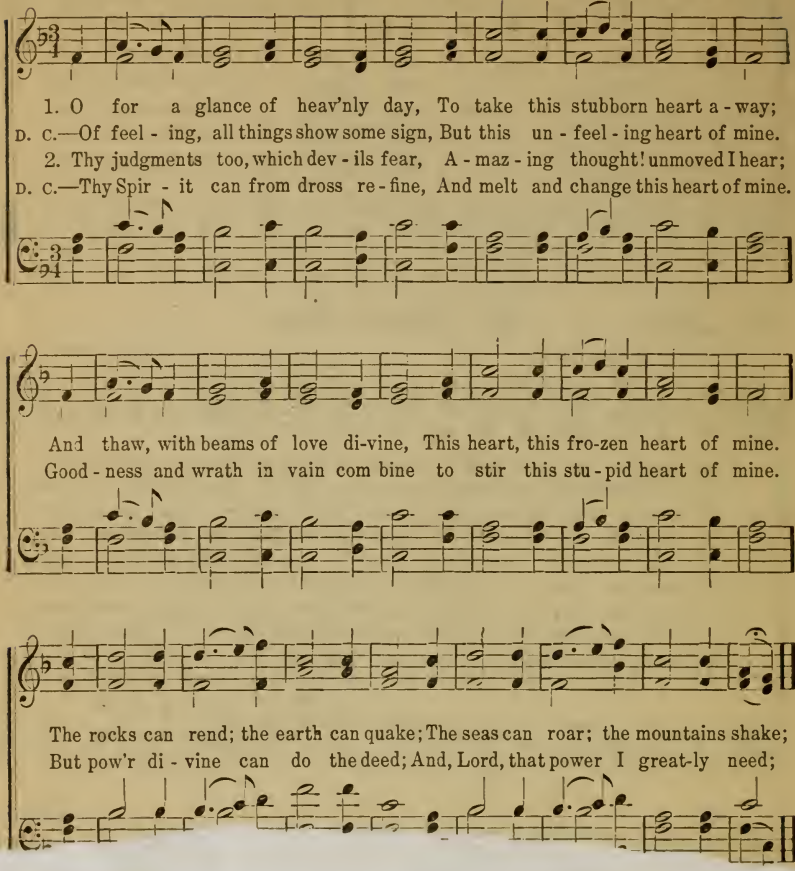
No. 204. Oh, Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English melody



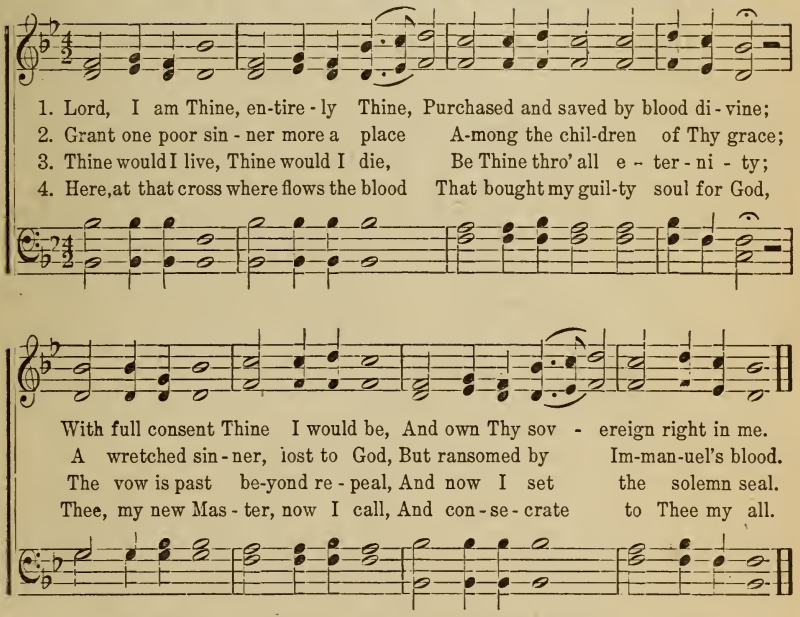
No. 205. O for a Glance of Heavenly Day.

J. HART. Fillmore. L. M. D. JEREMIAH INGALLS.



No. 20[illegible]

Sessions. L. M. L. O. Emerson.



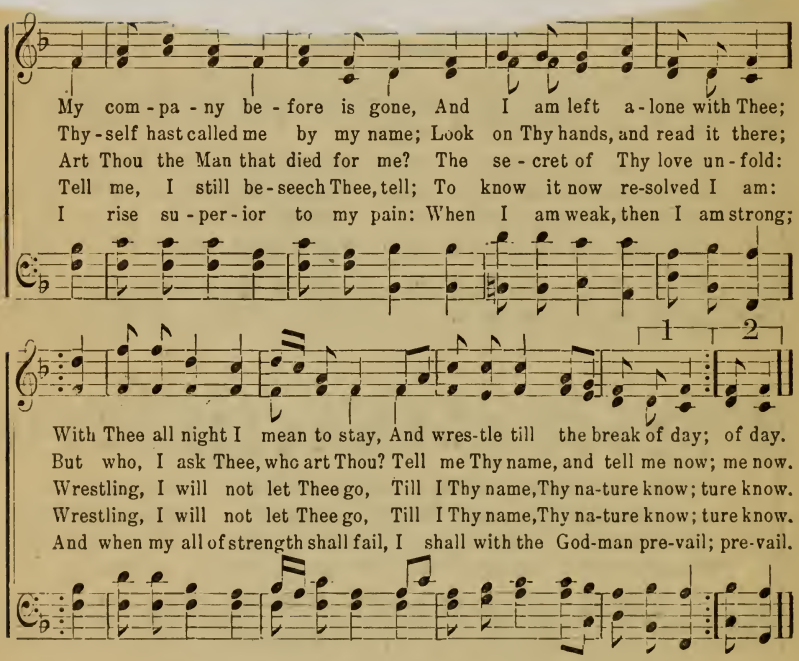
No. 208. I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb of God.

1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside;
"My Lord, my Love, is crucified."



No. 210. Yield to Me Now, for I am Weak.

1 Yield not to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessing, speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name be Love?

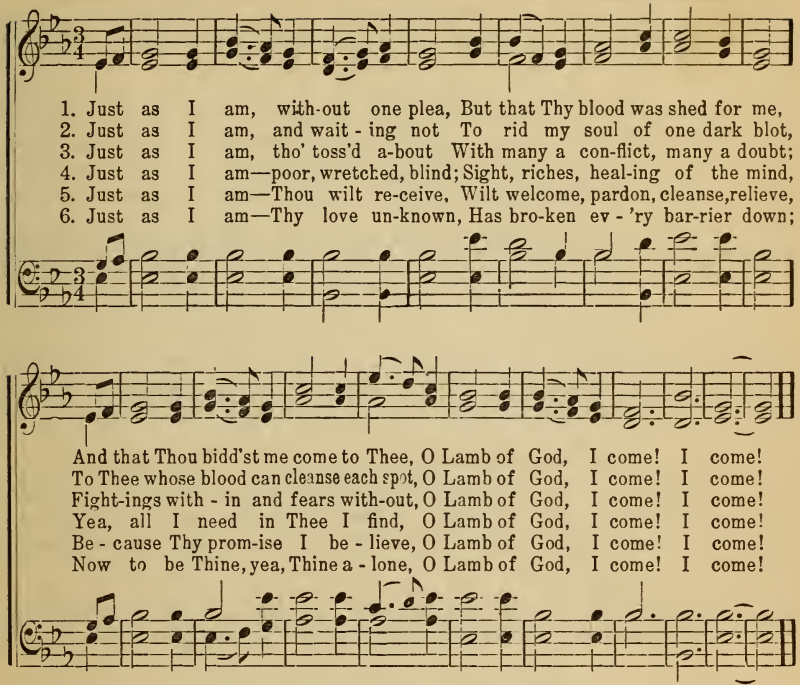
2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou di'dst for me;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love Thou art;
To me, to all, Thy bowels move,—
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

3 My prayer has pow'r with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face, and live!
I vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

4 I know Thee, Savior, who Thou art,—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

No. 211. Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Woodworth. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



No. 212. O That My Load of Sin.

1 O that my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down;
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

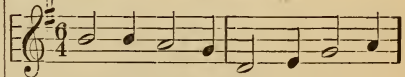
2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Savior of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest tilll pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of Thy dying love.

5 I would, but Thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

No. 213. Fill Me Now.



1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,—
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHO.–Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now;
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,—
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

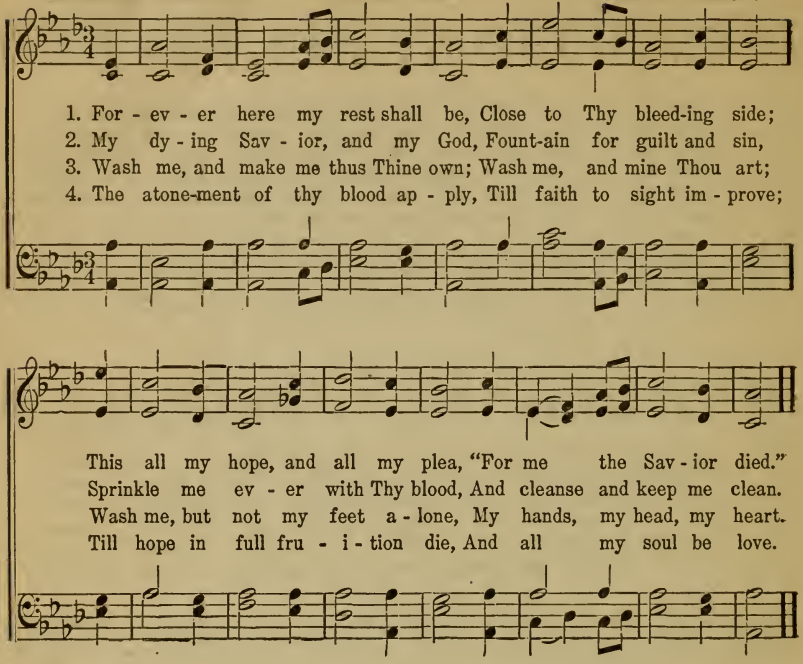
2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.–CHO.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.–CHO.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.–CHO.

No. 214. Forever Here my Rest Shall Be.

CHARLES WESLEY. AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



No. 215. Jesus, Thine All-victorious Love.

1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow:
Burn up the dross of base desire:
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

No. 216. The Gift of Righteousness.

1 I ask the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power;
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve Thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.

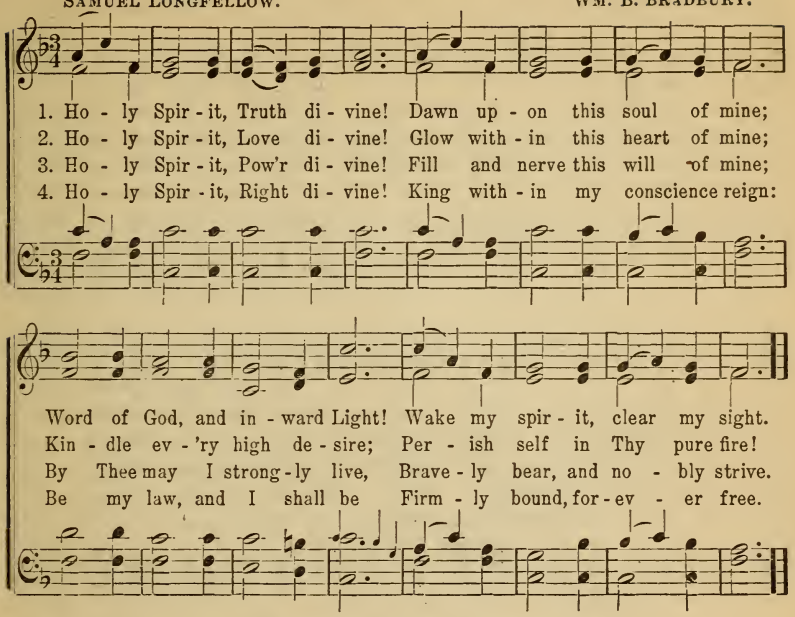
4 My restless soul cries out, oppressed,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

Charles Wesley.

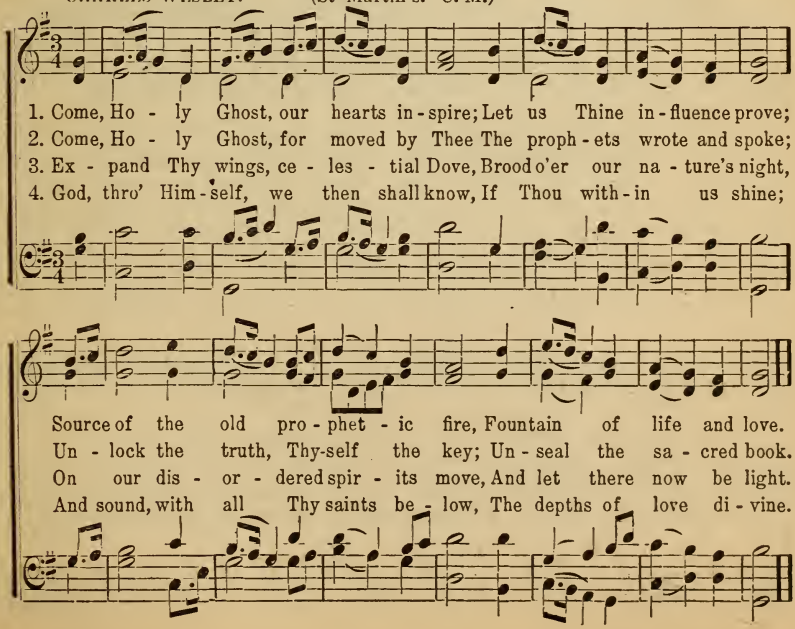
No. 217. Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. WM. B. BRADBURY.



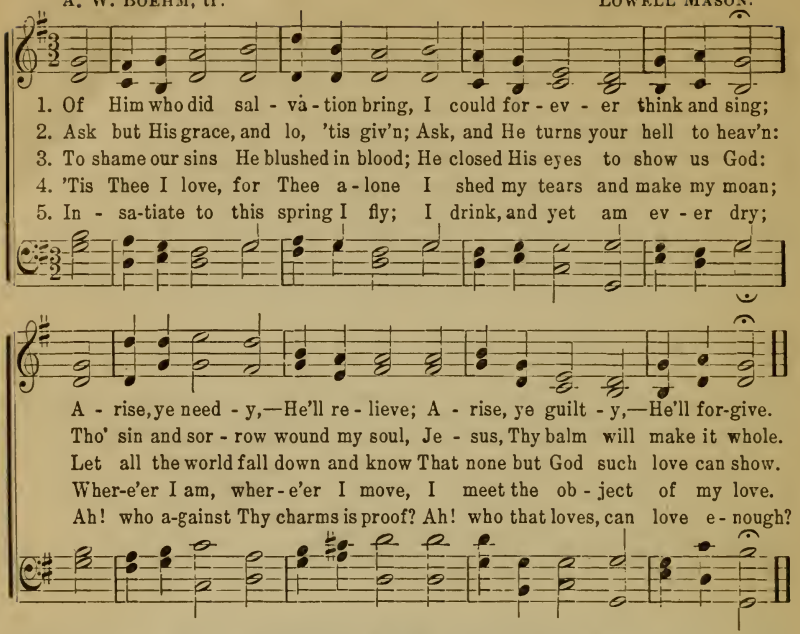
No. 218. Come, Holy Ghost.

CHARLES WESLEY. (St Martin's. C. M.)



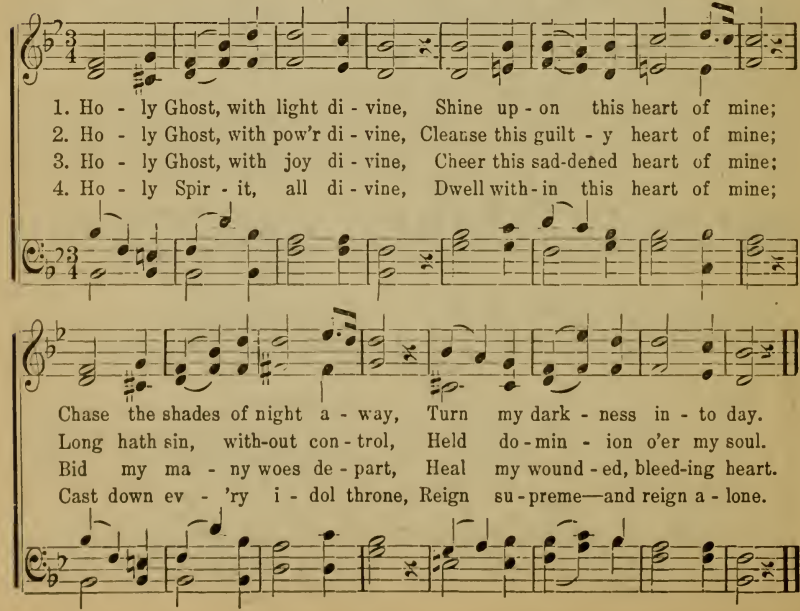
No. 219. Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

A. W. Boehm, tr. Lowell Mason.



No. 220. Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

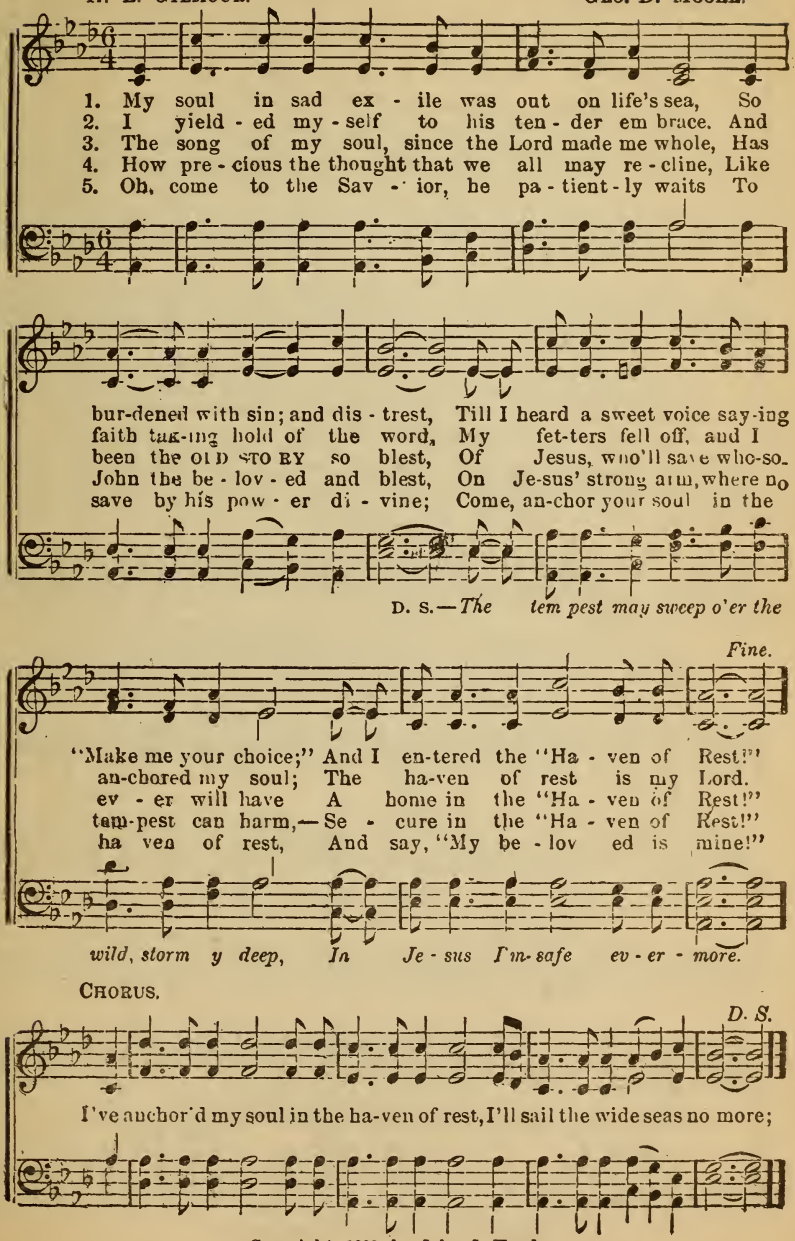
A. Reed. Louis Moreau Gottschalk.



No. 221

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.



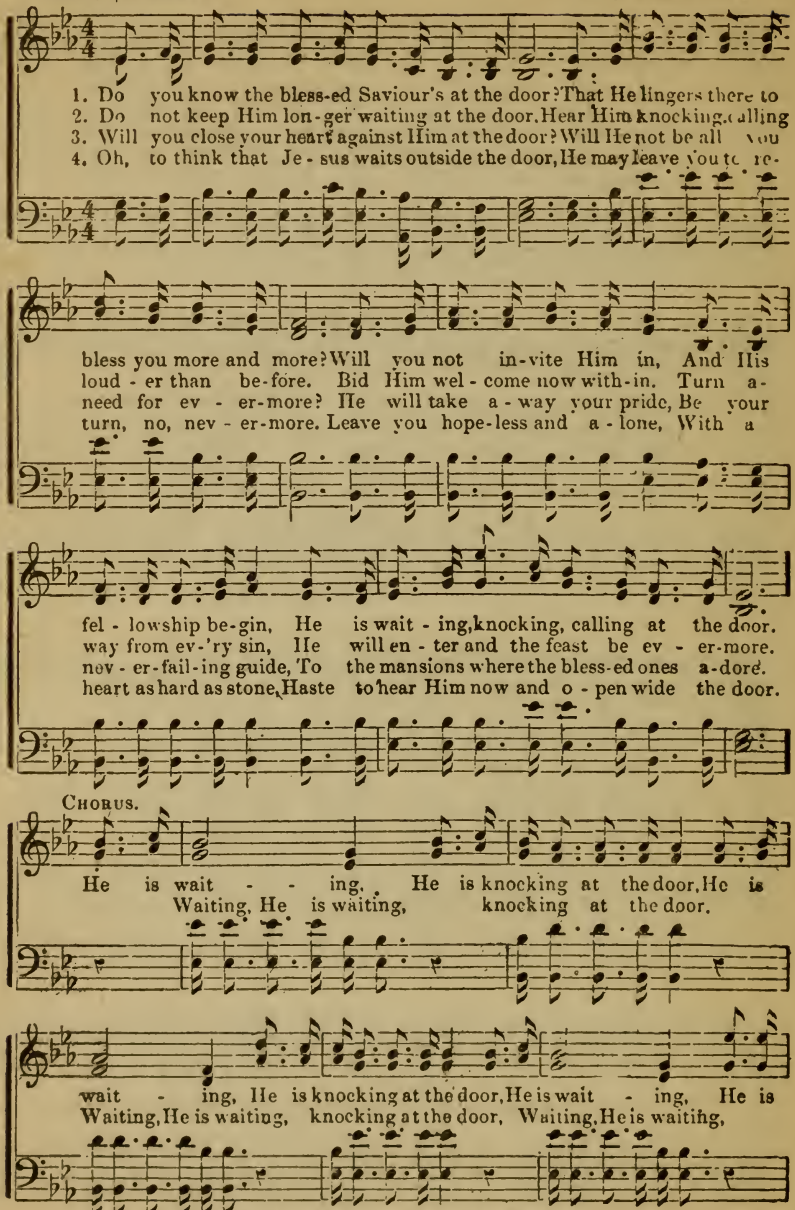
CHORUS.

Copyright, 1889, by John J. Hood.

No. 222.

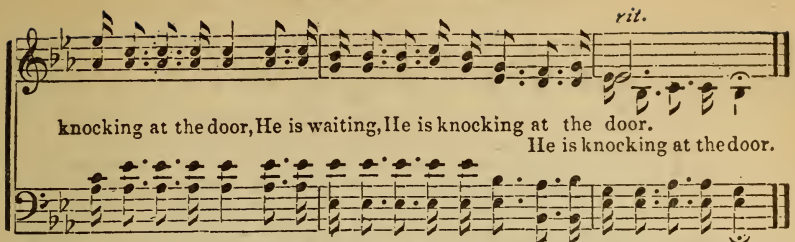
The Bolted Door.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



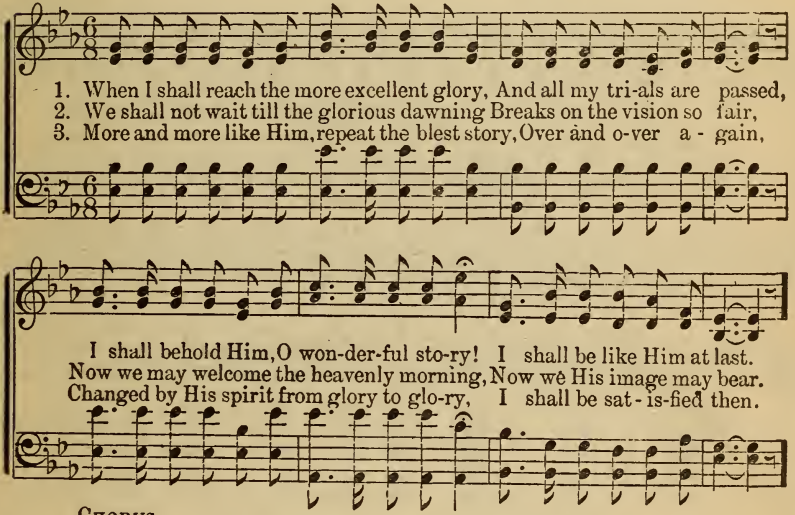
Copyright, 1891, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

The Bolted Door. Concluded.

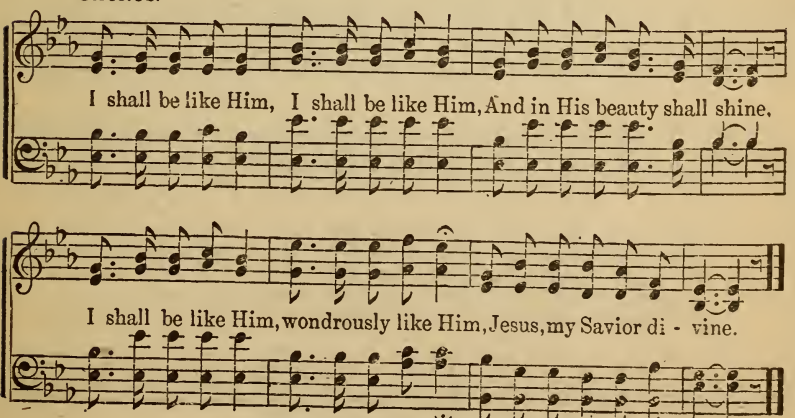


No. 223. I Shall be Like Him.

Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.



CHORUS.



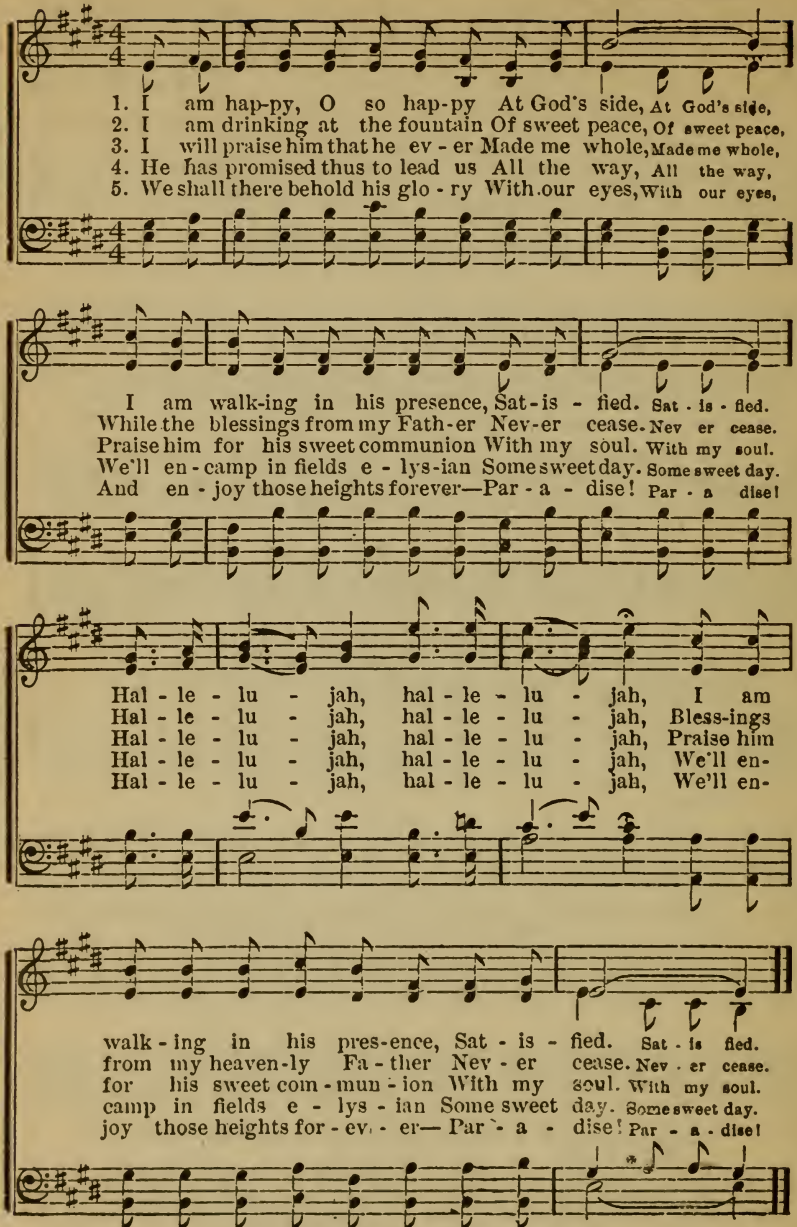
Copyright, 1897, by W. A. Spencer.

No. 224.

Contentment.

V. C.

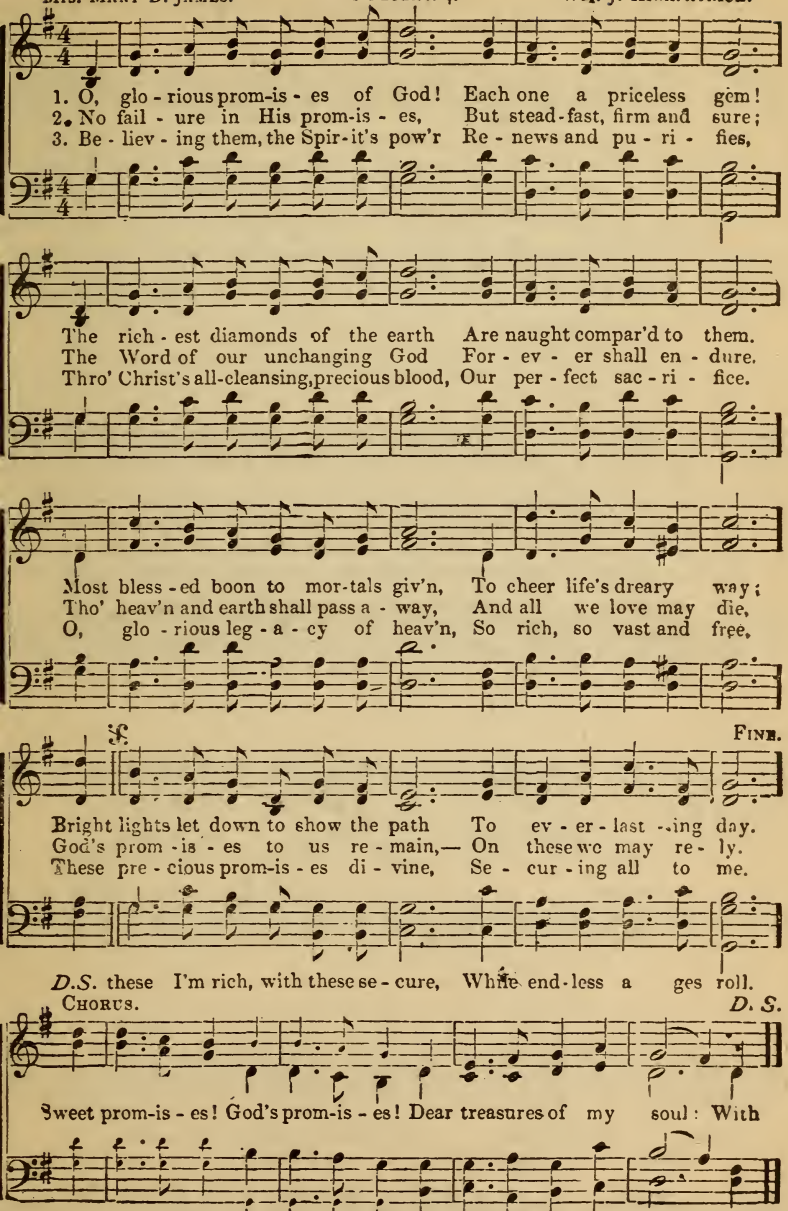
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

God's Promises.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES. 2 PETER i. 4. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



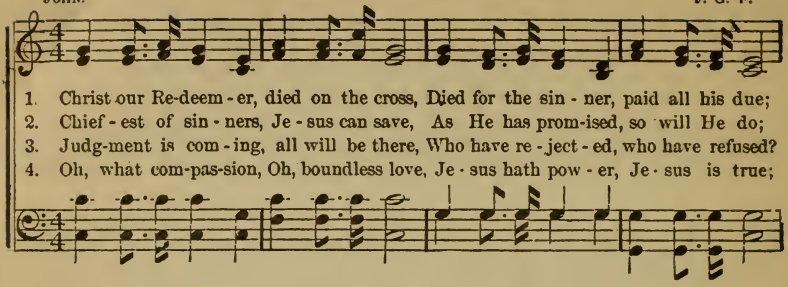
FINE. D. S.

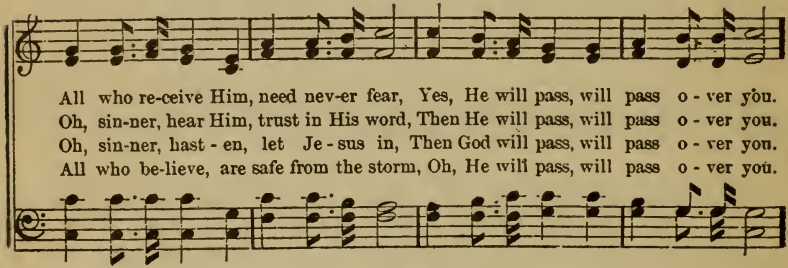
Copyright, 1885, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

No. 226. When I See the Blood.

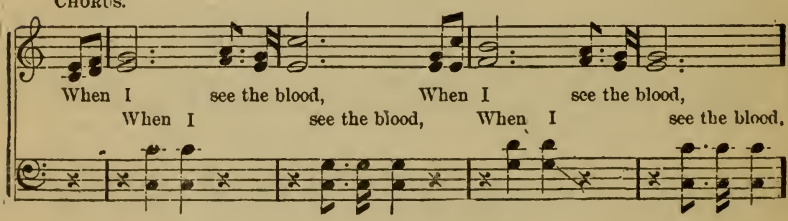
"When I see the blood I will pass over you. Ex." 12: 13.
"Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." 1 Chor 5: 7.

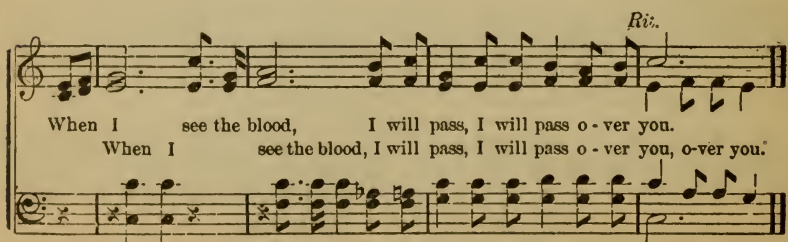
JOHN. J. G. F.





CHORUS.

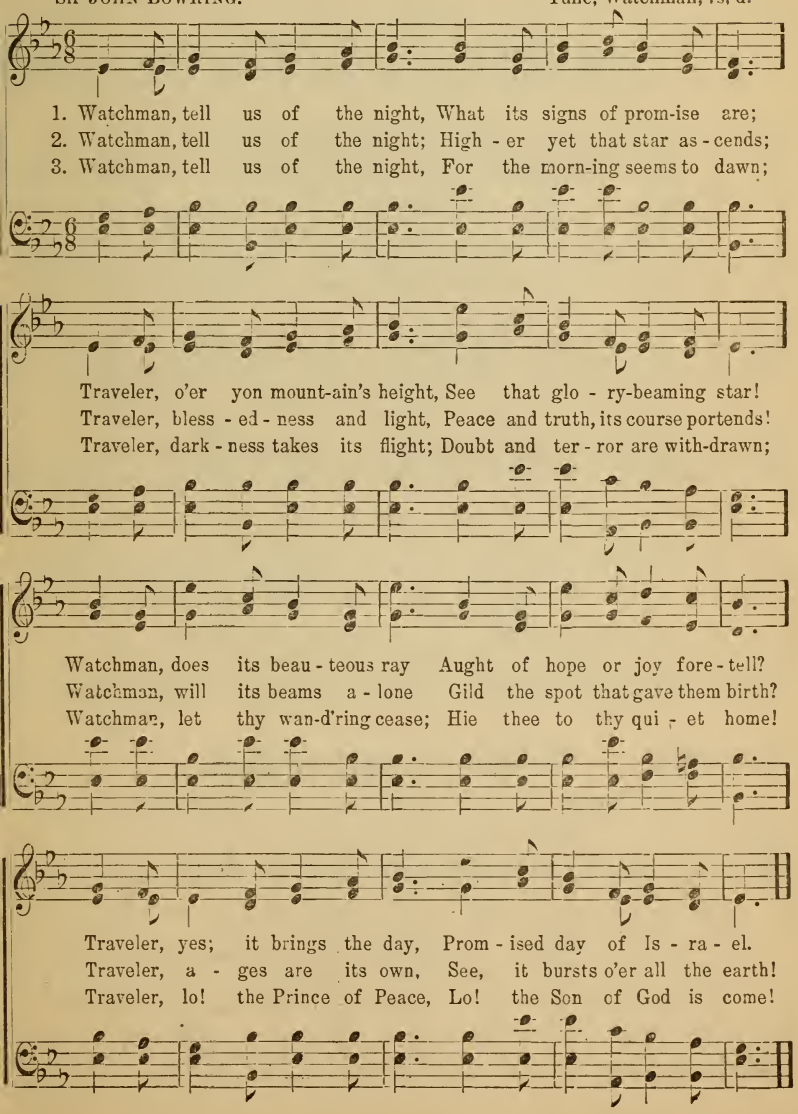




By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

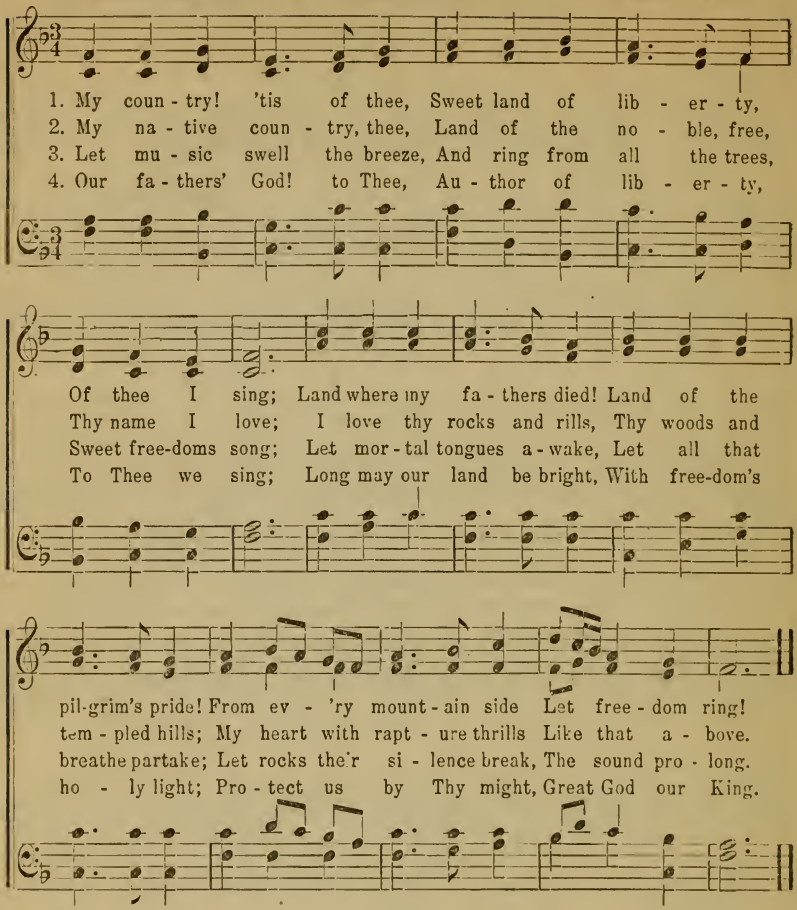
No. 227. Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. Tune, Watchman, 7s, d.



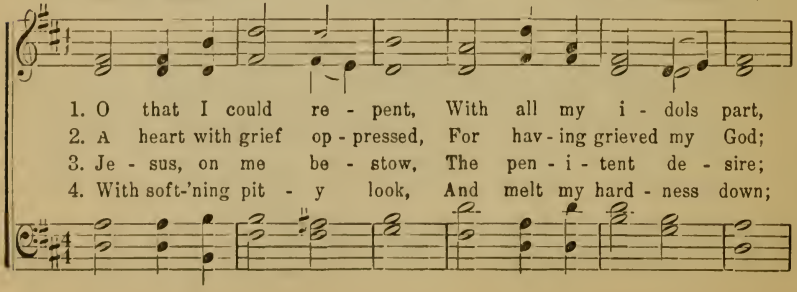
No. 228. My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. America. HENRY CAREY.

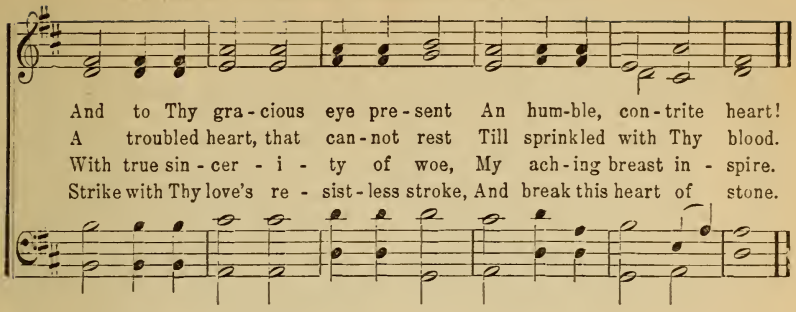


No. 229. O That I Could Repent.

CHARLES WESLEY. Owen. S. M. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

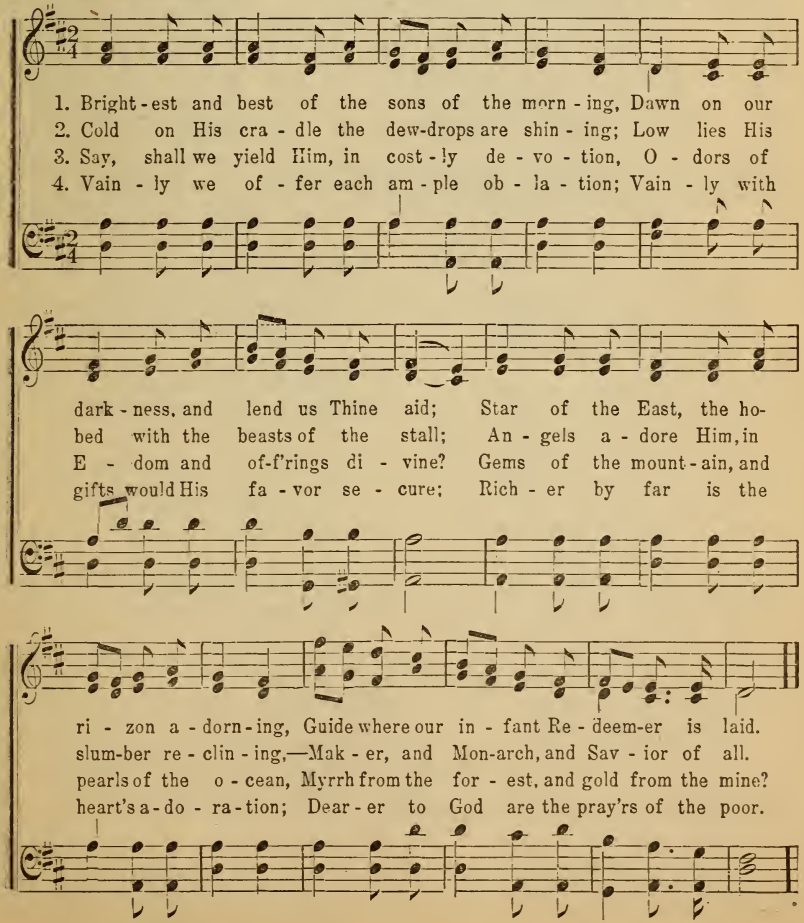


O That I Could Repent.



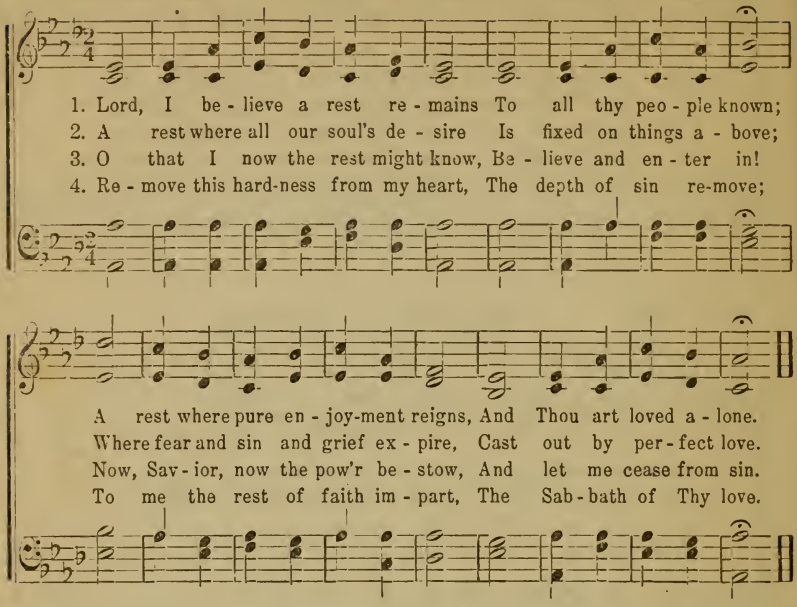
No. 230. Brightest and Best.

REGINALD HEBER. Hanover 11, 10. JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.



No. 231. Lord, I Believe a Rest Remains.

CHARLES WESLEY. Evan, C. M. Rev. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



No. 232. I Know That My Redeemer

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

No. 233. O Jesus, at Thy Feet We Wait.

1 O Jesus, at Thy feet we wait,
Till Thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Savior from sin, we Thee receive,
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.

3 Since Thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring Thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of Thy love fulfill:
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to Thy will,
According to Thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given,
Thy love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
Forever filled with God!

Charles Wesley.

No. 234. Jesus, the Very Thought.

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Savior of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind Thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
No tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

No. 235. O Joyful Sound of Gospel Grace.

1 O joyful sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see His face,
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view:
Conqueror thro' Him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full, O glorious hope!
Of immortality.

4 With me, I know, I feel, Thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless Thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

5 Come, O my God, Thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

No. 236. With Joy We Hail.

1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called His own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at His throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within Thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

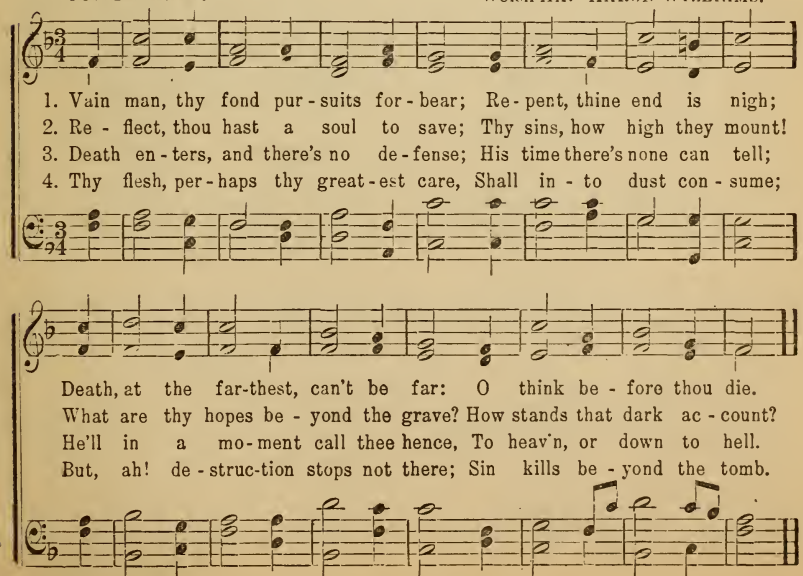
4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which Thou hast called Thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at Thy throne.

H. Auber.

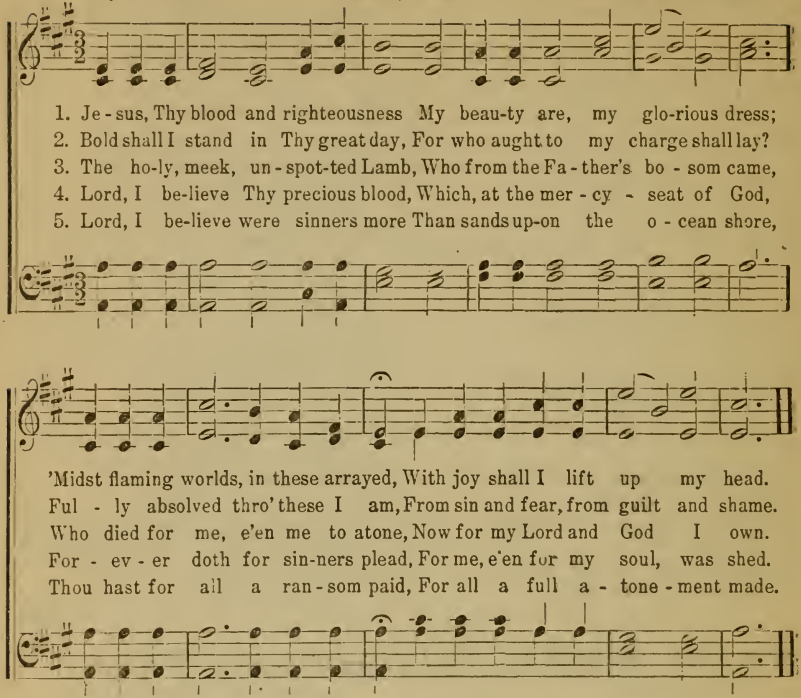
No. 237. Vain Man. Thy Fond Pursuits Forbear.

JOSEPH HART. Welsh Air. AARON WILLIAMS.



No. 238. Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness.

Tr. by J. WESLEY. Ware, L. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



No. 239. Our Lord is Risen.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th'ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as His right—
Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew—
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious pow'r possessed:
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all forever blessed.

Charles Wesley.

No. 240. Come, Let Us Tune our Loftiest Songs.

1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
Our souls are His immortal breath;
And when His creatures sinned, He bled,
To save us from eternal death.

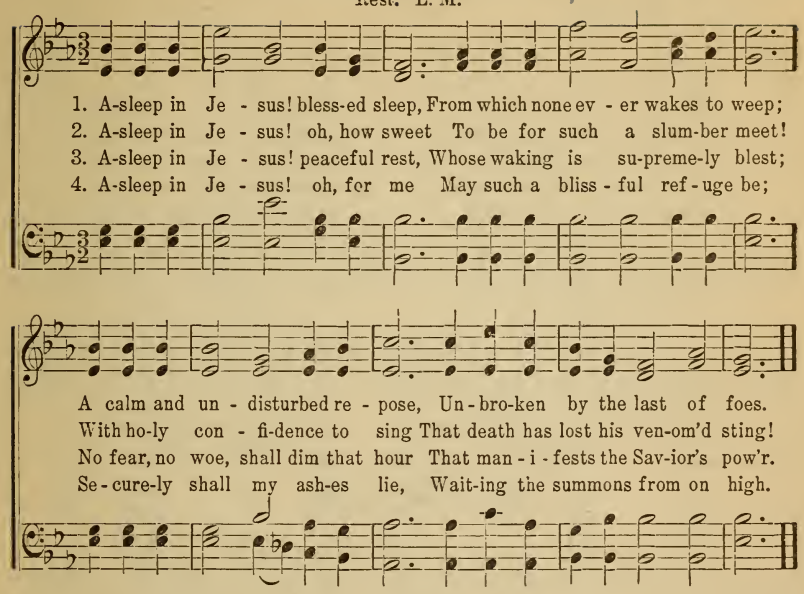
3 Burn ev'ry breast with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapturous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in His praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for Him our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

Robert A. West.

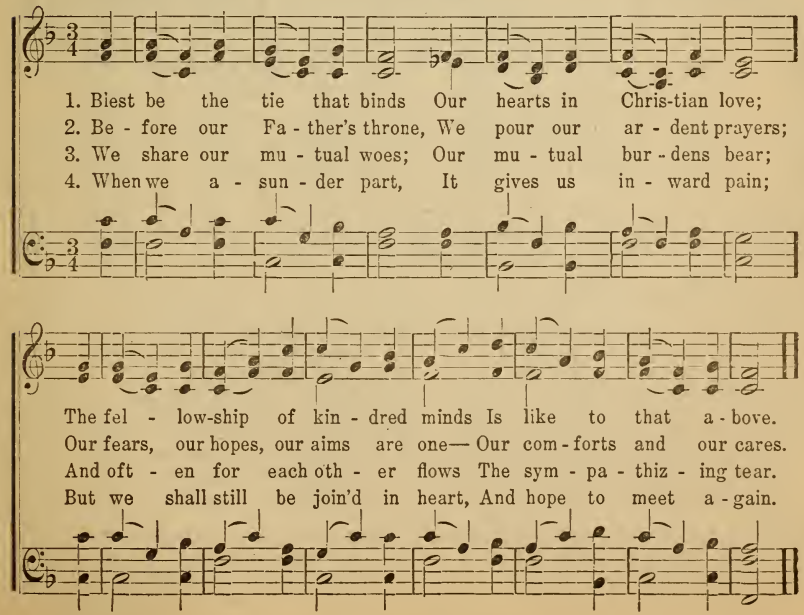
No. 241. Asleep in Jesus.

Rest. L. M.



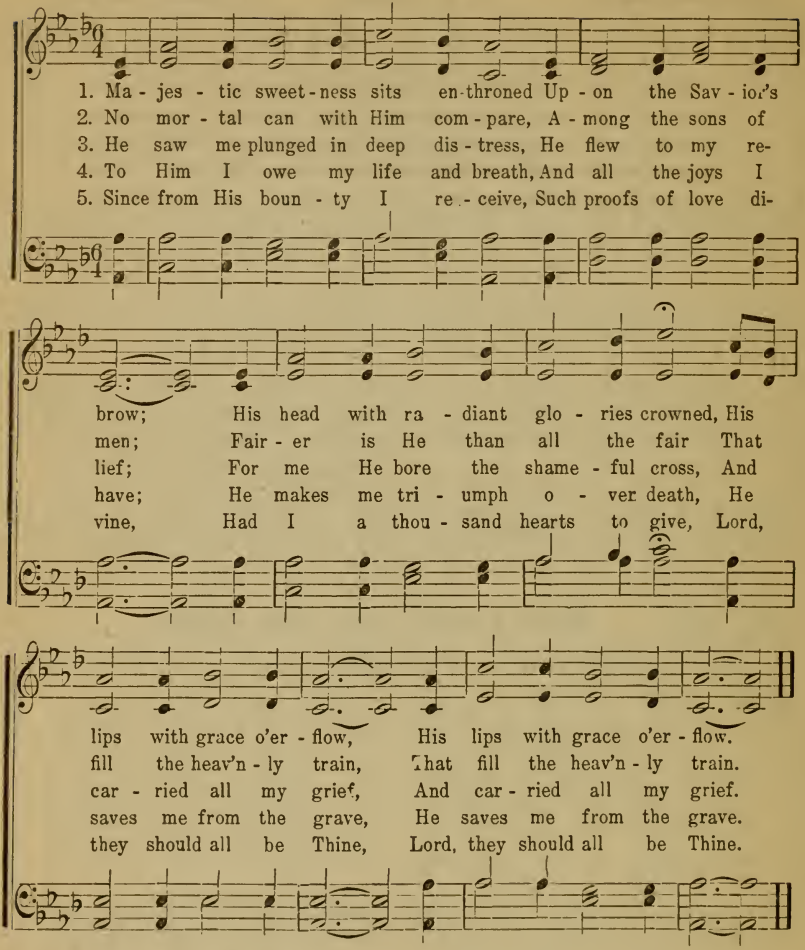
No. 242. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1772. Dennis. S. M. H. G. Nageli.



No. 243. Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT. Ortonville. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 244. Lift Up Your Hearts.

1 Lift up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise His love,
And glorify His name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for His sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive:
And raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:

6 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait His heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home:
Go on, we'll meet you there.

Charles Wesley.

No. 245. Jesus, the Name High Over All.

1 Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

Charles Wesley.

No. 246. Let Him to Whom We.

1 Let Him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for His own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone He dies.

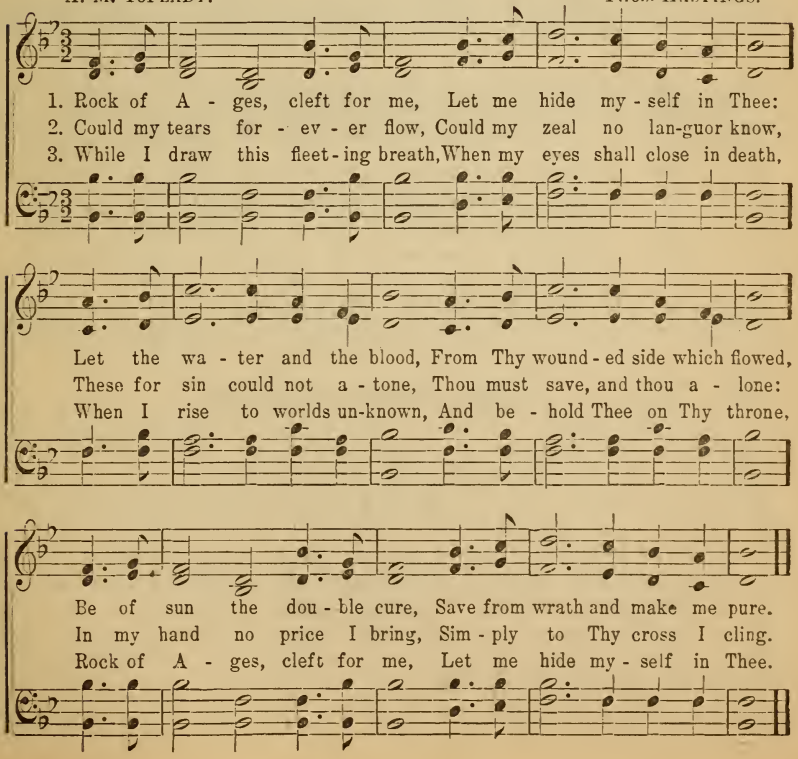
3 Jesus, Thine own at last receive;
Fulfil our hearts' desire:
And let us to Thy glory live,
And in Thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render Thee
Our all.—no longer ours, but Thine
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

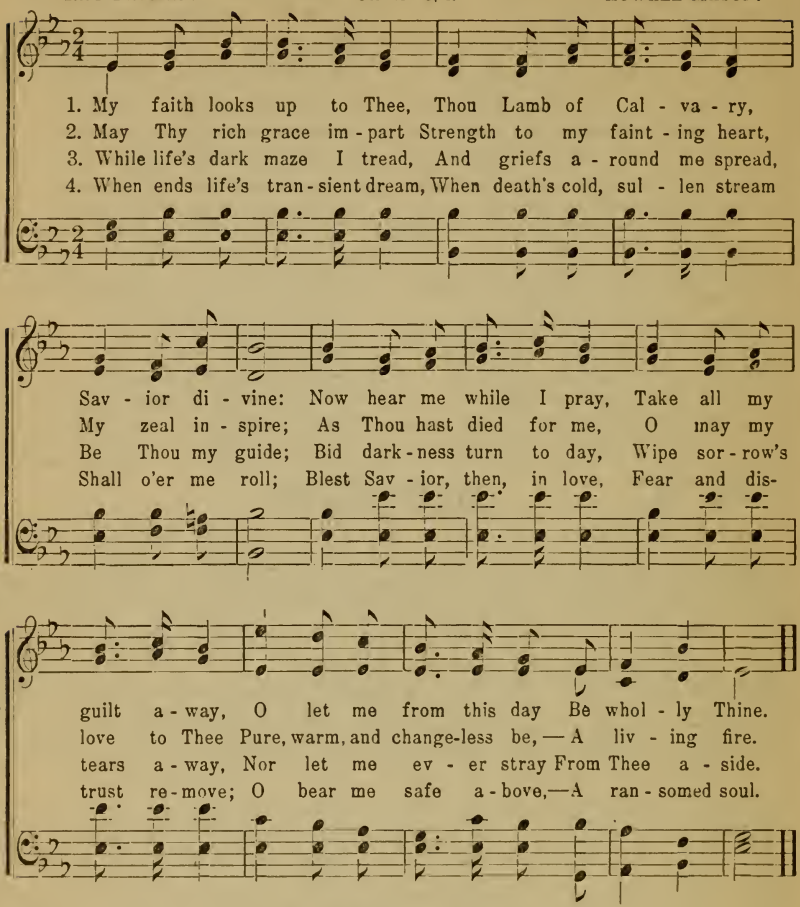
No. 247. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thos. Hastings.



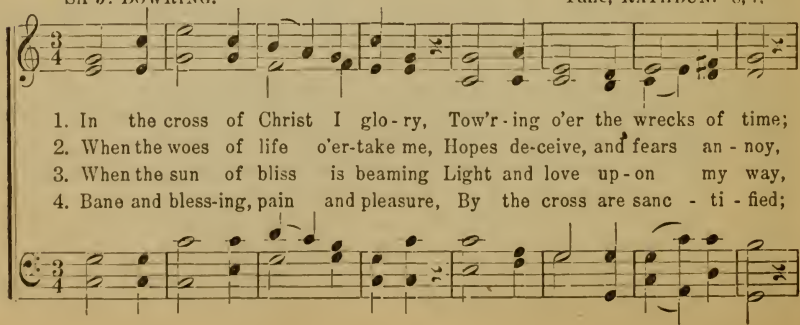
No. 248. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Olivet. 6, 4. LOWELL MASON.

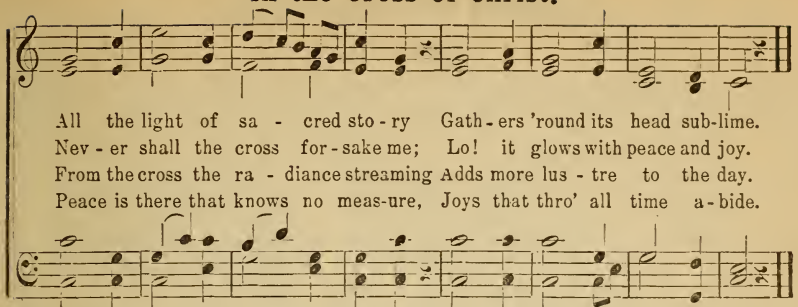


No. 249. In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. BOWRING. Tune, RATHBUN. 8, 7.

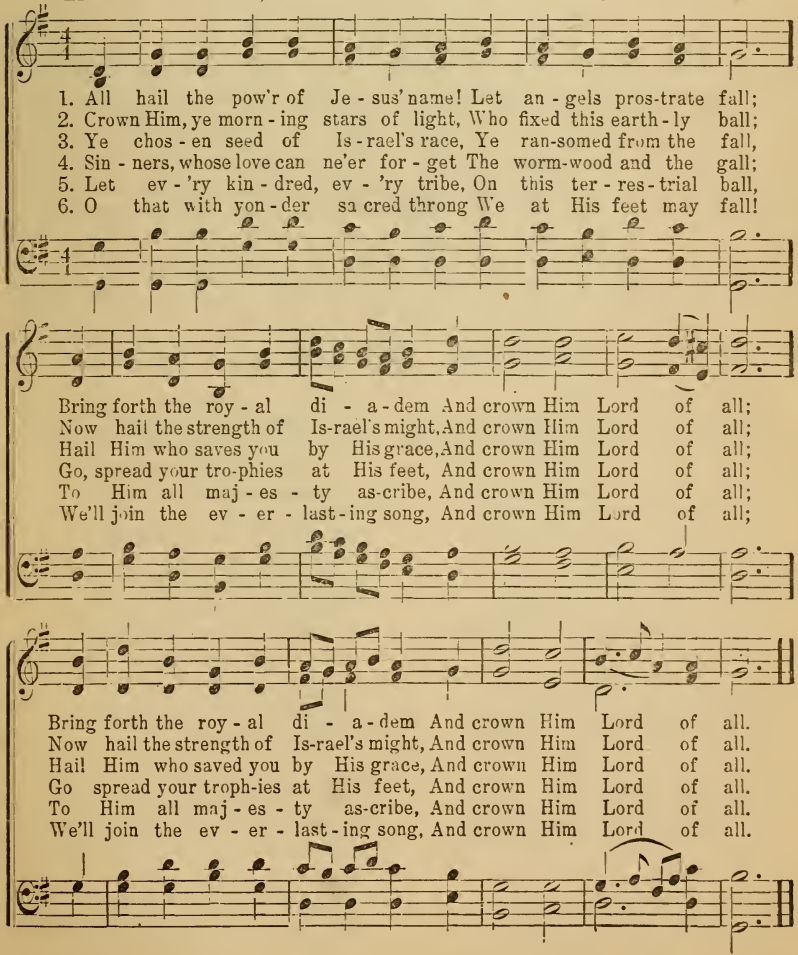


In the Cross of Christ.



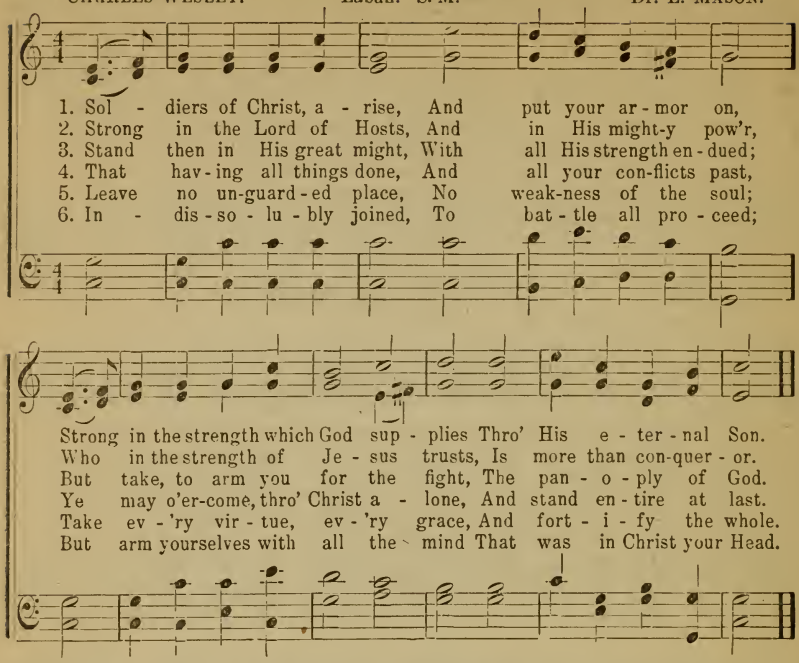
No. 250. All Hail the Power!

EDWARD PERRONET., alt. Coronation. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.



No. 251. Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. Laban. S. M. Dr. L. MASON.



No. 252. Urge on Your Rapid Course.

1 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands.

2 See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies;
Satan, the world, and sin tread down
And take the glorious prize.

3 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood ye must the entrance gain,
Yet, O disdain to fear.

4 "Courage," your Captain cries,
(Who all your toil foreknew,)
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you."

5 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the Hand
Which arms us for the war.

6 This is the victory,
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus has died for you and me;
Believe an conquer all.

Charles Wesley.

No. 253. How Can a Sinner Know?

1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Savior show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We, who in Christ believe
That He for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
An feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul.
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

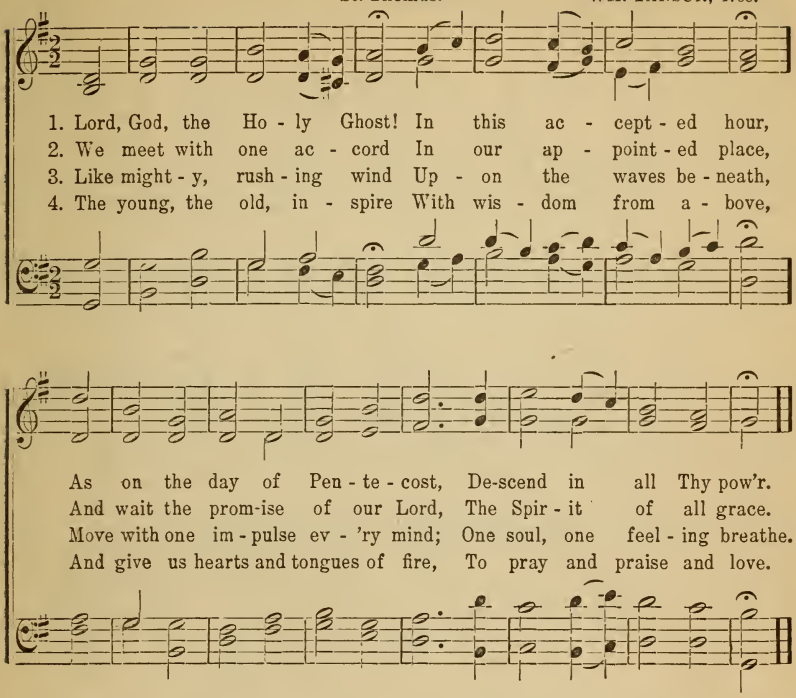
5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And, conquerors, of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

Charles Wesley.

No. 254. Lord, God, the Holy Ghost!

St. Thomas. WM. TANSUR, 1768.



No. 255. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved,
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. Dwight.

No. 256. O Come, and Dwell in Me.

1 O come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow fear and sin!

2 The seed of sins disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day,
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

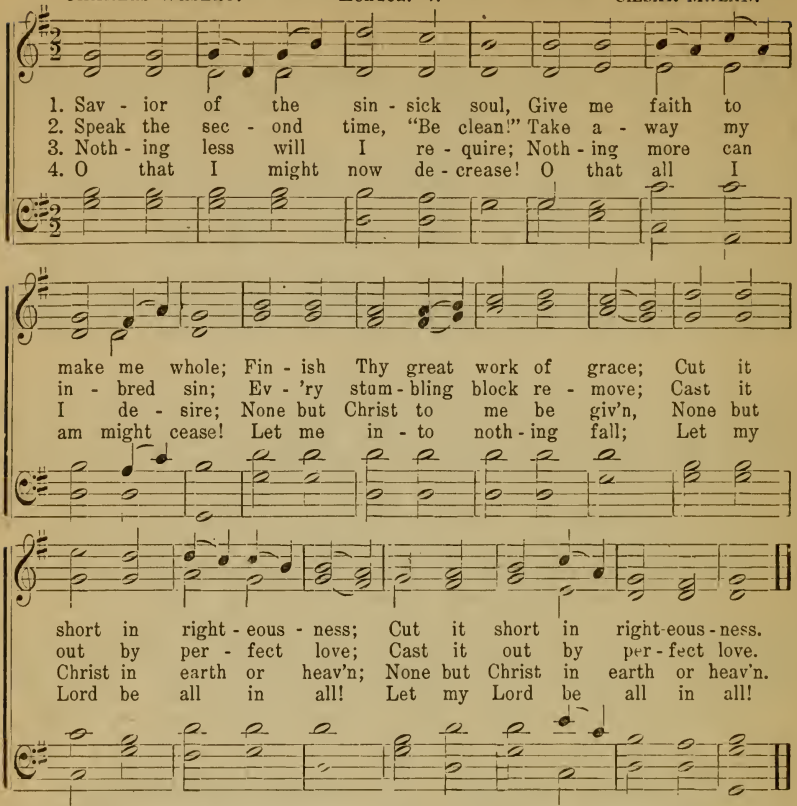
4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to Thy will and word,
Well pleasing in Thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Charles Wesley.

No. 257. Savior of the Sin-sick Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. Hendon. 7. CÆSAR MALAN.



No. 258. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise—
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity.

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

5 Come, desire of nations, come!
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.

Charles Wesley.

No. 259. Christ, the Lord, is Risen.

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens,—and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

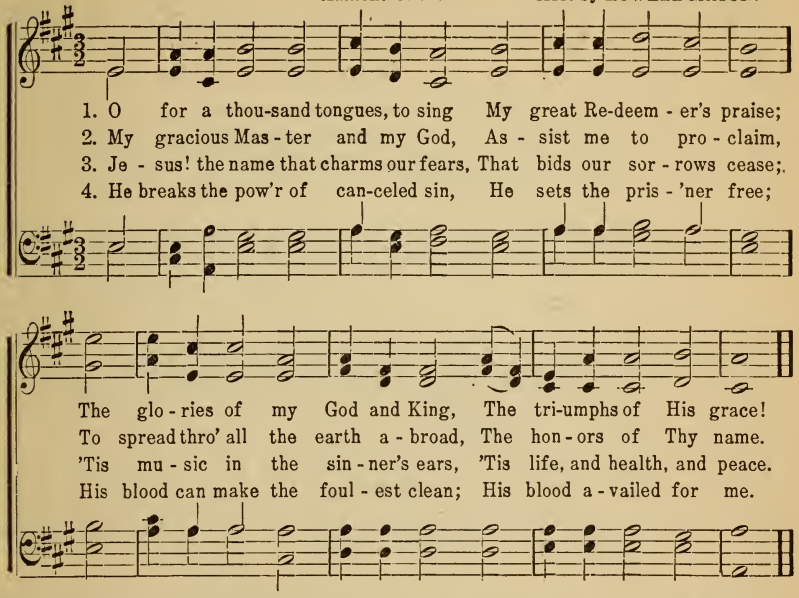
4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley.

No. 260. O for a Thousand Tongues.

Azmon. C. M. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



No. 261. How Sweet the Name of Jesus

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

No. 262. O For a Heart to Praise.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Charles Wesley.

No. 263. O For a Faith.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

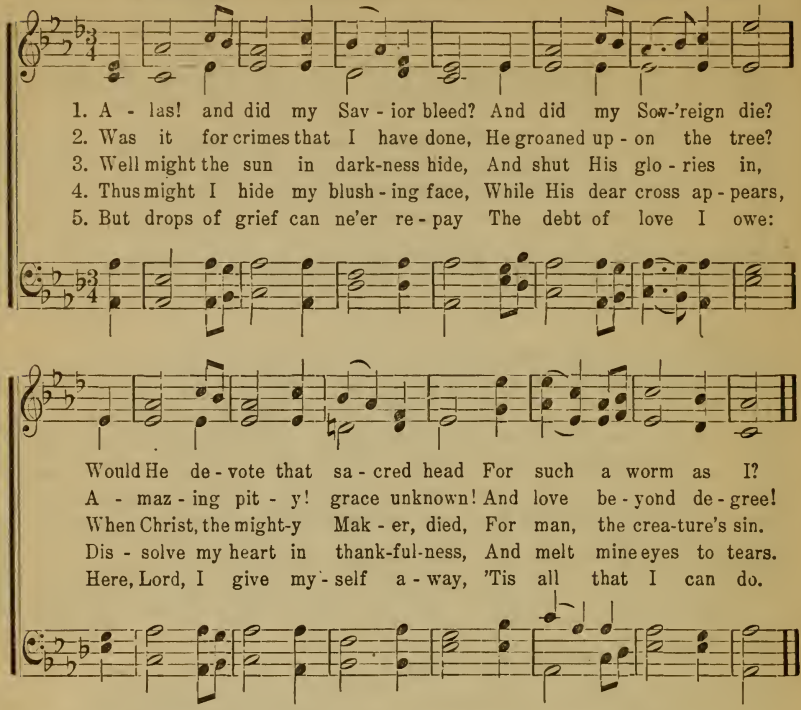
2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without:
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

No. 264. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS. Communion. C M. STEPHEN JENKS.



No. 265. The Head That Once Was Crowned With Thorns.

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of His love.

Thomas Kelly.

No. 266. Amazing Grace!

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

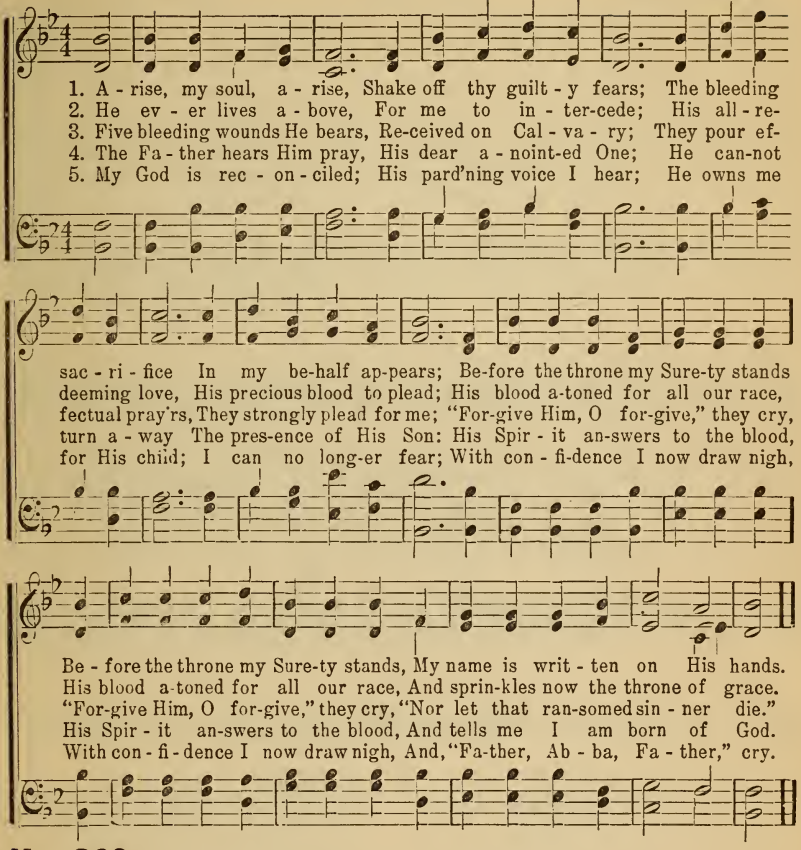
4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

Rev. John Newton.

No. 267. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. LENOX. H. M. LEWIS EDSON.



No. 268. Blow Ye the Trumpet.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners. home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

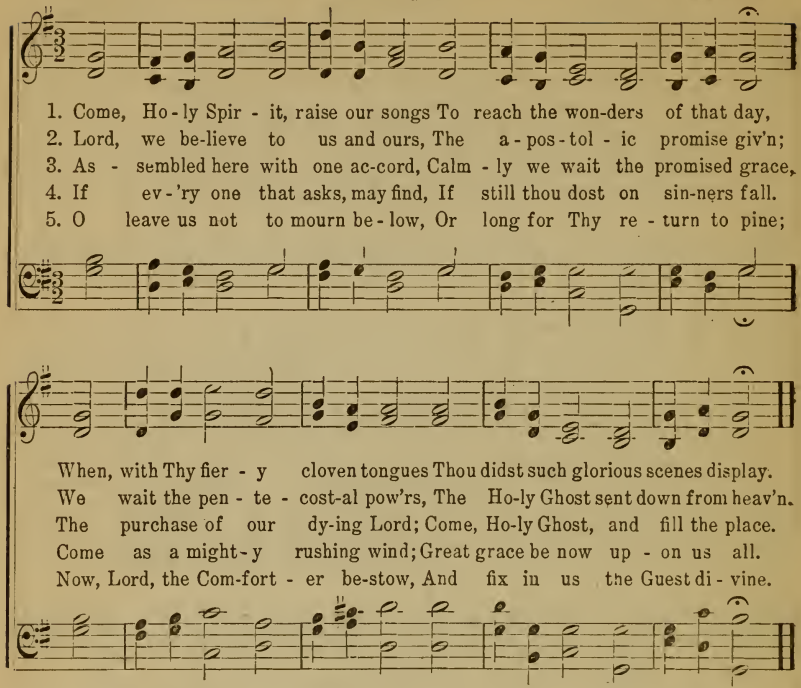
5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear,
Before your Savior's face;
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

No. 269. Come, Holy Spirit.

CHARLES WESLEY. Rockingham. LOWELL MASON.



No. 270. Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, He'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, He'll forgive.

2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given,
Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins He blushed in blood.
He closed His eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

No. 271. O for that Flame of Living Fire.

1 O for that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and sealed Him Thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt
And glow with energy divine?

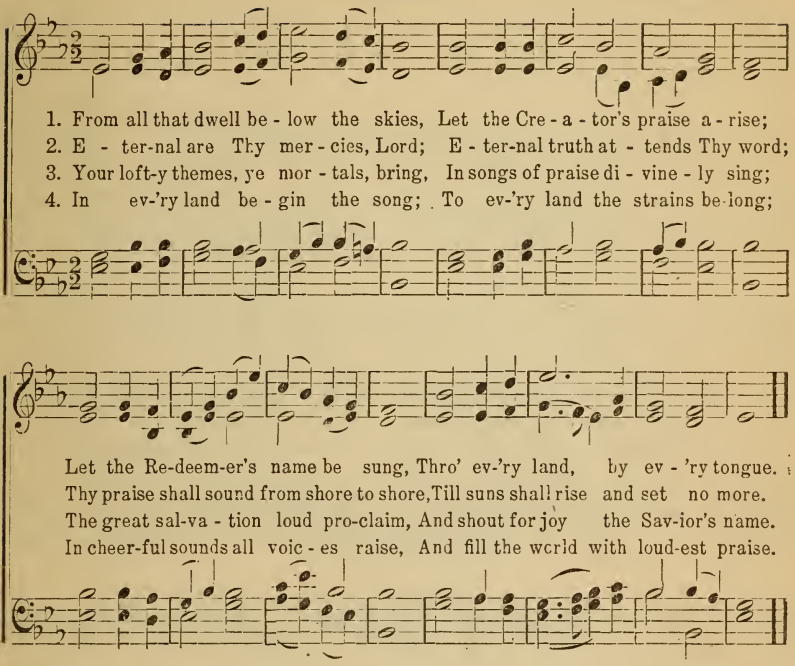
3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaim'd Thy love, and taught Thy ways?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4 Is not Thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore;
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,
On us Thy holy Spirit pour.

No. 272. From all That Dwell.

Duke Street. JOHN HATTON.



No. 273. O Thou, Whom all Thy Saints Adore.

1 O Thou, whom all Thy saints adore,
We now with all Thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful majesty.

2 We come, great God, to seek Thy face,
And for Thy loving kindness wait;
And O, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

3 Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh;
To Thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flames of fire.

4 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way
And lead us to the holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above,
And take our seat at Thy right hand,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

No. 274. Jesus Shall Reign.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 To Him shall endless praise be made,
And endless praises crown His head,
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their young hosannas to His name.

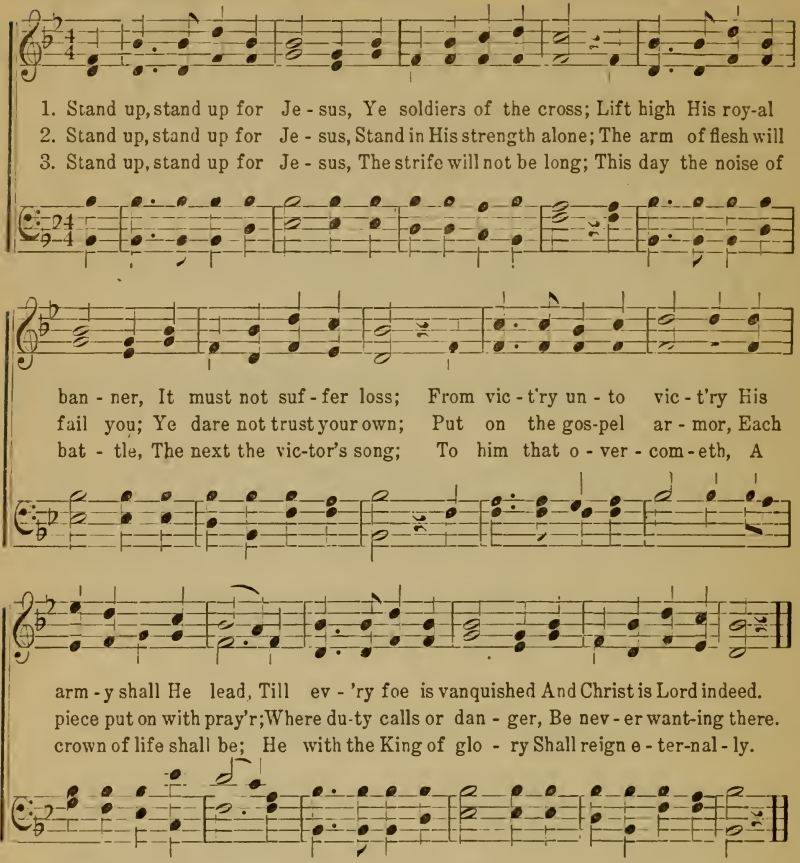
4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast,
More blessings than their father lost.

Isaac Watts.

No. 275. Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. Webb. 7, 6. GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



No. 276. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

1 Hail, to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
His name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

No. 277. Paradise of Joy.

1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigil keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction,
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With Jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

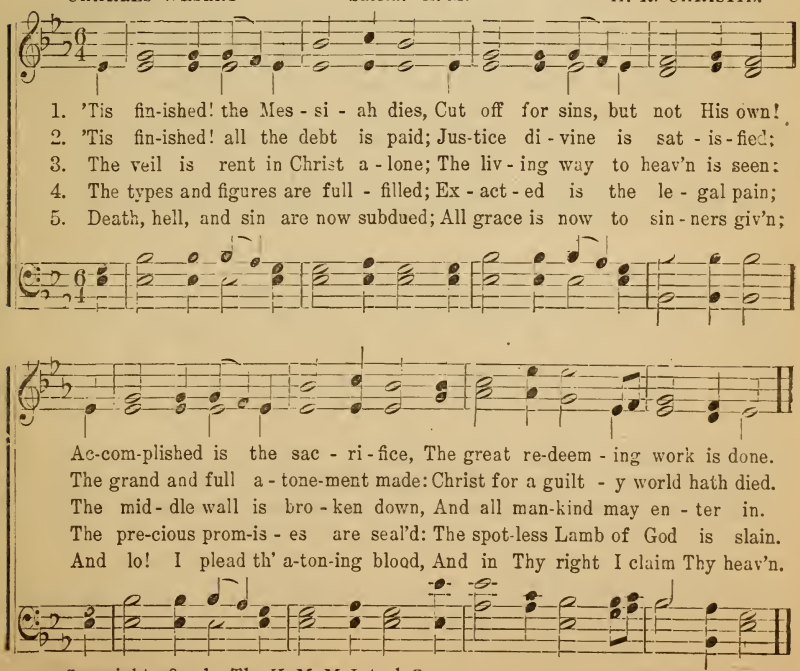
Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

Doxology.

To Thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate Thy glory
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

No. 278. 'Tis Finished.

CHARLES WESLEY Salem. L. M. H. R. CHRISTIE.



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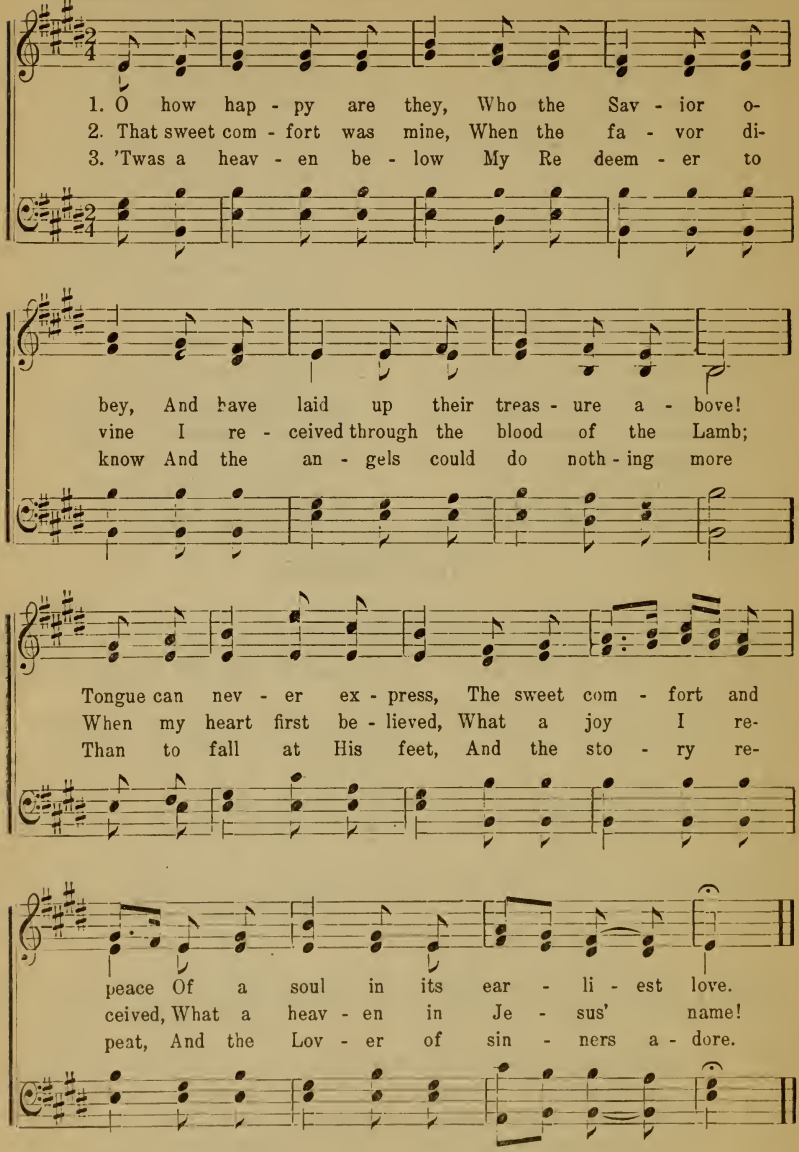
No. 279. O How Happy are They.

CHARLES WESLEY. Rapture. 12, 9. R. D. HUMPHREYS.

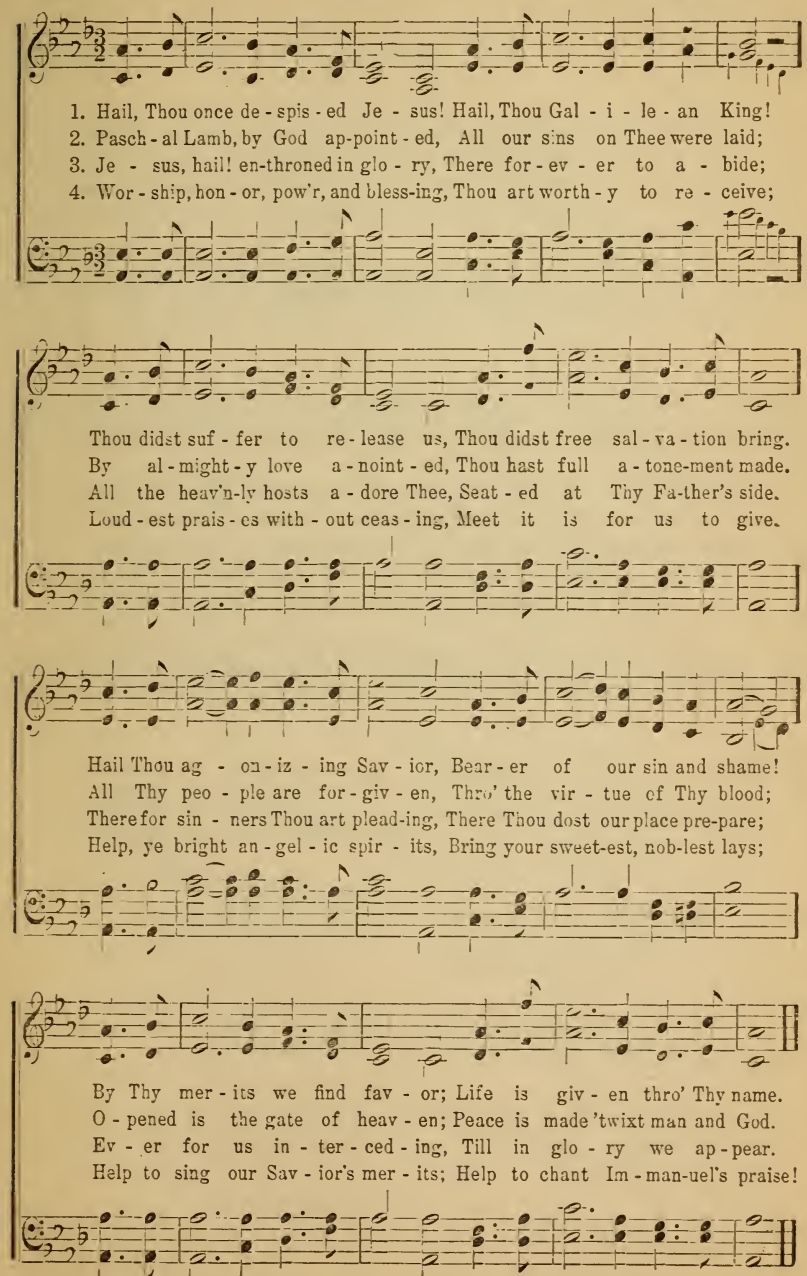


4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me."

5 O the rapturous height,
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

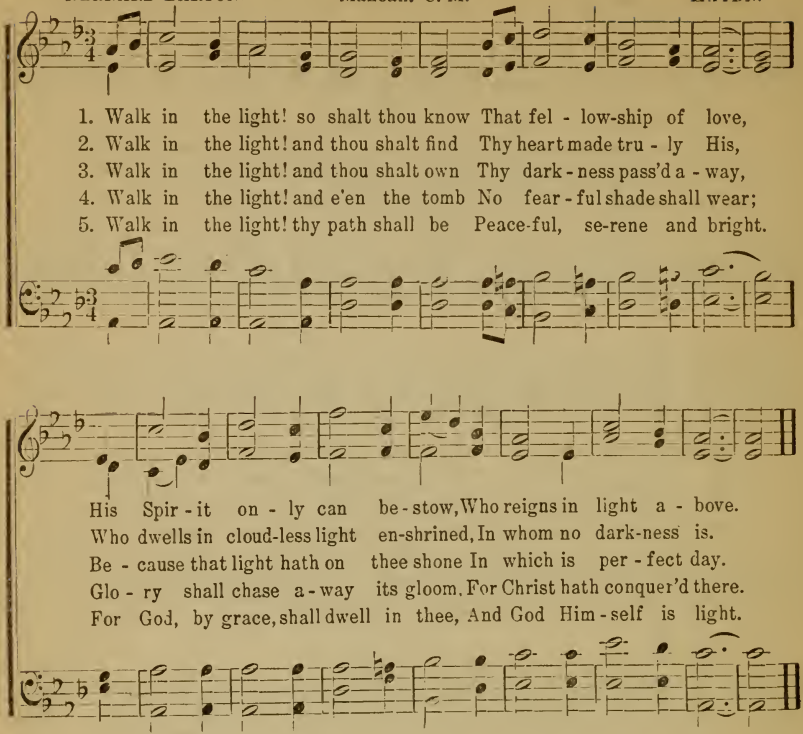
No. 280. Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus!

JOHN BAKEWELL. Autumn. 8, 7. Spanish Melody, from Marechio.



No. 281. Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON. Manoah. C. M. HAYDN.



No. 282. Jesus Hath Died That I Might Live.

1 Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In Him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Savior, I thank Thee for Thy grace,
The gift unspeakable:
And wait with arms of faith t'embrace,
And all Thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove:
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me Thyself: from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
But give Thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless Thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where Thou art is heaven.

No. 283. What Is Our Calling's Glorious Hope?

1 What is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till He shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

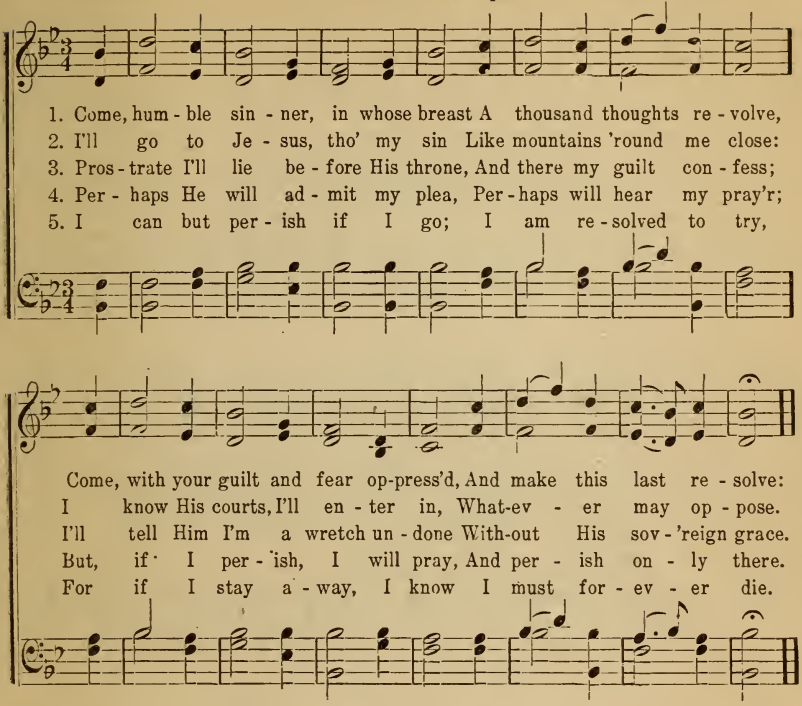
3 When Jesus makes my heart His home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! He saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart."

4 Be it according to Thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

Charles Wesley.

No. 284. Come, Humble Sinner.

E. JONES. Balerma. C. M. Span. mel. Arr. by R. SIMPSON.



No. 285. Come, O My God.

1 Come, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of Thy love.

2 I want Thy life, Thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee
To be redeemed from sin.

3 For this, as taught by Thee, I pray,
My inbred sin cast out:
Thou wilt, in me, Thy power display;
I can no longer doubt.

4 Let anger, sloth, desire, and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Savior, to Thee my soul looks up,
My present Savior Thou!
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done; Thou dost this moment save—
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

Charles Wesley.

No. 286. Come, Holy Ghost.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thy influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire;
Fountain of life and love.

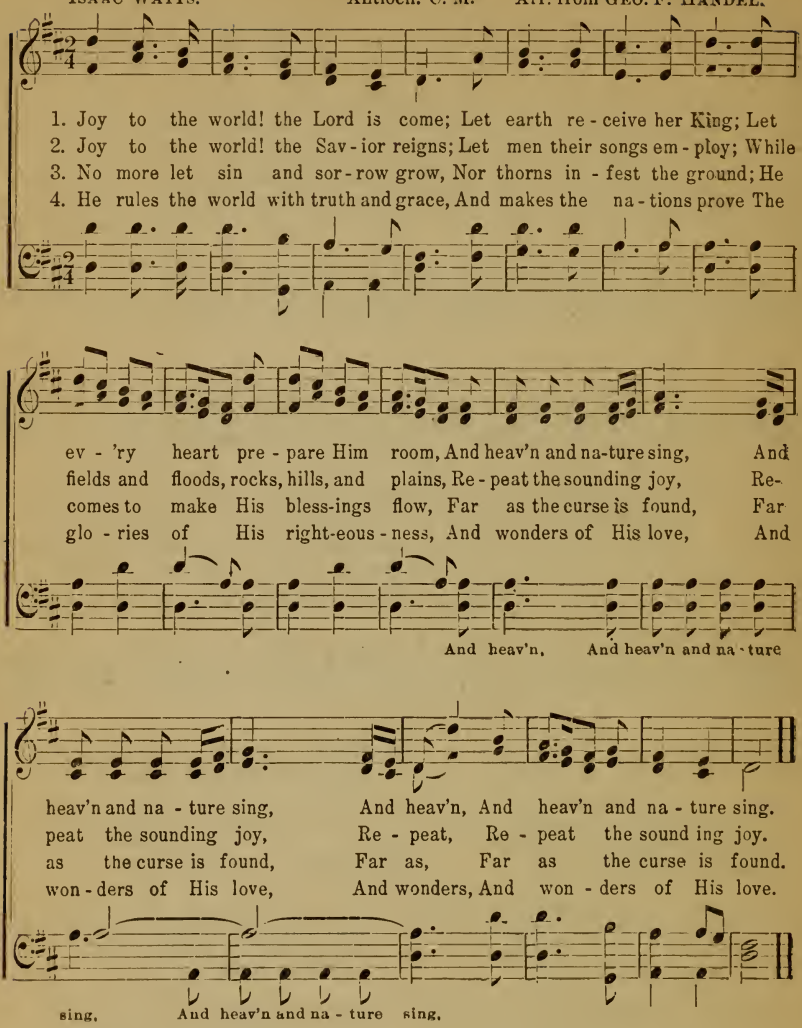
2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke:
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, Celestial Dove
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered Spirit's move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, thro' Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

No. 287. Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS. Antioch. C. M. Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.



No. 288. Hark, the Glad Sound!

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes!
The Savior promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

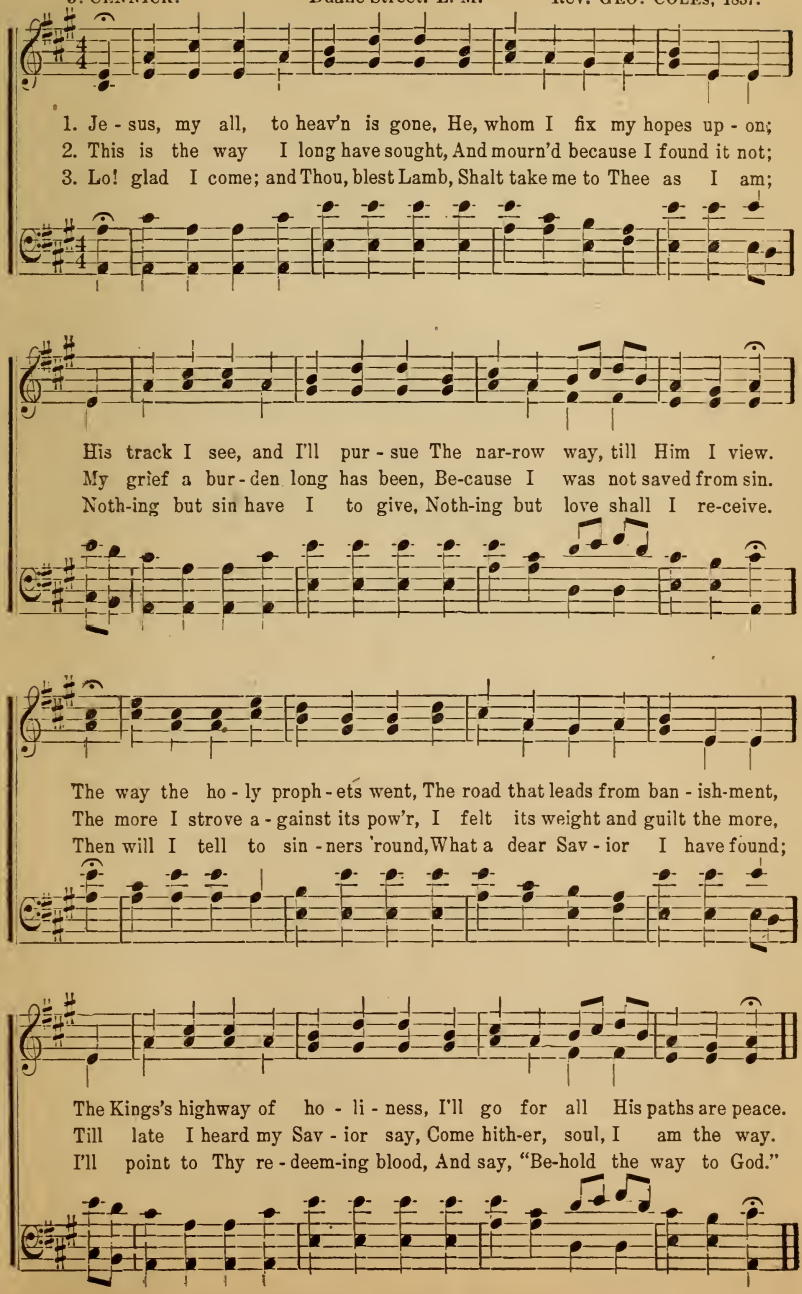
2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasure of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

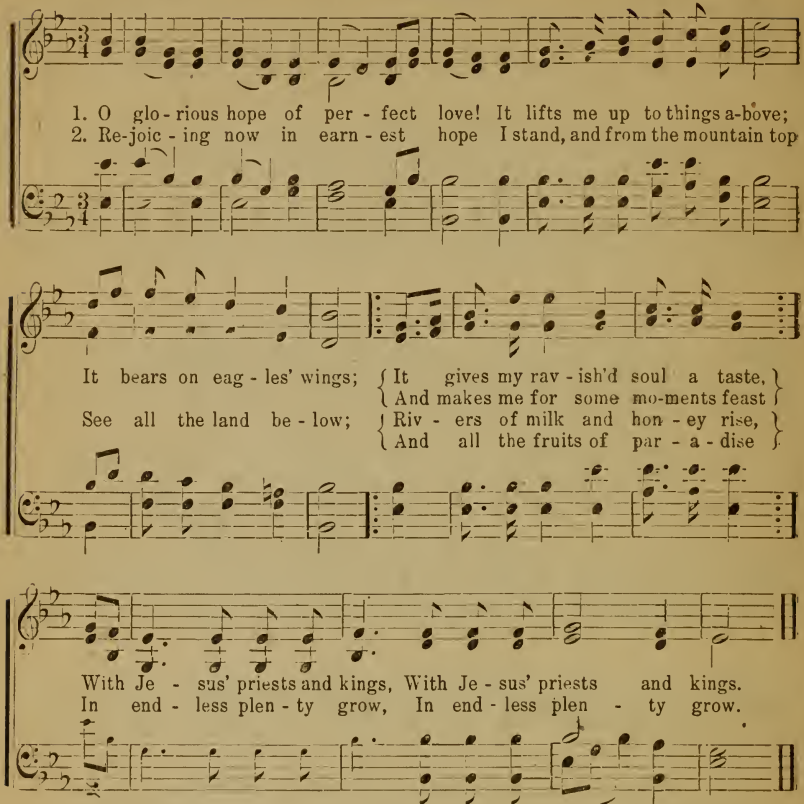
No. 289. Jesus, My All.

J. CENNICK. Duane Street. L. M. Rev. GEO. COLES, 1837.



No. 290. O Glorious Hope of Perfect Love!

CHAS. WESLEY. Ariel. C. P. M. 8s & 6s. Dr. L. MASON.



3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness!

No. 291. O Could I Speak

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

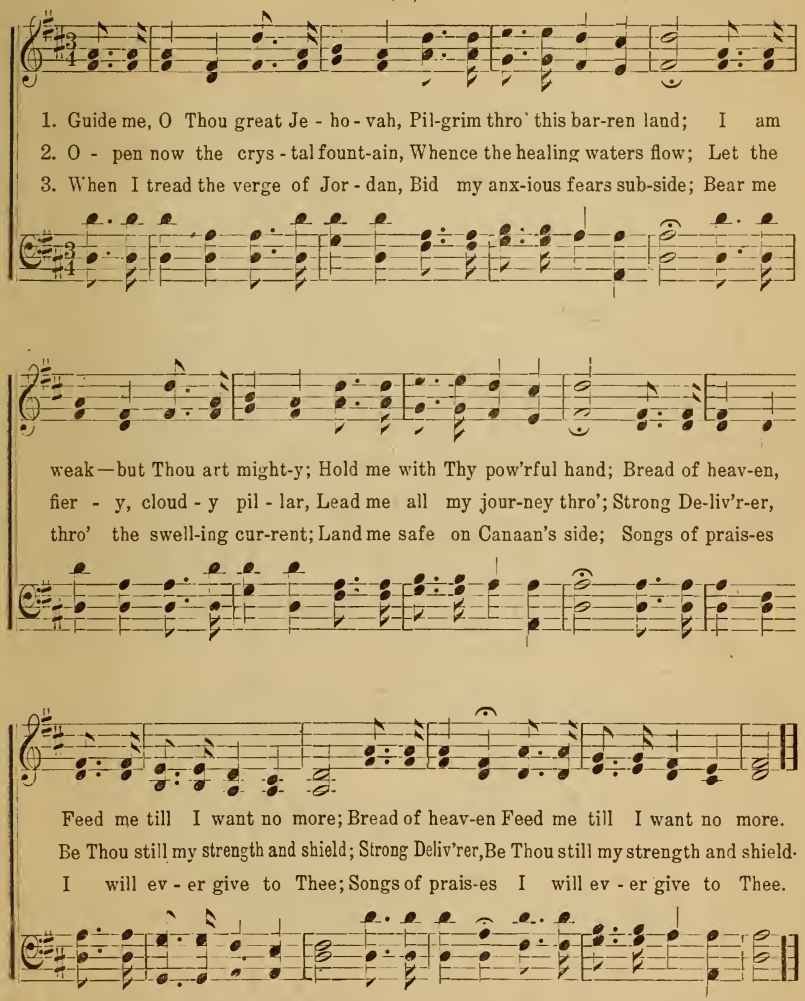
3 I'd sing the character He bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Samuel Medley.

No. 292. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

Zion. 8. 7, 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 293. Come, Ye Saints

1 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen today.

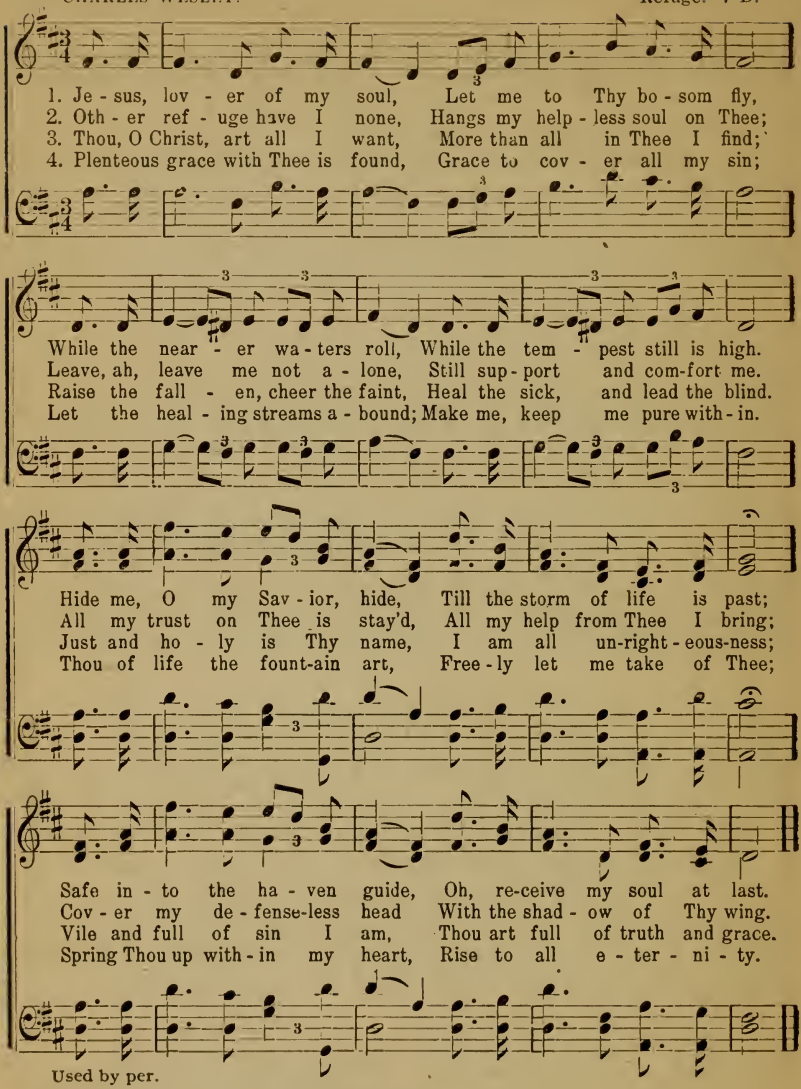
2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By His death He overcame;
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame;
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join His praise to sing,
Songs eternal
Shall thro' heaven's high arches ring.

Thomas Kelly.

No. 294. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. Refuge. 7 D.



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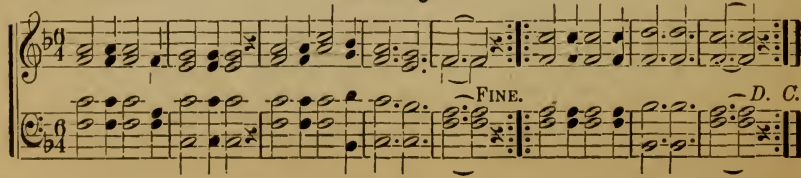
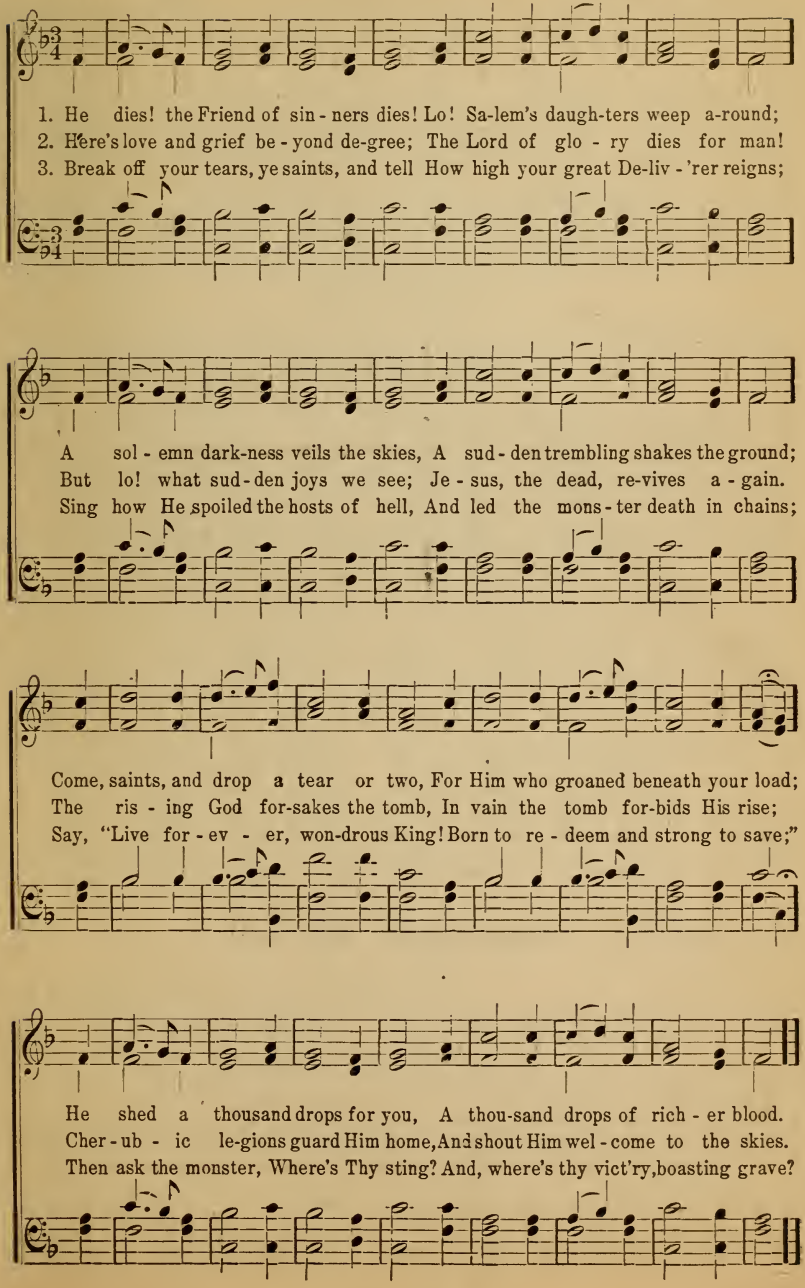
No. 295. Martyn.



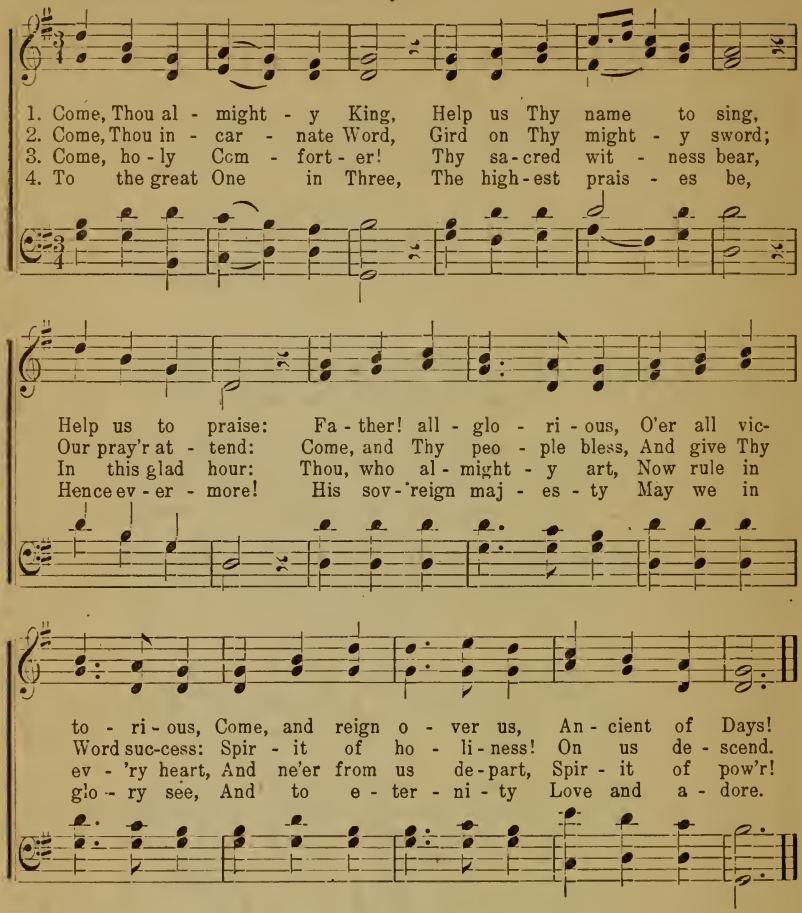
No. 296. The Friend of Sinners Dies!

ISAAC WATTS. Fillmore. L. M. D. JEREMIAH INGALLS.



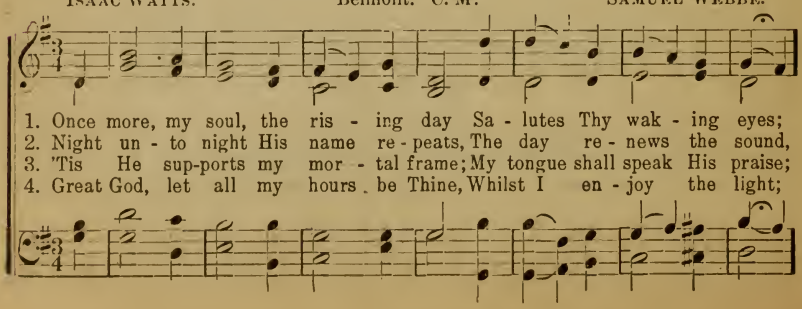
No. 297. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. Italian Hymn. 6s 4s. FELICE GIARDINI.

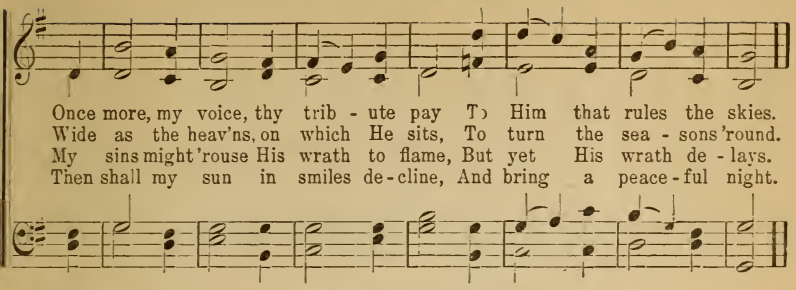


No. 298. Once More, My Soul.

ISAAC WATTS. Belmont. C. M. SAMUEL WEBBE.

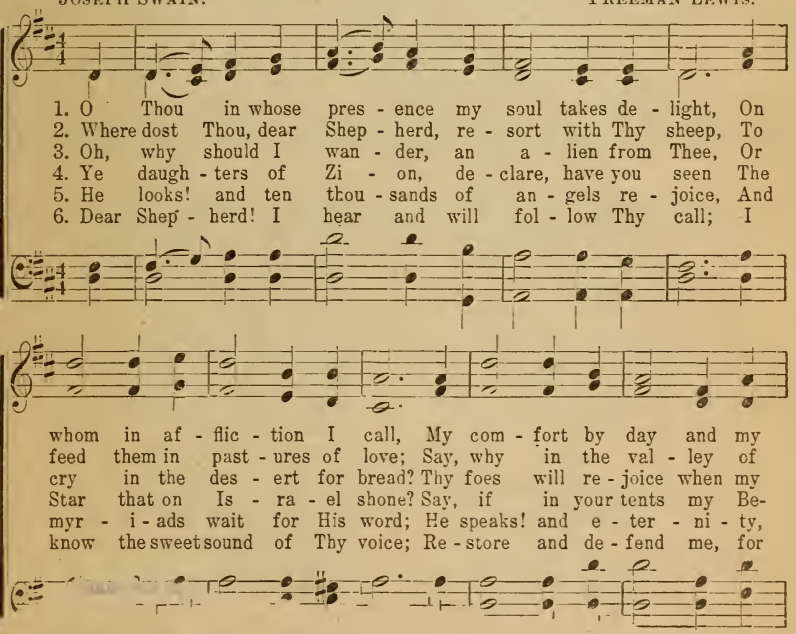


Once More, My Soul.



No. 299. Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS.



No. 303. Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:—
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

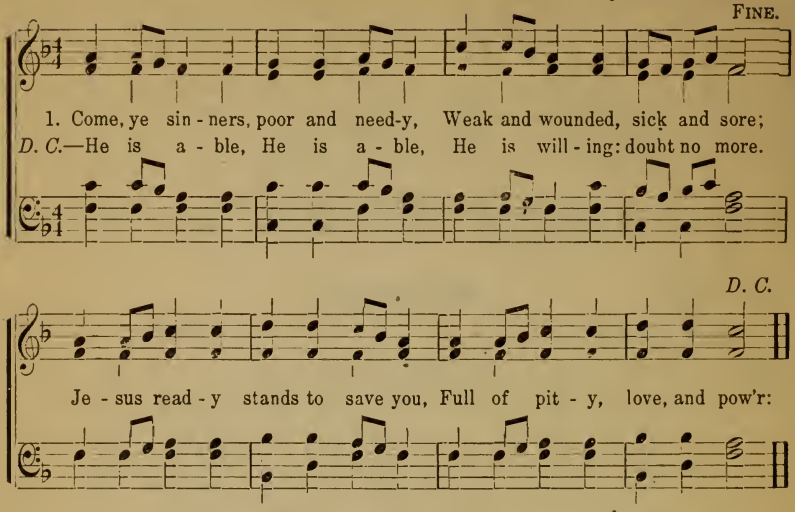
3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

5 See Him set forth before your eyes
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

No. 300. Greenville, 8, 7, 4.

JOHN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

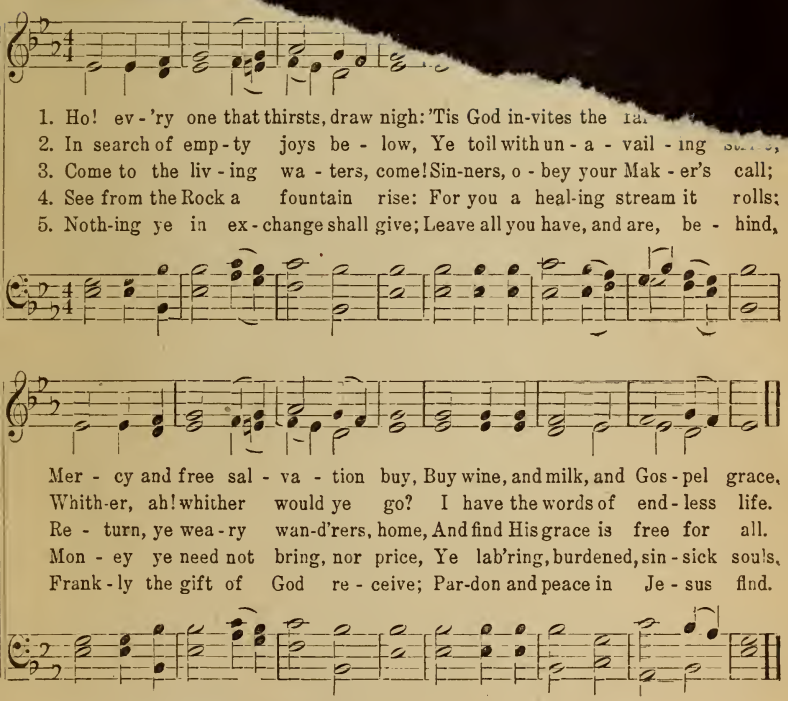
5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

No. 30[illegible]

JOHN WESLEY.



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All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
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Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

5 See Him set forth before your eyes
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
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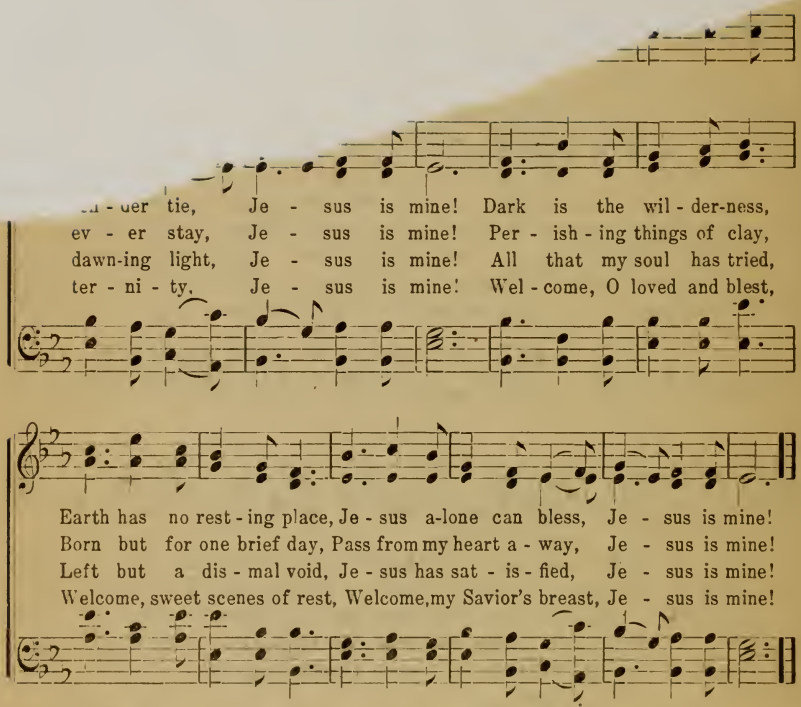
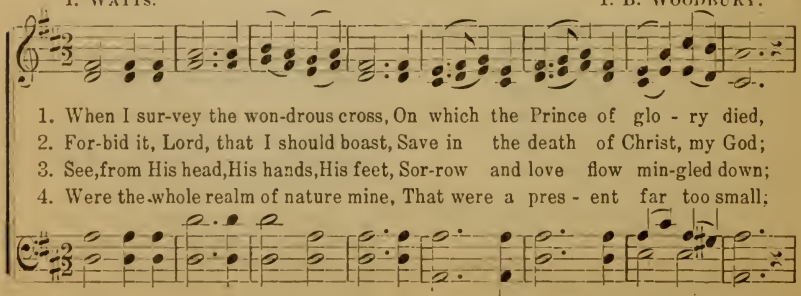
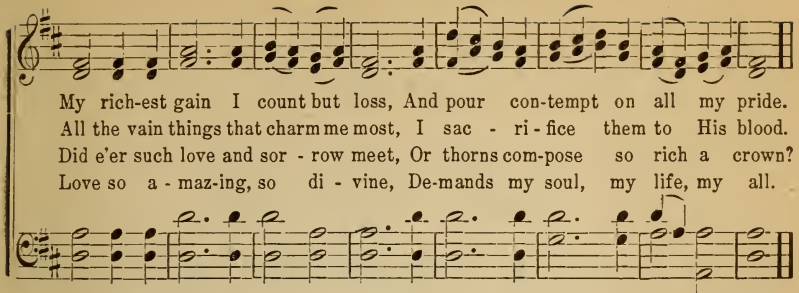


No. 305. When I Survey.

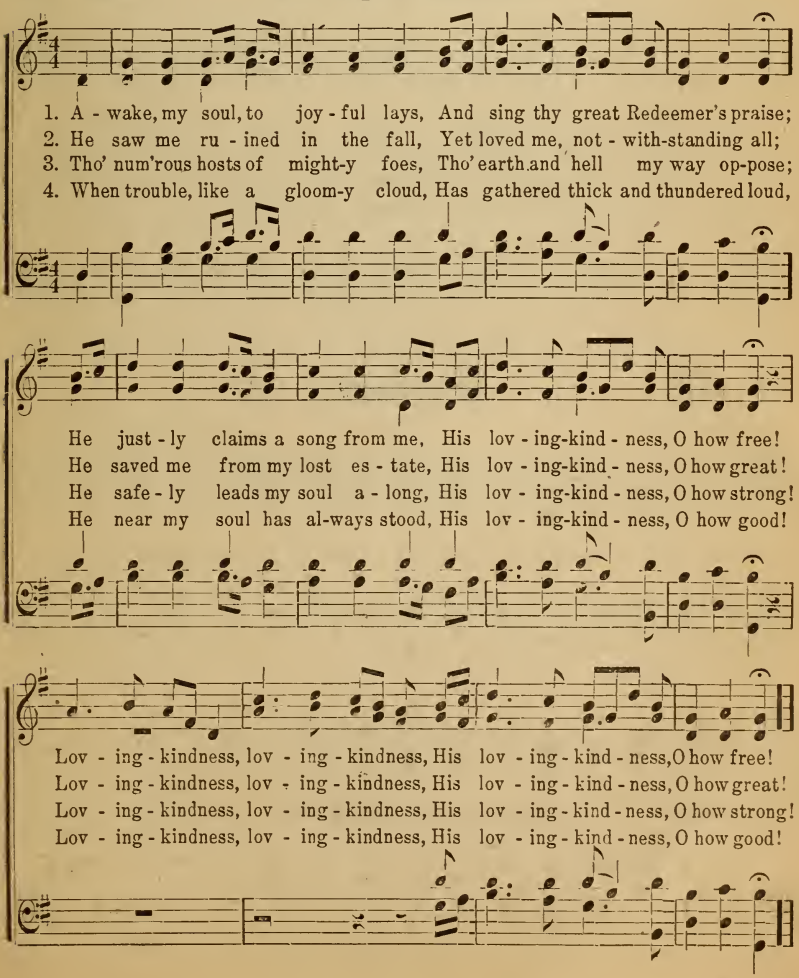
I. WATTS. I. B. WOODBURY.



When I Survey.

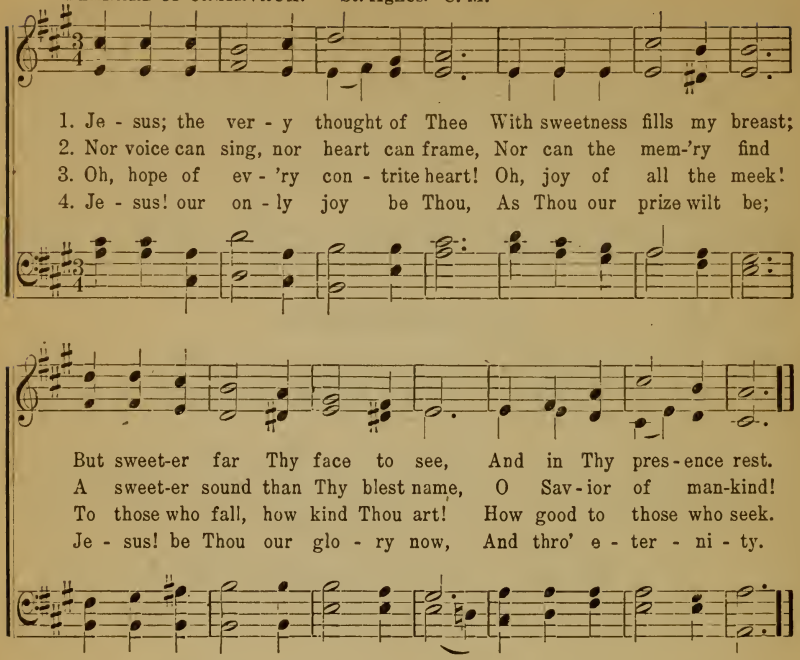


No. 306. Loving-Kindness.



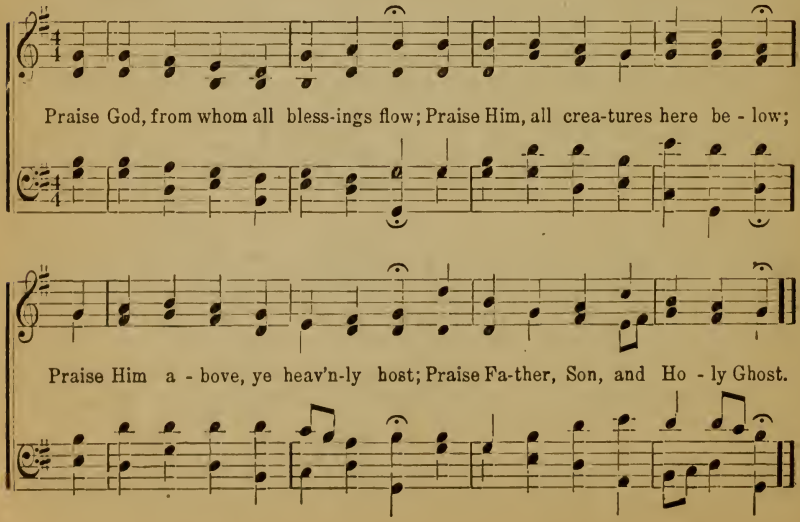
No. 307. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. St. Agnes. C. M.



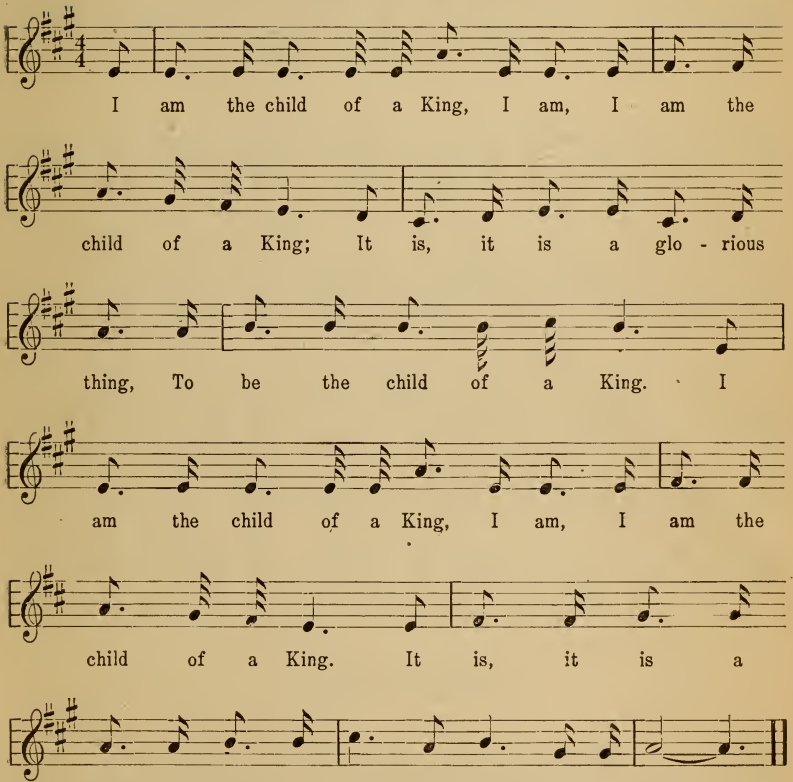
No. 308. Doxology.

THOS. KEN. LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

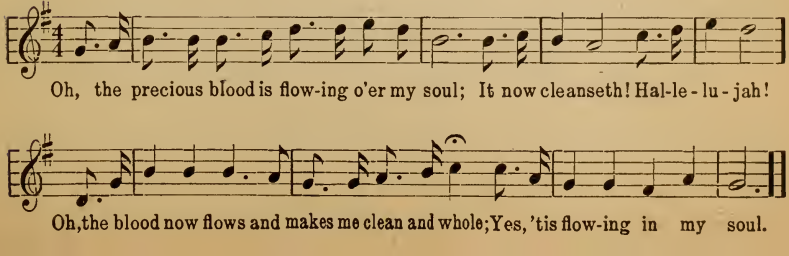


CHORUSES.

The Child of a King.

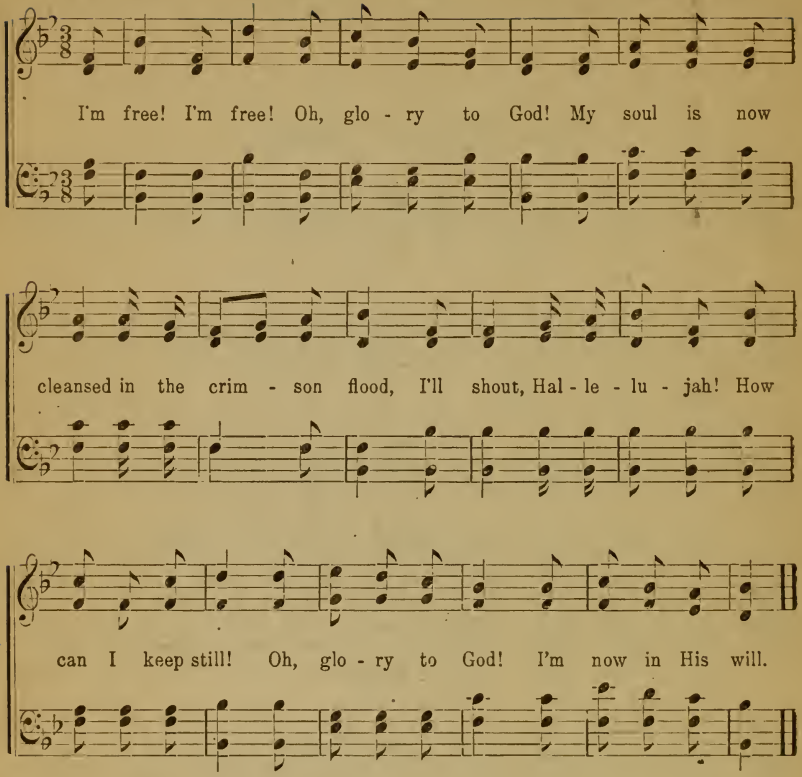


Oh, the Precious Blood.



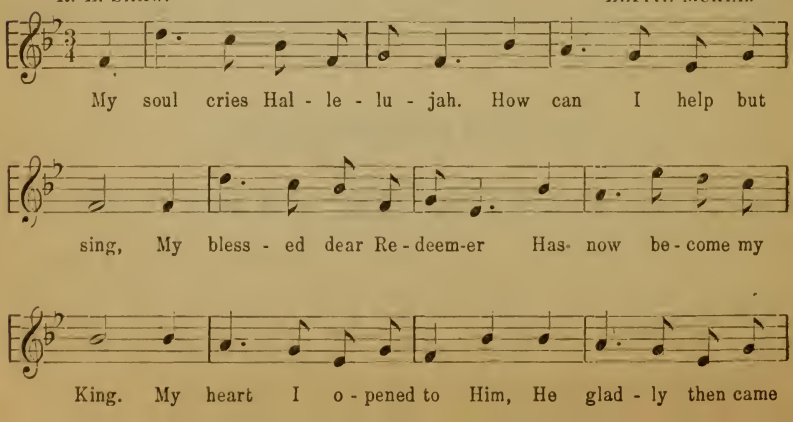
Free.

R. E. Shaw. Miss Clemmie Gay.

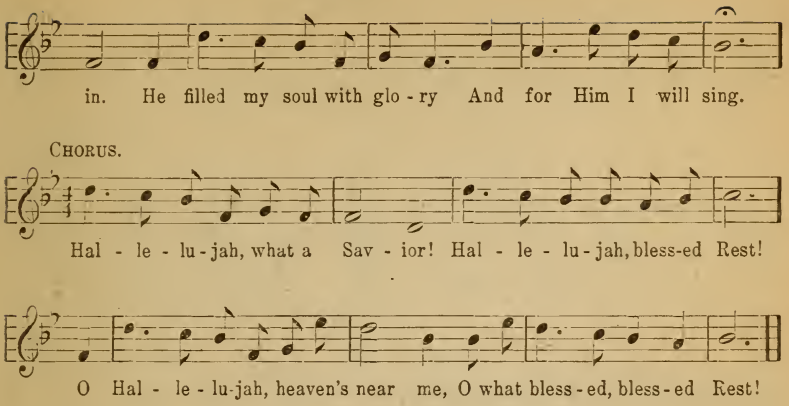


Blessed Rest.

R. E. Shaw. Lettie McKee.

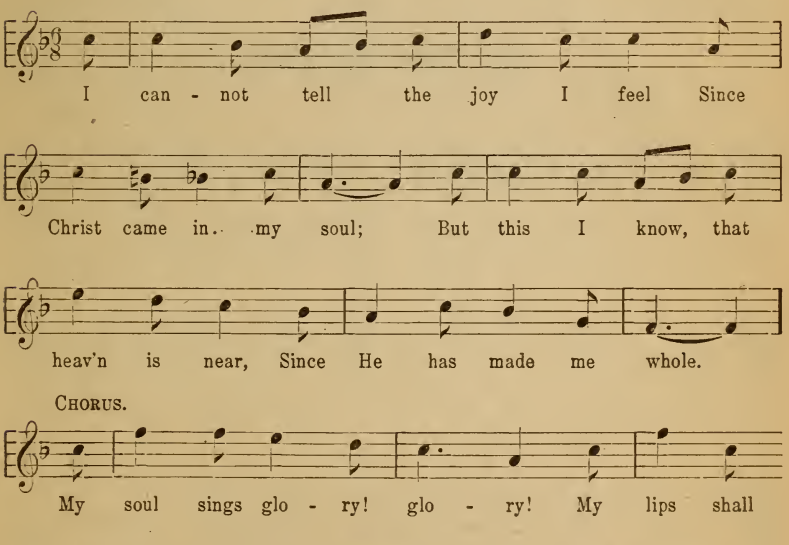


Blessed Rest.



I Cannot Tell the Joy I Feel.

R. E. SHAW. L. MCKEE.



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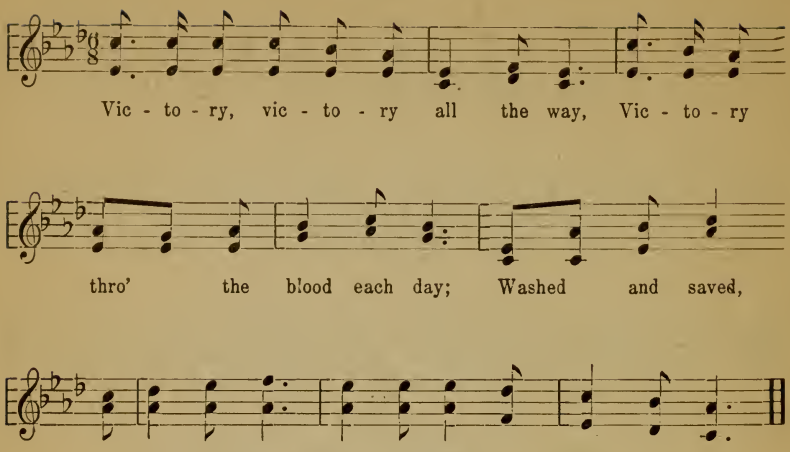

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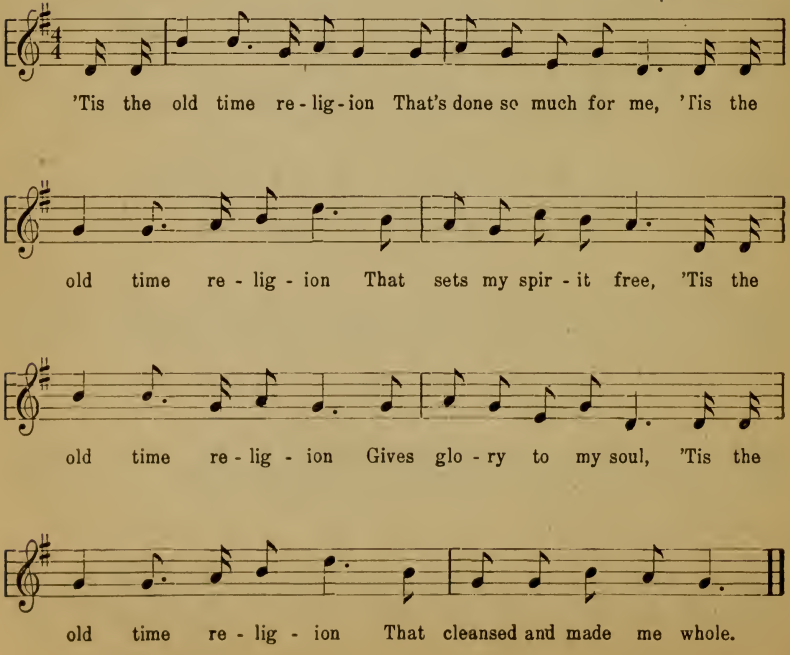
R. E. SHAW. LETTIE MCKEE.



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